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THE

WORKS

OF

SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

CONTAINING

TASTE,
THE ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS,
THE KNIGHTS,
THE ENGLISHMAN RETURNED FROM PARIS,
THE AUTHOR,
THE MAYOR OF GARRAT,
THE ORATORS,
THE MINOR,
THE LYAR,
AND
THE PATRON.

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TASTE;

A COMEDY,

OF TWO ACTS.

Be rich in ancient *brafs*, tho' not in *gold*,
And keep his *Lares*, tho' his *horfe* be fold;
To headleſs *Phœbe* his fair bride poſtpone,
Honour a *Syrian Prince*, above his *own*;
Lord of an *Otho*, if I vouch it true;
Bleſt in one *Nizer*, till he knows of two.

POPE'S DUNCIAD.

TO FRANCIS DELAVAL, ESQ.

SIR,

WHEN I consider the long intimacy that has subsisted betwixt us, the obligations I owe to your generous, disinterested friendship, and the protection and encouragement I received both from you and your brother, when necessity listed me in the service of the public; there is no man to whom with equal propriety and pleasure I can address the following work. It would be paying a bad compliment to the town, were I to trouble you with an apology for the inconsiderableness of the present. I thought it worthy their attention, and consequently not beneath the acceptance of my friend. With the aid of a love-plot I could have spun out the piece to the extent of five acts; but besides that I wanted to confine the eye to the single object of my satire, I declare myself a rebel to this universal tyrant, who, not contented with exciting all that is pitiful or terrible in human nature, has claimed the privilege of occasioning every thing that is ridiculous or contemptible in it; and thus, from the abject submission of our dramatic poets, is both Tragedy and Comedy subjected to the power of Love. It may be thought presumptuous in me to have dignified so short a performance with the name of a *Comedy*; but when my reasons why it cannot be called a *Farce* are considered, the critics must indulge me with the use of that title, at least till they can furnish me with a better. As the follies and absurdities of men are the sole objects of Comedy, so the powers of the imagination (plot and incident excepted) are in this kind of writing greatly restrained. No unnatural assemblages, no creatures of the fancy, can procure the protection of the *Comic* Muse; men and things must appear as they are. It is employed either in debasing lofty subjects, or in raising humble ones. Of the two kinds we have examples in the Tom Thumb of Mr F——, and a travestie of the Ulysses, where Penelope keeps an ale-house, Telemachus is a tapster, and the Hero a recruiting serjeant. In both these instances you see nature is reversed; but as I flatter myself in the following sheets her steps have been trode with an undeviating simplicity, give me leave to hope, that, though I have not attained the *Togata*, yet I have reached the *Tabernaria* of the Romans. I once intended to have thrown into this address the contents of many of our conversations on the subject of Comedy; for, in whatever dissipations the world may suppose our days to have been consumed, many, many hours have been consecrated to other subjects than generally employ the gay and the giddy. I hope the present occasion will demonstrate, that pleasure has not been always my pursuit; and, unless I am greatly mistaken, it will soon be discovered, that, joined to the acknowledged best heart

heart in the world, Mr Delaval has a head capable of directing it. As I am now above the reach of common obligations, an acknowledgment of theſe qualities, in the perſon of a man who has honoured me with his friendſhip, is the ſole cauſe of the trouble you now receive. Long has been our union; may it never be divided till the fatal ſtroke, that demoliſhes all ſublunary connections, ſhall reach one of us, which one will, I hope, be

Your obliged and affectionate ſervant,

SAMUEL FOOTE.

PREFACE.

I WAS always apprehenſive that the ſubject of the following piece was too abſtracted and ſingular for the comprehenſion of a mix'd aſſembly. *Juno Lucina*, *Jupiter Tonans*, *Phidias*, *Praxiteles*, with the other gentlemen and ladies of antiquity, were, I dare ſay, utterly unknown to my very good friends of the gallery; nor, to ſpeak the truth, do I believe they had many acquaintances in the other parts of the houſe. But though I deſpair of gratifying the *Populum Tributim* of the THEATRE, yet I flatter myſelf the *Primores Populi* will find me no diſagreeable companion in the cloſet, *et ſatis magnum Theatrum mihi eſtis*.

I was neither prompted by a lucrative nor an ambitious motive to this undertaking. My deſign was to ſerve a man, who had ever great merit with his friends, and to whom, on the ſcore of ſome late tranſactions, I think the public vaſtly indebted. That my good intentions for Mr *Worſdale* have proved ſucceſsful, is entirely owing to the generoſity and humanity of the Managers of Drury-Lane Theatre; they have given him a benefit, and are jointly entitled to my thanks; but as to Mr *Garrick*, I have more perſonal obligations. I take this opportunity of aſſuring him, that I ſhall ever retain the moſt grateful remembrance of his aſſiſtance, aſſiduity, and kind concern, at the birth, progreſs, and untimely end of this my laſt and favourite offspring.

The objects of my ſatire were ſuch as I thought, whether they were conſidered in a moral, a political, or a ridiculous light, deſerved the notice of the Comic Muſe. I was determined to brand thoſe Goths in ſcience, who had proſtituted the uſeful ſtudy of antiquity to trifling ſuperficial purpoſes; who had blaſted the progreſs of the elegant arts amongſt us, by unpardonable frauds and abſurd prejudices; and who had corrupted the minds and morals of our youth, by perſuading them, that what only ſerves to illuſtrate literature was true learning, and active idleneſs real buſineſs. How far this end has been obtained, is now, in the following ſheets, more generally ſubmitted to the public.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr GARRICK, and ſpoken by him in the character of an Auctioneer.

BEFORE this Court, I *Peter Puff* appear,
A Briton born, and bred an Auctioneer;
Who for myſelf, and eke a hundred others,
My uſeful, honeſt, learned bawling brothers,
With much humility and fear implore ye,
To lay our preſent deſp'rate caſe before ye.—
'Tis ſaid this night a certain wag intends
To laugh at us, our calling, and our friends:
If Lords and Ladies, and ſuch dainty folks,
Are cur'd of auction-hunting by his jokes!
Should this odd doctrine ſpread throughout the land,
Before you buy, be ſure to underſtand;
Oh! think on us what various ills will flow,
When great ones only purchaſe—what they know.
Why laugh at *Taſte?* It is a harmleſs faſhion,
And quite ſubdues each detrimental paſſion;
The fair ones hearts will ne'er incline to man,
While thus they rage for—China and Japan.
The Virtuoſo, too, and Connoiſſeur,
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure;
The ſmalleſt hair their looſer thoughts might hold,
Juſt warm when ſingle, and when married, cold:
Their blood at ſight of beauty gently flows;
Their Venus muſt be old, and want a noſe!
No am'rous paſſion with deep knowledge thrives;
'Tis the complaint, indeed, of all our wives!
'Tis ſaid Virtù to ſuch a height is grown,
All artiſts are encourag'd——but our own.
Be not deceiv'd, I here declare on oath,
I never yet ſold *goods* of *foreign* growth:
Ne'er ſent commiſſions out to Greece or Rome;
My beſt antiquities are made at home.
I've Romans, Greeks, Italians near at hand,
True Britons all—and living in the Strand.
I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium,
They furniſh out my room from Herculaneum.
But huſh———
Should it be known that Engliſh are employ'd,
Our manufacture is at once deſtroy'd;
No matter what our countrymen deſerve,
They'll thrive as ancients, but as moderns ſtarve—
If we ſhould fall—to you it will be owing;
Farewell to *Arts*—they're *going, going, going*;
The fatal hammer's in your hand, oh Town!
Then ſet *Us* up—and knock the *Poet* down.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, 1753.

(DRURY-LANE).

Carmine, — —	Mr PALMER.
Puff, —	Mr YATES.
Bruſh, — —	Mr CROSS.
Novice, —	Mr BLAKES.
Lord Dupe, — —	Mr SHUTER.
Alderman Pentweazel,	Mr TASWELL.
Caleb, —	Mr COSTOLLO.
Boy, — —	Maſter CROSS.
Lady Pentweazel, —	Mr WORSDALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A *Painting Room.*

Enter Carmine, *followed by the Boy.*

Carm. LAY theſe colours in the window, by the pallet. Any viſitors or meſſages?

Boy. 'Squire Felltree has been here, and inſiſts upon Miſs Racket's pictures being immediately finiſh'd, and carry'd home——As to his wife and children, he ſays, you may take your own time.

Carm. Well——

Boy. Here has been a meſſage too, from my Lady Pen——I can't remember her name, but 'tis upon the ſlate. She deſires to know if you will be at home about noon.

Carm. Fetch it. (*Exit* Boy. Was the whole of our profeſſion confined to the mere buſineſs of it, the employment would be pleaſing as well as profitable; but as matters are now managed, the art is the laſt thing to be regarded. Family connections, private recommendations, and an eaſy, genteel method of flattering, is to ſupply the delicacy of a Guido, the colouring of a Rubens, and the deſign of a Raphael——all their qualities centering in one man, without the firſt requiſites, would be uſeleſs; and with theſe, one of them is neceſſary.

Enter Boy *with the Slate.*

Carm. Let's ſee——Oh! Lady Pentweazel from Blowbladder-ſtreet——Admit her by all means; and if Puff or Varniſh ſhould come, I am at home. (*Exit* Boy. Lady Pentweazel! ha! ha! Now here's a proof that avarice is not the only, or laſt paſſion old age is ſubject to——this ſuperannuated beldame gapes for flattery, like a neſt of unfledg'd crows for food; and with them, too, gulps down every thing that's offer'd her——no matter how coarſe;—well, ſhe ſhall be fed; I'll make her my introductory key to the whole Bench of Aldermen.

Enter Boy *with* Puff.

Boy. Mr Puff, Sir.

Carm.

Carm. Let us be private. What have you there?

Puff. Two of Rembrandt's etching by Scrape, in May's Buildings; a paltry affair, a poor ten-guinea job; however, a ſmall game—— you know the proverb——What became of you yeſterday?

Carm. I was detained by Sir Poſitive Bubble. How went the pictures? The Guido, what did that fetch?

Puff. One hundred and thirty.

Carm. Hum! Four guineas the frame, three the painting; then we divide juſt one hundred and twenty-three.

Puff. Hold——not altogether ſo faſt——Varniſh had two pieces for bidding againſt Squander; and Bruſh five, for bringing Sir Tawdry Trifle.

Carm. Mighty well; look ye, Mr Puff, if theſe people are eternally quarter'd upon us, I declare off, Sir; they eat up the profit. There's that damn'd Bruſh——but you'll find him out. I have upon his old plan given him copies of all the work I executed upon his recommendation; and what was the conſequence? He clandeſtinely ſold the copies, and I have all the originals in my lumber-room.

Puff. Come, come, Carmine, you are no great loſer by that. Ah! that lumber-room! that lumber-room out of repair, is the beſt conditioned eſtate in the county of Middleſex. Why, now, there's your Suſannah; it could not have produced you above twenty at moſt, and by the addition of your lumber-room dirt, and the ſalutary application of the ſpaltham pot, it became a Guido, worth a hundred and thirty pounds; beſides, in all traffic of this kind, there muſt be combinations.---Varniſh and Bruſh are our jackalls, and it is but fair they ſhould partake of the prey. Courage, my boy! never fear! Praiſe be to folly and faſhion, there are in this town *dupes* enough to gratify the avarice of us all.

Carm. Mr Puff, you are ignorant and ſcurrilous, and very impertinent, Mr Puff; and, Mr Puff, I have a ſtrange mind to leave you to yourſelves, and then ſee what a hand you would make of it.------Sir, if I do now and then add ſome tincts of antiquity to my pictures, I do it in condeſcenſion to the foible of the world; for, Sir, age, age, Sir, is all my pictures want to render 'em as good pieces as the maſters from whom they are taken; and let me tell you,

you, Sir, he that took my Sufannah for a Guido, gave no mighty proofs of his ignorance, Mr Puff.

Puff. Why, thou poft-painter, thou dauber, thou execrable white-wafher, thou-----Sirrah, have you fo foon forgot the wretched ftate from which I dragg'd you? The firft time I fet eyes on you, rafcal! what was your occupation then? Scribbling, in fcarce legible letters, coffee, tea, and chocolate on a bawdy-houfe window in Goodman's Fields.

Carm. The meannefs of my original demonftrates the greatnefs of my genius.

Puff. Genius! Here's a dog. Pray, how high did your genius foar? To the daubing diabolical angels for alehoufes, dogs with chains for tanners yards, rounds of beef and roafted pigs for Porridge Iſland.

Carm. Hannibal Scratchi did the fame.

Puff. From that contemptible ftate did not I raife you to the Cat and Fiddle in Petticoat-lane; the Gooſe and Gridiron in Paul's Church-yard; the firſt live things you ever drew, dog.

Carm. Pox take your memory. Well, but, Mr Puff—you are fo—

Puff. Nor did I quit you then: Who, Sirrah, recommended you to Prim Stiff, the mercer upon Ludgate-hill; how came you to draw the Queen there?

(Loud knocks at the door.

Carm. Mr Puff, for Heaven's fake! dear Sir, you are fo warm, we ſhall be blown——

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lady Pen——

Carm. Send her to the——Show her up ſtairs. Dear Puff——

Puff. Oh! Sir, I can be calm; I only wanted to let you ſee I had not forgot, though perhaps you may.

Carm. Sir, you are very obliging. Well, but now, as all is over, if you will retreat a ſmall time——Lady Pentweazel ſits for her picture, and ſhe's——

Puff. I have ſome buſineſs at next door; I ſuppoſe in half an hour's time——

Carm. I ſhall be at leiſure. Dear Puff—

Puff. Dear Carmine—— *(Exit* Puff.

Carm. Son of a whore——Boy, ſhew the lady up ſtairs.

Enter Lady Pentweazel.

Lady. Fine pieces!—very likely pieces! and, indeed, all alike. Hum! Lady Fuſſock—and, ha! ha! ha! Lady Glumſtead, by all that's ugly—Pray now, Mr Carmine, how do you limners contrive to overlook the uglineſs, and yet preſerve the likeneſs.

Carm. The art, Madam, may be convey'd in two words; where nature has been ſevere, we ſoften; where ſhe has been kind, we aggravate.

Lady. Very *ingenus*, and very kind, truly. Well, good Sir, I bring you a ſubject that will demand the whole of the firſt part of your ſkill; and, if you are at leiſure, you may begin directly.

Carm. Your Ladyſhip is here a little ungrateful to nature, and cruel to yourſelf; even Lady Pentweazel's enemies (if ſuch there be) muſt allow ſhe is a fine woman.

Lady. Oh! your ſervant, good Sir. Why, I have had my day, Mr Carmine; I have had my day.

Carm. And have ſtill, Madam. The only difference I ſhall make between what you were, and what you are, will be no more than what Rubens has diſtinguiſhed between Mary de Medicis, a Virgin and a Regent.

Lady. Mr Carmine, I vow you are a very judicious perſon. I was always ſaid to be like that family. When my piece was firſt done, the limner did me after Venus de Medicis, which I ſuppoſe might be one of Mary's ſiſters; but things muſt change; to be ſitting for my picture at this time of day; ha! ha! ha!—but my daughter Sukey, you muſt know, is juſt married to Mr Deputy Dripping of Candlewick Ward, and would not be ſaid nay; ſo it is not ſo much for the beauty, as the ſimilitude. Ha! ha!

Carm. True, Madam; ha! ha! but if I hit the likeneſs, I muſt preſerve the beauty,—Will your Ladyſhip be ſeated? (*She ſits.*

Lady. I have heard, good Sir, that every body has a more betterer and more worſerer ſide of the face than the other—now which will you chuſe?

Carm. The right ſide, Madam——the left——now, if you pleaſe, the full——Your Ladyſhip's countenance is ſo exactly proportion'd, that I muſt have it all; no feature can be ſpared.

Lady.

Lady. When you come to the eyes, Mr Carmine, let me know, that I may call up a look.

Carm. Mighty well, Madam——Your face a little nearer to the left, nearer me——your head more up——ſhoulders back——and cheſt forward.

Lady. Bleſs me, Mr Carmine, don't mind my ſhape this bout; for I'm only in jumps.——Shall I ſend for my tabbys?

Carm. No, Madam, we'll ſupply that for the preſent—Your Ladyſhip was juſt now mentioning a daughter—Is ſhe—your face a little more towards me—Is ſhe the ſole inheritor of her mother's beauty? Or——have you——

Lady. That? ha! ha! ha!——why that's my youngeſt of all, except Caleb. I have had, Mr Carmine, live born, and chriſten'd—ſtay—don't let me lie now—One—Two—Three——Four——Five——Then I lay fallow——but the year after I had twins——they came in Mr Pentweazel's Sheriffalty; then Roger, then Robin, then Reuben——in ſhort, I have had twenty as fine babes as ever trod in ſhoe of leather.

Carm. Upon my word, Madam, your Ladyſhip is an admirable member of the commonwealth; 'tis a thouſand pities that, like the Romans, we have not ſome honours to reward ſuch diſtinguiſh'd merit.

Lady. Ay, ay, Mr Carmine, if breeding amongſt Chriſtians was as much encouraged as amongſt dogs and horſes, we need not be making laws to let in a parcel of outlandiſh locuſts to eat us all up.

Carm. I am told, Madam, that a bill for ſome ſuch purpoſe is about to paſs, and that we begin now to have almoſt as much regard for the propagation of the ſpecies, as the preſervation of the game in theſe kingdoms—Now, Madam, I am come to the eyes—Oh! that look, that, that, I muſt deſpair of imitating.

Lady. Oh! oh! good Sir, have you found out that? Why all my family by the mother's ſide were famous for their eyes: I have a great aunt among the beauties at Windſor; ſhe has a ſiſter at Hampton Court, a *perdigious* fine woman ——ſhe had but one eye, indeed, but that was a piercer; that one eye got her three huſbands——we were called the gimlet-ey'd family. Oh! Mr Carmine, you need not mind theſe heats in my face; they always diſcharge themſelves about Chriſtmas—my true carnation is not ſeen in my countenance.

countenance. That's carnation! Here's your fleſh and blood! *(ſhewing her arm.*

Carm. Delicate, indeed! finely turn'd, and of a charming colour!

Lady. And yet it has been employ'd enough to ſpoil the beſt hand and arm in the world.——Even before marriage never idle; none of your galloping, goſſipping, Ranelagh romps, like the forward minxes of the preſent age. I was always employed either in painting your *lamſkips*, playing upon the *haſpicols*, making paſte, or ſomething or other——All our family had a *geno;* and then I ſung! Every body ſaid I had a monſtrous fine voice for muſic.

Carm. That may be diſcerned by your Ladyſhip's tones in converſation.

Lady. Tones——you are right, Mr Carmine; that was Mr Purcel's word. Miſs Molly Griſkin, ſays he (my maiden name), you have tones.

Carm. As your Ladyſhip has preſerved every thing elſe ſo well, I dare ſwear you have not loſt your voice. Will you favour me with an air?

Lady. Oh! Sir, you are ſo polite, that it's impoſſible ——But I have none of your new Playhouſe ſongs——I can give you one that was made on myſelf by Laurence Luteſtring, a neighbour's ſon.

Carm. What you pleaſe, Madam.

Lady.

As I was walking by the ſide of a river,
I met a young damſel ſo charming and clever;
Her voice to pleaſe it could not fail,
She ſung like any nightingale.

Fal de rol; hugh, hugh, &c.

Bleſs me! I have ſuch a cough; but there are tones.

Carm. Inimitable ones.

Lady. But, Mr Carmine, you limners are all ingenus men——you ſing.

Carm. A ballad, or ſo, Madam; muſic is a ſiſter art; and it would be a little unnatural not to cultivate an acquaintance there.

Lady. Why truly we ought not to be aſhamed of our relations, unleſs they are poor; and then, you know——

Enter Boy.

Boy. Alderman Pentweazel and Mr Puff.

Lady.

Lady. Oh! he was to call upon me; we go to the auction. Desire him to walk up—Mr Pentweazel, you must know, went this morning to meet Caleb, my youngest boy, at the Bull and Gate. The child has been two years and three quarters at school with Dr Jerk, near Doncaster, and comes to-day by the York waggon; for it has always been my maxum, Mr Carmine, to give my children learning enough; for, as the old saying is,

When house and land are gone and spent,
Then learning is most excellent.

Carm. Your Ladyship is quite right. Too much money cannot be employed in so material an article.

Lady. Nay, the cost is but small; but poor ten pounds a year for head, back, books, bed, and belly; and they say the children are all wonderful latiners, and come up, lack-a-day, they come up as fat as pigs.——Oh! here they are; odds me! he's a thumper. You see, Mr Carmine, I breed no starvelings. Come hither, child. Mind your haviours. Where's your best bow? Turn out your toes. One would think he had learnt to dance of his father. I'm sure my family were none so aukward. There was my brother George, a perfect picture of a man; he danc'd, Lud! But come, all in good time——Hold up thy head, Caleb.

Ald. Pr'ythee, sweet honey, let the child alone. His Master says he comes on wonderful in his learning; and as to your bows and your congees, never fear, he'll learn them fast enough at home.

Lady. Lack-a-day! well said—We now—If he does, I know who must teach him. Well, child, and dost remember me? Hey? Who am I?

Caleb. Anon!

Lady. Dost know me?

Caleb. Yes; you be mother.

Lady. Nay, the boy had always a good memory. And what hast learnt, Caleb, hey?

Caleb. I be got into Æsop's Fables, and can say all *As in præsenti* by heart.

Lady. Upon my word—that's more than ever thy father could.

Ald. Nay, nay, no time has been lost; I questioned the lad as we came along; I ask'd him himself——

Lady. Well, well, speak when you are spoken to, Mr Alderman.

Alderman. How often muſt I———Well, Caleb, and hadſt a good deal of company in the waggon, boy?

Caleb. O law! Powers of company, Mother. There was Lord Gorman's fat cook, a blackamore drumming man, two actor people, a recruiting ſerjeant, a monkey, and I.

Lady. Upon my word, a pretty parcel.

Caleb. Yes, indeed; but the——— the fat cook got drunk at Coventry, and ſo fell out at the tail of the waggon; ſo we left ſhe behind. The next day the ſerjeant ran away with the ſhowman's wife; the t'other two went after; ſo only the monkey and I came to town together.

Carm. Upon my word, the young gentleman gives a good account of his travels.

Lady. Ay, ay, Mr Carmine, he's all over the blood of the Griſkins. I warrant the child will make his way. Go, Caleb, go and look at them pretty paintings—Now, Mr Carmine, let us ſee if my good man can find me out.

Ald. Lack-a-day; well, I profeſs they are all ſo handſome, that I am puzzled to know which is thine, chuck.

Puff. I am ſurprized at your want of diſcernment, Mr Alderman; but the poſſeſſion of a jewel deſtroys its value with the wearer; now to me it ſeems impoſſible to err; and though Mr Carmine is generally ſucceſsful, in this inſtance he is particularly happy. Where can you meet with that mixture of fire and ſoftneſs, but in the eyes of Lady Pentweazel?

Lady. Oh, Sir!

Puff. That clearneſs and delicacy of complexion, with that ſlow of ruddineſs and health.

Lady. Sir! Sir! Sir!

Puff. That fall of ſhoulders, turn of neck, ſet on head, full cheſt, taper waiſt, plump———

Lady. Spare me, ſweet Sir!——You ſee, Mr Pentweazel, other people can find out my charms, tho' you overlook them——Well, I profeſs, Sir, you are a gentleman of great diſcernment; and if buſineſs ſhould bring you into the city; for alas! what pleaſure can bring a man of your refined taſte there?——

Puff. Oh! Ma'am!

Lady. I ſay, Sir, if ſuch an accident ſhould happen, and Blowbladder-ſtreet has any charms———

Puff. Oh! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am!———

Lady.

Lady. It is not impoſſible but we may receive you, tho' not equal to your merits——

Puff. Ma'am!

Lady. Yet in ſuch a manner as to ſhew our ſenſe of them. Sir, I'm your very obedient.

Puff. Your Ladyſhip's moſt——

Lady. Not a ſtep.

Puff. Ma'am!

Lady. Sir——Mr Alderman, your bow to the gentleman. The very fineſt.

Puff. Ma'am.

Lady. Sir——Your moſt obedient.

Puff. Your devoted. (*Exeunt* Ald. *and* Wife.

Carm. Ha! ha! Well ſaid, Puff. What a calamity haſt thou drawn upon the Knight! Thou haſt ſo tickled the vanity of the harradan, that the poor help-mate will experience a double portion of her contempt.

Puff. Rot them.

Carm. Come, Puff, a matrimonial aſſiſtant to a rich Alderman is no contemptible employment.

Puff. Ay, if it were a *fine-cure.*

Carm. No, that you muſt not expect; but unleſs I am greatly miſtaken in the language of the eyes, her Ladyſhip's were addreſs'd to you with moſt perſuaſive tenderneſs.

Puff. Well, of that hereafter——But to our buſineſs. The auction is about beginning; and I have promiſed to meet Mr David Duſledorpe, Sir Poſitive Bubble, and Lord Dupe, to examine the pictures, and fix on thoſe for which they are to bid——But ſince we have ſettled the German plan; ſo Varniſh or Bruſh muſt attend them.

Carm. Oh! by all means purſue that. You have no conception how dear the foreign accent is to your true virtuoſo; it announces taſte, knowledge, veracity, and in ſhort, every thing—But can you enough diſguiſe the turn of your face, and tone of your voice? a diſcovery of Mr Puff in Mynheer Groningen blaſts us at once.

Puff. Never fear me. I wiſh you may have equal ſucceſs in the part of Canto.

Carm. Pho! mine's a trifle. A man muſt have very ſlender abilities indeed, who can't for ten minutes imitate a language and deportment that he has been a witneſs to for ten years.

Puff. But you muſt get their tones, their tones; 'tis eaſy

eaſy enough. Come, hand up here that there Corregio; an inimitable piece, gentlemen and ladies: The very beſt work of the beſt maſter, ſubject agreeable, highly finiſhed, and well preſerved;—a ſeat for the ladies; hand it to Sir Poſitive; a going for fifty; ſpeak, or its gone for fifty: Joy to your Ladyſhip. Come, the next; but remember, let your bob be buſhy, and your bow low.

Carm. Enough, enough; we are ſtrangers to each other, you know.

Puff. Abſolute. Oh! but what pictures of yours are in the ſale?

Carm. There's my Holy Family by Raphael; the marriage in Cana by Reuben Rouge; Tom Jackſon's Teniers; and for buſts, Taylor's head without a noſe from Herculaneum.

Puff. Are the antique ſeals come home?

Carm. No; but they will be finiſh'd by next week.

Puff. You muſt take care of Novice's collection of medals—he'll want them by the end of the month.

Carm. The coins of the firſt Emperors are now ſteeping in copperas; and I have an Otho, a Galba, Nero, and two Domitians reeking from the dunghill—The reſt we can have from Doctor Mummy; a never failing chap, you know.

Puff. Adieu.

Carm. Yours, Sir——a troubleſome fellow, this—confounded memory——uſeful, tho'——Rounds of beef and roaſted pigs!—muſt get ride of him——Ay, but when? ——Why when?—when I have gained my point. But how, how then?——Oh, then it does not ſignify two pence.

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Puff, *as* Monſieur Baron de Groningen, Carmine *as* Canto, *and* Bruſh.

Canto. COME, buſtle, buſtle. Bruſh, you introduce Puff. Puff, how are you in your German?

Puff. I canno ſpeak for Englandt, but I can mak underſtand very mightily. Will that do?

Bruſh. To a hair. Remember you are come hither to purchaſe pictures for the Elector of Bavaria. Carmine, you muſt clap Lord Dupe's coat of arms on that half length of Eraſmus; I have ſold it him, as his great grandfather's third brother, for fifty guineas.

Canto. It ſhall be done—Be it my province to eſtabliſh the Baron's reputation as a connoiſſeur.—*Bruſh* has ſeen you abroad at the Court of the reigning Prince of Blantin.

Puff. Yes; I was do buſineſs mightily for Prince Blantin.

Bruſh. Your portraits go firſt, Carmine. Novice, Sir Poſitive Bubble, Jack Squander, Lord Dupe, and Mordecai Lazarus, the Jew broker, have appointed me to examine with them the hiſtory pieces—Which are moſt likely to ſtick?

Canto. Here's a liſt.

Bruſh. Huſh, hide the Eraſmus, I hear the company on the ſtairs. (*Exit* Carmine, *and re-enters anon.*

Enter Lord Dupe, Bubble, Squander, &c.

Lord. Mr Bruſh, I am your devoted ſervant. You have procured my anceſtor.

Bruſh. It is in my poſſeſſion, my Lord; and I have the honour to aſſure your Lordſhip, that the family features are very diſcernible; and allowing for the difference of dreſs, there's a ſtrong likeneſs between you and your predeceſſor.

Lord. Sir, you have oblig'd me. All theſe you have mark'd in the catalogue are originals?

Bruſh. Undoubted. But, my Lord, you need not depend ſolely on my judgment; here's Mynheer Baron de Groningen, who is come hither to ſurvey, and purchaſe for the Elector of Bavaria; an indiſputable connoiſſeur; his bidding will be a direction for your Lordſhip. 'Tis a thouſand pities

that any of theſe maſters ſhould quit England. They were conducted hither at an immenſe expence; and if they now leave us, what will it be but a public declaration, that all taſte and liberal knowledge is vaniſh'd from amongſt us?

Lord. Sir—leave the ſupport of the national credit to my care. Could you introduce me to Mynheer?—does he ſpeak Engliſh?

Bruſh. Not fluently, but ſo as to be underſtood. Mynheer, Lord Dupe—the patron of arts, the Petronius for taſte, and for well-timed generoſity, the Leo——and the Mecænas——of the preſent age, deſires to know you.

Puff. Sir, you honour me very mightily. I was here of Lord Dupes in Hollandt. I was tell he was one delatant, one curieuſe, one precieuſe of his country.

Lord. The Dutch are an obliging, civilized, well-bred, pretty kind of people. But, pray Sir, what occaſions us the honour of a viſit from you?

Puff. I was come to bid for paints for de Elector of Bavaria.

Lord. Are there any here that deſerve your attention?

Puff. O! dare are good pieces; but dare is one I likes mightily; the off ſky, and home track is fine, and the maiſter is in it.

Lord. What is the ſubject?

Puff. Dat I know not; vat I minds, vat you call the draws and the colors.

Lord. Mr Canto, what is the ſubject?

Canto. It is, my Lord St Anthony of Padua exorciſing the devil out of a ram-cat; it has a companion ſomewhere—Oh! here, which is the ſame ſaint in a wilderneſs, reading his breviary by the light of a glow-worm.

Bruſh. Invaluable pictures, both! and will match your Lordſhip's Corregio in the ſaloon.

Lord. I'll have them. What pictures are thoſe, Mr Canto?

Canto. They are not in the ſale; but I fancy I could procure them for your Lordſhip.

Lord. This, I preſume, might have been a landſkip; but the water, and the men, and the trees, and the dogs, and the ducks, and the pigs, they are all obliterated, all gone.

Bruſh. An indiſputable mark of its antiquity; its very merit; beſides a little varniſh will fetch the figures again.

Lord. Set it down for me—the next.

Canto. That is a Moſes in the bulruſhes. The blended joy

joy and grief in the figure of the ſiſter in the corner, the diſtreſs and anxiety of the mother here, and the beauty and benevolence of Pharaoh's daughter, are circumſtances happily imagined, and boldly expreſs'd.

Bruſh. Lack-a-day, 'tis but a modern performance; the maſter is alive, and an Engliſhman—

Lord. Oh! then I would not give it houſe-room.

Puff. Here is a pretty piece I find ſtick up here in de corner: I was ſee in Hollandt, at Loo, a piece mighty like; there was little mices, that was nibble, nibble, nibble, upon vat you call frumage, and little ſhurels all with bruſh tails ran up the trees; and there was great things, vat you call —Pſhaw, that have long bearts, and cry Ba.

Bruſh. What, goats?

Puff. Ay, dat was de name.

Lord. I ſhould think, by the cheeſe and the goats, Mynheer, yours was a Welch piece, inſtead of a Dutch.

Puff. Ah, 'twas good piece. I wiſh to my heart Lord Dupes was have that piece.

Enter Novice.

Novice. Where's Mr Bruſh? My dear Bruſh, am I too late?

Bruſh. In pretty good time.

Nov. May I loſe my Otho, or be tumbled from my phaeton the firſt time I jehup my ſorrels, if I have not made more haſte than a young ſurgeon to his firſt labour. But the lots, the lots, my dear Bruſh, what are they? I'm upon the rack of impatience till I ſee them, and in a fever of deſire till I poſſeſs them.

Bruſh. Mr Canto, the gentleman would be glad to ſee the buſts, medals, and precious reliques of Greece and ancient Rome.

Canto. Perhaps, Sir, we may ſhow him ſomething of greater antiquity—Bring them forward—The firſt lot conſiſts of a hand without an arm, the firſt joint of the fore-finger gone, ſuppoſed to be a limb of the Apollo Delphos —The ſecond, half a foot, with the toes entire, of the Juno Lucina—The third, the Caduceus of the Mercurius Infernalis—The fourth, the half of the leg of the infant Hercules—all indiſputable antiques, and of the Memphian marble.

Puff. Let me ſee Juno's half foot. All the toes entire?

Canto. All.

Puff.

Puff. Here is a little ſwelt by this toe, that looks bad proportion.

All. Hey, hey.

Puff. What's dat?

Canto. That! Pſhaw! that! Why that's only a corn.

All. Oh!

Puff. Corn! dat was extreme natural; dat is fine; the maiſter is in it.

All. Very fine! Invaluable!

Puff. Where is de Hercules' calf? Upon my word 'tis a very large calf; big, big, big, all de way up, all de way down.

Lord. I believe this Hercules was an Iriſhman.

Nov. But where are your buſts? Here, here, gentlemen; here's a curioſity; a medal of Oriuna; got for me by Doctor Mummy; the only one in the viſible world; there may be ſome under ground.

Lord. Fine, indeed! Will you permit me to taſte it? It has the reliſh. (*All taſte.*

Nov. The reliſh! 'Zooks it coſt me a hundred guineas.

Puff. By gar, it is a dear bit tho'.

Nov. So you may think; but three times the money ſhould not purchaſe it.

Lord. Pray, Sir, whoſe buſt is it that dignifies this coin?

Nov. The Empreſs Oriuna, my Lord.

Lord. And who, Sir, might ſhe be? I don't recollect to have heard of the Lady before.

Nov. She, my Lord? Oh! ſhe was a kind of a what-d'ye-call'em--a ſort of a Queen, or wife, or ſomething or other to ſomebody, that liv'd a damn'd while ago---Mummy told me the whole ſtory; but before Gad I've forgot it. But come, the buſts.

Canto. Bring forward the head from Herculaneum. Now, gentlemen, here is a jewel.

All. Ay, ay, let's ſee.

Canto. 'Tis not entire, tho'.

Nov. So much the better.

Canto. Right, Sir---the very mutilations of this piece are worth all the moſt perfect performances of modern artiſts---Now, gentlemen, here's a touchſtone for your taſte!

All. Great! great, indeed!

Nov.

Nov. Great! Amazing! Divine! Oh, let me embrace the dear diſmember'd buſt! a little farther off. I'm raviſh'd! I'm tranſported! What an attitude! But then the locks! How I adore the ſimplicity of the antients! How unlike the preſent, priggiſh, prick ear'd puppets! How gracefully they fall all adown the cheek! ſo decent, and ſo grave, and---Who the devil do you think it is, Bruſh? Is it a man or a woman?

Canto. The Connoiſſeurs differ. Some will have it to be the Jupiter Tonans of Phidias, and others the Venus of Paphos from Praxiteles; but I don't think it fierce enough for the firſt, nor handſome enough for the laſt.

Nov. Yes, handſome enough.

All. Very handſome; handſome enough.

Canto. Not quite—therefore I am inclined to join with Signor Julio de Pampedillo, who, in a treatiſe dedicated to the King of the Two Sicilies, calls it the Serapis of the Ægyptians, and ſuppoſes it to have been fabricated about eleven hundred and three years before the Moſaic account of the creation.

Nov. Prodigious! and I dare ſwear, true.

All. Oh! true, very true.

Puff. Upon my honour, 'tis a very fine buſt; but where is de noſe?

Nov. The noſe; what care I for the noſe? Where is de noſe? Why, Sir, if it had a noſe, I would not give ſixpence for it--How the devil ſhould we diſtinguiſh the works of the antients, if they were perfect?——The noſe, indeed! Why I don't ſuppoſe, now, but, barring the noſe, Roubiliac could cut as good a head every whit ——Bruſh, who is this man with his noſe? The fellow ſhould know ſomething of ſomething too, for he ſpeaks broken Engliſh.

Bruſh. It is Mynheer Groningen, a great Connoiſſeur in painting.

Nov. That may be; but as to ſculpture, I am his very humble ſervant. A man muſt know damn'd little of ſtatuary, that diſlikes a buſt for want of a noſe.

Canto. Right, Sir—The noſe itſelf without the head, nay, in another's poſſeſſion, would be an eſtate——But here are behind, gentlemen and ladies, an equeſtrian ſtatue of Marcus Aurelius without the horſe; and a complete ſtatue of the Emperor Trajan, with only the head and legs miſſing;

miſſing; both from Herculaneum.——This way, gentlemen and ladies.

Enter Lady Pentweazel, Alderman, *and* Caleb.

Lady. Now, Mr Pentweazel, let us have none of your Blowbladder breeding. Remember you are at the court end of the town. This is a quality auction—

Ald. Where of courſe nothing is ſold that is uſeful.—I am tutor'd, ſweet honey.

Lady. Caleb, keep behind, and don't be meddling.—Sir———— (*To* Bruſh.

Bruſh. Your pleaſure, Ma'am.

Lady. I ſhould be glad you would inform me if there are any lots of very fine old China. I find the quality are grown infinitely fond of it; and I am willing to ſhow the world, that we in the city have taſte.

Bruſh. 'Tis a laudable reſolution, Ma'am, and, I dare ſay, Mr Canto can ſupport——Bleſs me, what's that?

(Caleb *throws down a China diſh.*

Lady. That boy, I ſuppoſe! Well, if the miſchievous brat has not broke a—and look how he ſtands——Sirrah, Sirrah, did I not bid you not meddle?————Leave ſucking your thumbs. What, I ſuppoſe you learnt that trick of your friend the monkey in the waggon?

Caleb. Indeed I did not go to do it, mother.

Ald. Pr'ythee, ſweet honey, don't be ſo paſſionate.—What's done can't be undone. The loſs is not great; come, come.

Bruſh. Mr Alderman is in the right. The affair is a trifle; but a twenty guinea job.

Lady. Twenty guineas! You ſhould have twenty of my teeth as————

Canto. You mean if you had them—Your Ladyſhip does not know the value of that piece of China. It is the right old Japan of the pea-green kind. Lady Mandarin offer'd me, if I could match it, fourſcore guineas for the pair.

Lady. A fine piece, indeed!

Puff. 'Tis ver fine!

Caleb. Indeed, father, I did not break it. 'Twas crack'd in the middle, and ſo it fell a two in my hand.

Lady. What, was it crack'd?

Caleb. Yes indeed, mother.

Lady.

Lady. There, gentlemen!

Lord. Ma'am, I would willingly ſet you right in this affair; you don't ſeem acquainted with theſe kinds of things; therefore I have the honour to tell you, that the crack in the middle is a mark of it's intiquity, and enhances it's value; and theſe gentlemen are, I dare ſay, of the ſame opinion.

All. Oh, entirely.

Lady. You are all of a gang, I think. A broken piece of China better than a whole one!

Lord. Ma'am, I never diſpute with a Lady; but this gentleman has taſte; he is a foreigner, and ſo can't be thought prejudiced; refer it to him; the day grows late, and I want the auction to begin.

Ald. Sweet honey, leave it to the gentleman.

Lady. Well, Sir.

Puff. Ma'am, I love to ſerve de Lady. 'Tis a ver fine piece of China. I was ſee ſuch another piece ſell at Amſterdam for a hundred ducats. 'Tis ver well worth twenty guinea.

Caleb. Mother!—Father! Never ſtir if that gentleman ben't the ſame that we ſee'd at the painting man's, that was ſo zivil to mother, only he has got a black wig on, and ſpeaks outlandiſh. I'll be fur enough if it en't a May-game.

Lady. Hey! let me die but the boy's in the right. My dear, as I'm alive, Mr Puff, that we ſaw at the limner's. I told you he was a more cleverer man than I ever ſaw. Caleb is right; ſome matter of merriment, I warrant.

Puff. I wiſh it was. (*Aſide.*) I no underſtand.

Canto. So, Maſter Puff, you are caught. (*Aſide.*)

Lord. This is a moſt unfortunate old Lady.—Ma'am, you are here under another miſtake. This is Mynheer Baron *de* ————

Lady. Mynheer Figs-end. Can't I believe my own eyes? What, do you think, becauſe we live in the city, we can't ſee?

Nov. Fire me, my Lord, there may be more in this than we can gueſs. It's worth examining into. Come, Sir, if you are Mynheer, who the devil knows you?

Puff. I was know Maiſter Canto mightily.

Nov. Mr Canto, do you know this Baron?

Canto. I ſee the dog will be detected, and now is my time

time to be even with him for his rounds of beef and roaſted pigs. (*Aſide.*) I can't ſay I ever ſaw the gentleman before.

Nov. Oh, oh!

Lord. The fellow is an impoſtor; a palpable cheat. Sir, I think you came from the Rhine; pray, how ſhould you like walking into the Thames?

Nov. Or what think you, my Lord? The raſcal complain'd but now that the buſt wanted a noſe; ſuppoſe we were to ſupply the deficiency with his?

Lord. But juſtice, Mr Novice.

Canto. Great raſcal, indeed, gentlemen. If rogues of this ſtamp get once a footing in theſe aſſemblies, adieu to all moral honeſty. I think an example ſhould be made of him. But, were I to adviſe, he is a properer ſubject for the rabble to handle than the preſent company.

All. Away with him———

Puff. Hands off. If I muſt ſuffer, it ſhall not be ſingly. Here is the obſequious Mr Bruſh, and the very courtly Mr Canto, ſhall be the partners of my diſtreſs. Know, then, we all are rogues, if the taking advantage of the abſurdities and follies of mankind can be call'd roguery. I own I have been a cheat, and I glory in it. But what point will you virtuoſi, you connoiſſeurs, gain by the detection? Will not the publiſhing of our crimes trumpet forth your folly?

Lord. Matchleſs impudence!

Puff. My noble Lord here, the Delatanti, the Curieu, the Precieu of this nation, what infinite glory will he acquire from this ſtory, that the Leo, the Mecænas, the Petronius, notwithſtanding his exquiſite taſte, has been drawn in to purchaſe, at an immenſe expence, a cart-load of—rubbiſh!

Lord. Gentlemen and ladies—I have the honour to take my leave.

Puff. Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient—When ſhall I ſend you your Corregio, your St Anthony of Padua, your ram cat, my good Lord?

Lord. Raſcal! (*Exit.*

Nov. This won't do, Sir.—Tho' my Lord has not ſpirit enough, damn me if I quit you.

Puff. What, my ſprightly Squire! Pray favour me with a ſight of your Oriuna.—It has the reliſh; an indiſputable antique; being a Briſtol farthing, coin'd by a ſoap-boiler

to

to pay his journeymen in the ſcarcity of caſh, and purchaſed for two pence of a travelling tinker by, Sir, your humble ſervant, Timothy Puff. Ha, ha, ha!

Nov. My Oriuna a Briſtol farthing!

Puff. Moſt aſſuredly.

Nov. I'll be revenged. (*Going.*

Puff. Stay, ſtay, and take your buſt, my ſweet Squire; your Serapis. Two heads, they ſay, are better than one; lay them together. But the locks! how gracefully they fall all a down! ſo decent, and ſo—ha, ha, ha!

Nov. Confound you!

Puff. Why, Sir, if it had a noſe, I would not give a ſixpence for it—Pray, how many years before the creation was it fabricated, Squire?

Nov. I ſhall live to ſee you hang'd, you dog. (*Exit.*

Puff. Nay, but, Squire; ha, ha, ha!——Now, Madam, to your Ladyſhip I come; to whoſe diſcernment, aided by the ſagacity of your ſon Caleb, I owe my diſcovery.

Ald. Look you, don't think to abuſe my Lady. I am one of the———

Puff. *Quorum*—I know it, Mr Alderman; but I mean to ſerve your worſhip by humbling a little the vanity of your wife.

Lady. Come along, chuck. I'll not ſtay to hear the raſcality of the fellow.

Puff. Oh, my Lady Pentweazel, correct the ſeverity of that frown, leſt you ſhould have more of the Meduſa than the Medicis in your face.

Lady. Saucy jackanapes!

Puff. What, then, I have quite loſt my city acquaintance; why, I've promiſed all my friends tickets for my Lord Mayor's ball, through your Ladyſhip's intereſt.

Lady. My intereſt, indeed, for ſuch a——

Puff. If Blowbladder-ſtreet has any charms——Sir——Ma'am—Not a ſtep—The fineſt gentleman! ha, ha, ha!——And what can you ſay for yourſelf, you cowardly ill-looking raſcal? (*to* Canto.) Deſert your friend at the firſt pinch——your ally——your partner—No apology, Sir—I have done with you. From poverty and ſhame I took you; to that I reſtore you. Your crime be your puniſhment. (*Turning to the Audience.*) Could I be as ſecure from the cenſure of this Aſſembly as I am ſafe from the re-

ſentment of Dupe, Novice, Squander; from the alluring baits of my amorous city lady; and the dangerous combination of my falſe friend, I ſhould be happy.

'Tis from your ſentence I expect my fate;
Your voice alone my triumph can complete.

THE

THE

Engliſhman in Paris;

A COMEDY,

OF TWO ACTS.

PROLOGUE.

Between Mr MACKLIN and his WIFE.

She. TO contradict me!—Blockhead! ideot! fool! sot!
He. But amidst these hard names, our dispute is forgot.
To contradict you, I know, is high treason;
For the will of a wife is always her reason.
She. No, Sir, for once, I'll give up my pretension,
And submit to the Pit our cause of dissension.
He. I agree; for the Pit is our natural Lord.
Ladies, ——— ———
She. —Hey! How come you to claim the first word?
Gentlemen, my husband and I have had a dispute,
Where the difference lies 'twixt a man and a brute;
Which we beg, whilst the folks for the farce are preparing,
You would please to decide, and give us the hearing.
—Hem! Hem!—
After Plutarch of Rome! and Virgil of Greece!
And Iliads, and Eniends, and authors like these;
I boldly affirm, deny it who can,
That in laughter consists the true essence of man:
Whilst my husband—
He. ——— Nay, pray let me state my own case.
And I'll make it as clear as the nose on your face,
That hissing in man preserves the first place.
To begin then with Critics:—'Tis their capital bliss,
Than to laugh—don't you find it more pleasing to hiss?
In this all agree;—Jews, Infidels, Turks!
She. I grant it, sweet Sir,——if you mean at your works.
Yet even 'gainst that I've a potent objection;
For every rule still has its exception:
Tho' they hiss'd at your farces, your Pasquin, and stuff,
At your tragedy sure they laugh'd hearty enough.
And again, Mr Wiseman, regard the world round,
'Tis in mankind alone that laughter is found.
Whilst your favourite hissing, sage Sir, if you please,
You enjoy but in common with serpents and geese.
And arn't you ashamed—('tis no time to dissemble),
O Critics! these creatures in this to resemble?
He. Not a jot; in this place 'tis of singular use,
Of bad poets and players to reform the abuse.
In the practice, kind Sirs! were I fit to advise,
The hissing like geese I would have you despise,
And copy the serpent——be subtle and wise,

But

But free from his venom.———Well, Sirs, what d'ye ſay?
Is your judgment——
She. ——— Let us wait till the end of the play:
In the progreſs of that we ſhall eaſily find,
Whether laughing or hiſſing is moſt to their mind.
He. I'm ſure they will hiſs.
She. And I hope they'll be kind.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miſs MACKLIN.

ESCAP'D from my guardian's tyrannical ſway,
By a fortunate voyage on a proſperous day,
I am landed in England, and now muſt endeavour,
By ſome means or other, to curry your favour.
Of what uſe to be freed from a Gallic ſubjection,
Unleſs I'm ſecure of a Britiſh protection?
Without caſh,—but one friend—and he too juſt made,
Egad I've a mind to ſet up ſome trade.
Of what ſort! in the papers I'll publiſh a puff,
Which won't fail to procure me cuſtom enough:
" That a Lady from Paris is lately arriv'd,
Who with exquiſite art has nicely contriv'd
The beſt paint for the face,—the beſt paſte for the hands,
A water for freckles, for fluſhings, and tans.
She can teach you the melior coeffeure for the head,
To liſp—amble—and ſimper—and put on the red;
To rival, to rally, to backbite, and ſneer,
Um—no; that they already know pretty well here.
" The beaux ſhe inſtructs to bow with a grace,
The happieſt ſhrug—the neweſt grimace;
To *parler François*,—fib, flatter, and dance,
Which is very near all that they teach ye in France.
" Not a Buck, nor a Blood, through the whole Engliſh nation,
But his roughneſs ſhe'll ſoften, his figure ſhe'll faſhion.
The mereſt John Trot in a week you ſhall zee
Bien poli, bien frizé, tout à fait un Marquis."
What d'ye think of my plan, is it form'd to your gout?
May I hope for diſciples in any of you?
Shall I tell you my thoughts, without guile, without art,
Though abroad, I've been bred, I have Britain at heart.
Then take this advice, which I give for her ſake,
You'll gain nothing by any exchange you can make;
In a country of commerce, too great the expence,
For their baubles and bows, to give your good ſenſe.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

(DRURY-LANE).

Buck, — —	Mr PALMER.
Sir John Buck,	Mr WRIGHTEN.
Subtle, —	Mr WALDRON,
Claſſic, — —	Mr PACKER.
Marquis, —	Mr LAMASH.
Dancing-Maſter, —	Mr R. PALMER.
Roger, —	Mr GRIFFITH.
Mrs Subtle, —	Mrs LOVE.
Lucinda, — —	Miſs COLLET.

Servants, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mr Subtle *and Mr* Claſſic.

Mr Sub. WELL, well, that may be; but ſtill I ſay that a Frenchman—

Claſſic. Is a fop; it is their national diſeaſe; not one of the qualities for which you celebrate them, but owes its origin to a foible; their taſte is trifling, their gaiety grimace, and their politeneſs pride.

Mr Sub. Hey-dey! Why what the duce brings you to Paris then?

Claſſ. A debt to friendſhip; not but I think a ſhort reſidence here a very neceſſary part in every man of faſhion's education.

Mr Sub. Where's the uſe?

Claſſ. In giving them a true reliſh for their own domeſtic happineſs, a proper veneration for their national liberties; a contempt for adulation; and an honour for the extended, generous commerce of their country.

Mr Sub. Why there, indeed, you have the preference, Maſter Claſſic; the traders here are a ſharp ſet; cozening people; foreigners are their food; civilities with a---- Aye! aye! a congee for a crown, and a ſhrug for a ſhilling; deviliſh dear, Maſter Claſſic, deviliſh dear.

Claſſ. To avoid their exactions, we are, Mr Subtle, recommended to your protection.

Mr Sub. Aye! and wiſely they did who recommended you: Buy nothing but on mine or my Lady's recommendation, and you are ſafe. But where was your charge? where was Mr Buck laſt night? My Lady made a party at cards on purpoſe for him, and my ward Lucinda is mightily taken with him; ſhe longs to ſee him again.

Claſſ. I am afraid with the ſame ſet his father ſent him hither to avoid; but we muſt endeavour to inſpire him with a taſte for the gallantries of this Court, and his paſſion for the lower amuſements of ours will diminiſh of courſe.

Mr Sub. All the fraternity of men-makers are for that purpoſe without; taylors, peruquiers, hatters, hoſiers—Is not that Mr Buck's Engliſh ſervant?

Enter Roger.

Claff. Oh! aye, honeft Roger. So, the old doings, Roger; what time did your maſter come home?

Rog. Between five and ſix, pummell'd to a jelly: Here been two of his old comrades follow'd un already; I count we ſhall ha' the whole gang in a fe'ennight.

Claff. Comrades, who?

Rog. Dick Daylight and Bob Breadbaſket the bruiſers: They all went to the ſhew together, where they had the devil to pay; belike they had been ſent to Bridewell, hadn't a great gentleman in a blue ſtring come by and releas'd them.—I hear Maſter's bell; do, Maſter Claſſic, ſtep up and talk to'un; he's now ſober, and may hearken to reaſon.

Claff. I attend him. Mr Subtle, you won't be out of the way.

Mr Sub. I ſhall talk a little with the tradeſmen. A ſmoaky fellow this Claſſic; but if Lucinda plays her cards well, we have not much to fear from that quarter: contradiction ſeems to be the life and ſoul of young Buck.—A tolerable expedition this, if it ſucceeds——Fleece the younker!——Pſhaw, that's a thing of courſe!—but by his means to get rid of Lucinda, and ſecurely pocket her patrimony;—aye! that indeed—

Enter Mrs Subtle.

Oh! Wife! Have you open'd the plot? Does the girl come into it greedily, hey?

Mrs Sub. A little ſqueamiſh at firſt; but I have opened her eyes. Never fear, my dear, ſooner or later women will attend to their intereſt.

Mr Sub. Their intereſt! aye, that's true; but conſider, my dear, how deeply our own intereſt is concern'd, and let that quicken your zeal.

Mrs Sub. D'ye think I am blind? But the girl has got ſuch whimſical notions of honour, and is withal ſo decent and modeſt: I wonder where the duce ſhe got it; I am ſure it was not in my houſe.

Mr Sub. How does ſhe like Buck's perſon?

Mrs Sub. Well enough! But prythee, huſband, leave her to my management, and conſider we have more irons in the fire than one. Here is the Marquis de Soleil to meet Madam

Madam de Farde to night,—and where to put 'em, unleſs we can have Buck's apartment—Oh! by the bye, has Count Cog ſent you your ſhare out of Mr Puntwell's loſings a Thurſday?

Mr Sub. I intend calling on him this morning.

Mrs Sub. Don't fail! He's a ſlippery chap, you know.

Mr Sub. There's no fear. Well, but our pretty countrywoman lays about her handſomely! Ha!——Hearts by hundreds! Hum!

Mrs Sub. Aye! that's a noble prize, if we could but manage her; but ſhe's ſo indiſcreet, that ſhe'll be blown before we have made half our market. I am this morning to give audience on her ſcore, to two Counts and a foreign Miniſter.

Mr Sub. Then ſtrike whilſt the iron's hot: But they'll be here before I can talk to my people; ſend 'em in prythee.

Enter Tradeſmen.

Mr Sub. So, gentlemen; Oh! huſh! we are interrupted: If they aſk for your bills, you have left them at home.

Enter Buck, Claſſic, *and* Roger.

Buck. Ecod, I don't know how it ended, but I remember how it begun. Oh! Maſter Subtle, how do'ſt, old Buck, hey? Give's thy paw! And little Lucy, how fares it with ſhe? Hum!

Mr Sub. What has been the matter, Squire? Your face ſeems a little in deſhabille.

Buck. A touch of the times, old boy! a ſmall ſkirmiſh; after I was down tho', a ſet of cowardly ſons of——; there's George and I will box any five for their ſum.

Mr Sub. But how happened it? The French are generally civil to ſtrangers.

Buck. Oh! damn'd civil! to fall ſeven or eight upon three: Seven or eight! Ecod we had the whole houſe upon us at laſt.

Mr Sub. But what had you done?

Buck. Done! Why, nothing at all! But wounds! how the powder flew about, and the Monſieurs ſcour'd.

Mr Sub. But what offence had either they or you committed?

Buck. Why, I was telling Domine, laſt night, Dick Daylight,

light, Bob Breadbaſket, and I, were walking through one of their Rues I think they call them here, they are ſtreets in London; but they have ſuch deviliſh out-of-the-way names for things, that there is no remembering them: ſo we ſee crowds of people going into a houſe, and comedy paſted over the door; in we troop'd with the reſt, pay'd our caſh, and ſat down on the ſtage: preſently they had a dance; and one of the young women with long hair trailing behind her, ſtood with her back to a rail juſt by me: Ecod what does me! for nothing in the world but a joke, as I hope for mercy, but ties her locks to the rail; ſo when 'twas her turn to figure out, ſouſe ſhe flapp'd on her back; 'twas deviliſh comical, but they ſet up ſuch an uproar, one whey-fac'd ſon of a bitch, that came to looſe the woman, turn'd up his noſe, and call'd me Bête; ecod, I lent him a lick in his lanthorn jaws, that will make him remember the ſpawn of old Marlborough, I warrant him. Another came up to ſecond him, but I let drive at the mark, made the ſoup-maigre rumble in his bread-baſket, and laid him ſprawling. Then in pour'd a million of them; I was knock'd down in a trice; and what happen'd after I know no more than you. But where's Lucy? I'll go ſee her.

Claſſ. Oh fie! Ladies are treated here with a little more ceremony: Mr Subtle too has collected theſe people, who are to equip you for the converſation of the ladies.

Buck. Wounds! all theſe! What, Mr Subtle, theſe are Mounſeeres too, I ſuppoſe?

Mr Sub. No! Squire, they are Engliſhmen. Faſhion has ordain'd, that as you employ none but foreigners at home, you muſt take up with your own countrymen here.

Claſſ. It is not in this inſtance alone we are particular, Mr Subtle; I have obſerv'd many of our pretty gentlemen, who condeſcend to uſe entirely their native language here, ſputter nothing but bad French in the ſide-boxes at home.

Buck. Look you, Sir, as to you, and your wife, and Miſs Lucy, I like you all well enough; but the devil a good thing elſe have I ſeen ſince I loſt ſight of Dover; the men are all puppies, mincing and dancing, and chattering, and grinning; the women a parcel of painted dolls: their food's fit for hogs; and as for their language, let them learn it that like it, I'll none on't; no nor their frippery neither: So here you may all march to the place from whence you——Harkee! What, are you an Engliſhman?

Barber.

Barber. Yes, Sir.

Buck. Domine! look here, what a monſter the monkey has made of himſelf! Sirrah, if your ſtring was long enough, I'd do your buſineſs myſelf, you dog, to ſink a bold Briton into ſuch a ſneaking, ſnivelling——the raſcal looks as if he had not had a piece of beef and pudding in his paunch theſe twenty years; I'll be hang'd if the rogue ha'nt been feed upon frogs ever ſince he came over. Away with your trumpery!

Claſſ. Mr Buck, a compliance with the cuſtoms of the country in which we live, where neither our religion or morals are concern'd, is a duty we owe ourſelves.

Mr Sub. Beſides, Squire, Lucinda expects that you ſhould uſher her to public places, which it would be impoſſible to do in that dreſs.

Buck. Why not?

Mr Sub. You'd be mobb'd.

Buck. Mobb'd! I ſhould be glad to ſee that.——No! no! they ha'nt ſpirit enough to mob here; but come, ſince theſe fellows here are Engliſh, and it is the faſhion, try on your fooleries.

Mr Sub. Mr Dauphine, come produce—Upon my word, in an elegant taſte, Sir: this gentleman has had the honour——

Dauph. To work for all the beaux eſprits of the court. My good fortune commenc'd by a ſmall alteration in a cut of the corner of a ſleeve for Count Crib; but the addition of a ninth plait in the ſkirt of Marſhal Tonerre, was applauded by Madam la Ducheſs Rambouillet, and totally eſtabliſh'd the reputation of your humble ſervant.

Buck. Hold your jaw and diſpatch.

Mr Sub. A word with you——I don't think it impoſſible to get you acquainted with Madam de Rambouillet.

Buck. An't ſhe a Papiſt?

Mr Sub. Undoubtedly.

Buck. Then I'll ha' nothing to ſay to her.

Mr Sub. Oh fie! Who minds the religion of a pretty woman? Beſides, all this country are of the ſame.

Buck. For that reaſon I don't care how ſoon I get out of it: Come, let's get rid of you all as ſoon as we can.—And what are you, hey?

Barb. Je ſuis peruquier, Monſieur.

Buck. Speak Engliſh, you ſon of a whore.

Barb.

Barb. I am a periwig-maker, Sir.

Buck. Then why could not you ſay ſo at firſt? What, are you aſham'd of your mother tongue? I knew this fellow was a puppy by his pig-tail. Come, let's ſee your handy work.

Barb. As I found you were in a hurry, I have brought you, Sir, ſomething that will do for the preſent: But a peruque is a different *ouvrage*, another ſort of a thing here, from what it is *en Angleterre*; we muſt conſult the colour of the complexion, and the *tour de viſage*, the form of the face; for which end, it will be neceſſary to regard your countenance in different lights:——A little to the right, if you pleaſe.

Buck. Why, you dog, dy'e think I'll ſubmit to be exerciſed by you?

Barb. Oh mon Dieu! Monſieur, if you don't, it will be impoſſible to make your wig *comme il faut*.

Buck. Sirrah, ſpeak another French word, and I'll kick you down ſtairs.

Barb. Gad's curſe! Would you reſemble ſome of your countrymen, who, at their firſt importation with nine hairs of a ſide to a brawny pair of cheeks, look like a Saracen's head! Or elſe their water-gruel jaws, ſunk in a thicket of curls, appear, for all the world, like a lark in a ſoup-diſh!

Mr Sub. Come, Squire, ſubmit; 'tis but for once.

Buck. Well, what muſt I do? [*Places him in a chair.*

Barb. To the right, Sir;—now to the left;—now your full;—and now, Sir, I'll do your buſineſs.

Mr Sub. Look at yourſelf a little; ſee what a revolution this has occaſion'd in your whole figure.

Buck. Yes! a bloody pretty figure indeed! But 'tis a figure I am damnably aſham'd of: I would not be ſeen by Jack Wildfire or Dick Riot for fifty pounds, in this trim, for all that.

Mr Sub. Upon my honour, dreſs greatly improves you. Your opinion, Mr Claſſic.

Claſſ. They do mighty well, Sir; and in a little time Mr Buck will be eaſy in them.

Buck. Shall I! I am glad on't, for I am damnably uneaſy at preſent, Mr Subtle, what muſt I do now?

Mr Sub. Now, Sir, if you'll call upon my wife, you'll find Lucinda with her, and I'll wait on you preſently.

Buck.

Buck. Come along, Domine! but harkee, Mr Subtle, I'll out of my tramels, when I hunt with the King.

Mr Sub. Well! well!

Buck. I'll on with my Jemmys; none of your black bags and jack boots for me.

Mr Sub. No! no!

Buck. I'll ſhew them the odds on't! Old Silver-tail! I will! Hey!

Mr Sub. Ay! ay!

Buck. Hedge, ſtake, or ſtile! over we go!

Mr Sub. Ay! but Mr Claſſic waits.

Buck. But d'ye think they'll follow?

Mr Sub. Oh no! Impoſſible!

Buck. Did I tell you what a chace ſhe carried me laſt Chriſtmas eve? We unkennel'd at ———

Mr Sub. I am buſy now; at any other time.

Buck. You'll follow us. I have ſent for my hounds and horſes.

Mr Sub. Have you?

Buck. They ſhall make the tour of Europe with me: And then there's Tom Atkins the huntſman, the two whippers-in, and little Joey the groom comes with them. Dammy, what a ſtrange place they'll think this? But no matter for that; then we ſhall be company enough of ourſelves. But you'll follow us in?

Mr Sub. In ten minutes!—An impertinent jackanapes! but I ſhall ſoon ha' done with him. So, Gentlemen; well, you ſee we have a good ſubject to work upon. Harkee, Dauphine, I muſt have more than 20 per cent. out of that ſuit.

Dauph. Upon my ſoul, Mr Subtle, I can't.

Mr Sub. Why I have always that upon new.

Dauph. New! Sir! Why as I hope to be——

Mr Sub. Come, don't lie; dont damn yourſelf, Dauphine; don't be a rogue; did not I ſee at Madame Fripons that waiſtcoat and ſleeves upon Colonel Crambo?

Dauph. As to the waiſtcoat and ſleeves, I own----but for the body and lining----may I never ſee———

Mr Sub. Come, don't be a ſcoundrel; five and thirty, or I've done.

Dauph. Well, if I muſt, I muſt.

Mr Sub. Oh! Solitaire! I can't pay that draught of Mr —— theſe ſix weeks; I want money.

Soli.

Soli. Je ſuis dans le meme cas——Je—

Mr Sub. What, d'ye mutiny, raſcal? About your buſineſs, or——— [*Exeunt.*

I muſt keep theſe fellows under, or I ſhall have a fine time on't; they know they can't do without me.

Enter Mrs Subtle.

Mrs Sub. The Calais letters! my dear.

Mr Sub. (*reads*) Ah! ah! Calais----the Dover packet arrived laſt night, loading as follows: Six tailors, ditto barbers, five milliners, bound for Paris to ſtudy faſhions; four citizens come to ſettle here for a month by way of ſeeing the country; ditto their wives; ten French valets, with nine cooks, all from Newgate, where they had been ſent for robbing their maſters; nine figure-dancers, exported in September ragged and lean, imported well clad and in good caſe; twelve dogs, ditto bitches, with two monkies, and a litter of puppies, from mother Midnight's in the Haymarket: A precious cargo!—*Poſtſcript.* One of the coaſters is juſt put in, with his Grace the Duke of ——, my Lord ——, and an old gentleman, whoſe name I can't learn. Gadſo! well, my dear, I muſt run, and try to ſecure theſe cuſtomers; there's no time to be loſt: Mean while----

Enter Claſſic.

So, Maſter Claſſic, what have you left the young couple together?

Claſſ. They want your Ladyſhip's preſence, Madam, for a ſhort tour to the *Tuilleries*. I have received ſome letters which I muſt anſwer immediately.

Mr Sub. Oh! Well! well! no ceremony; we are all of a family, you know. Servant. [*Exit.*

Claſſ. Roger!

Enter Roger.

Rog. Anon!

Claſſ. I have juſt received a letter from your old maſter; he was landed at Calais, and will be this evening at Paris. It is abſolutely neceſſary that this circumſtance ſhould be conceal'd from his ſon; for which purpoſe you muſt wait at the Piccardy gate, and deliver a letter I ſhall give you into his own hand.

Rog.

Rog. I'll warrant you.

Claff. But, Roger, be ſecret.

Rog. Oh! lud! Never you fear!

Claff. So, Mr Subtle, I ſee your aim. A pretty lodging we have hit upon; the miſtreſs a commode, and the maſter a——But who can this ward be? Poſſibly the neglected punk of ſome riotous man of quality. 'Tis lucky Mr Buck's father is arriv'd, or my authority would prove but an inſufficient match for my pupil's obſtinacy. This mad boy! how difficult, how diſagreeable a taſk have I undertaken? And how general, yet how dangerous an experiment is it to expoſe our youth, in the very fire and fury of their blood, to all the follies and extravagance of this fantaſtic Court? Far different was the prudent practice of our forefathers:

They ſcorn'd to truck, for baſe, unmanly arts,
Their native plainneſs, and their honeſt hearts;
Whene'er they deign'd to viſit haughty France,
'Twas arm'd with bearded dart, and pointed lance.
No pompous pageants lur'd their curious eye,
No charms for them had fops or flattery;
Paris they knew, their ſtreamers wav'd around,
There Britons ſaw a Britiſh Harry crown'd.
Far other views attract our modern race,
Trulls, toupees, trinkets, bags, brocades, and lace;
A flaunting form, and a fictitious face.
Rouſe! re-aſſume! refuſe a Gallic reign,
Nor let their art win that their arms could never gain.

ACT II.

Enter Mr Claſſic *and* Roger.

Roger. OLD maiſter's at a coffee-houſe next ſtreet, and will tarry till you ſend for 'un.

Claſſ. Bye and bye, in the duſk, bring him up the back ſtairs. You muſt be careful that nobody ſees him.

Rog. I warrant you.

Claſſ. Let Sir John know, that I would wait on him myſelf, but I don't think it ſafe to quit the houſe an inſtant.

Rog. Ay, ay. (*Exit* Roger.

Claſſ. I ſuppoſe, by this time, matters are pretty well ſettled within, and my abſence only wanted to accompliſh the ſcene; but I ſhall take care to————Oh! Mr Subtle and his Lady.

Enter Mr and Mrs Subtle.

Mrs Sub. Oh! delightfully! Now, my deareſt, I hope you will no longer diſpute my abilities for forming a female.

Mr Sub. Never, never: How the baggage leer'd!

Mrs Sub. And the booby gap'd!

Mr Sub. So kind, and yet ſo coy; ſo free, but then ſo reſerv'd: Oh! ſhe has him!

Mrs Sub. Ay! ay! the fiſh is hook'd; but then ſafely to land him.—Is Claſſic ſuſpicious?

Mr Sub. Not that I obſerve; but the ſecret muſt ſoon be blaz'd.

Mrs Sub. Therefore diſpatch: I have laid a trap to enflame his affection.

Mr Sub. How?

Mrs Sub. He ſhall be treated with a diſplay of Lucy's talents; her ſinging, dancing.

Mr Sub. Pſhaw! her ſinging and dancing!

Mrs Sub. Ah! you don't know, huſband, half the force of theſe accompliſhments in a faſhionable figure.

Mr Sub. I doubt her execution.

Mrs Sub. You have no reaſon; ſhe does both well enough

enough to flatter a fool; eſpecially with love for her ſecond: beſides, I have a coup de maitre, a ſure card.

Mr Sub. What's that?

Mrs Sub. A rival.

Mr Sub. Who?

Mrs Sub. The language maſter: he may be eaſily equipt for the expedition; a ſecond-hand tawdry ſuit of cloaths will paſs him on our countryman for a Marquis; and then, to excuſe his ſpeaking our language ſo well, he may have been educated early in England. But huſh! the Squire approaches; don't ſeem to obſerve him.

Enter Buck.

For my part, I never ſaw any thing ſo alter'd ſince I was born: in my conſcience, I believe ſhe's in love with him.

Buck. Huſh! (*Aſide.*

Mr Sub. D'ye think ſo?

Mrs Sub. Why, where's the wonder? He's a pretty, good-humour'd, ſprightly fellow; and, for the time, ſuch an improvement! Why he wears his cloaths as eaſily, and moves as genteelly, as if he had been at Paris theſe twenty years.

Mr Sub. Indeed! how does he dance?

Mrs Sub. Why he has had but three leſſons from Marſeil, and he moves already like Dupré. Oh! three months ſtay here will render him a perfect model for the Engliſh Court.

Mr Sub. Gadſo! No wonder then, with theſe qualities, that he has caught the heart of my ward; but we muſt take care that the girl does nothing imprudent.

Mrs Sub. Oh! diſmiſs your fears; her family, good ſenſe, and, more than all, her being educated under my eye, render them unneceſſary: beſides, Mr Buck is too much a man of honour to———— (*He interrupts them.*

Buck. Damn me, if I an't.

Mrs Sub. Bleſs me! Sir! you here! I did not expect——

Buck. I beg pardon; but all that I heard was, that Mr Buck was a man of honour. I wanted to have ſome chat with you, Madam, in private.

Mr Sub. Then I'll withdraw. You ſee I dare truſt you alone with my wife.

Buck,

Buck. So you may ſafely; I have other game in view. Servant, Mr Subtle.

Mrs Sub. Now for a puzzling ſcene; I long to know how he'll begin. Well, Mr Buck, your commands with me, Sir.

Buck. Why, Madam,—I ah—I ah——but let's ſhut the door: I was, Madam,——ah! ah! Can't you gueſs what I want to talk about?

Mrs Sub. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Buck. Well, but try; upon my ſoul I'll tell you if you're right.

Mrs Sub. It will be impoſſible for me to divine: but come, open a little.

Buck. Why, have you obſerv'd nothing?

Mrs Sub. About who?

Buck. Why, about me!

Mrs Sub. Yes; you are new-dreſs'd, and your cloaths become you.

Buck. Yes! pretty well; but it an't that.

Mrs Sub. What is it?

Buck. Why, ah! ah!—Upon my ſoul, I can't bring it out.

Mrs Sub. Nay, then it's to no purpoſe to wait: write your mind.

Buck. No! no! Stop a moment, and I will tell.

Mrs Sub. Be expeditious, then.

Buck. Why, I wanted to talk about Miſs Lucinda.

Mrs Sub. What of her?

Buck. She's a bloody fine girl; and I ſhould be glad to——

Mrs Sub. To—— Bleſs me! What! Mr Buck! And in my houſe! Oh! Mr Buck, you have deceived me! Little did I think, that, under the appearance of ſo much honeſty, you could go to—ruin the poor girl.

Buck. Upon my ſoul you're miſtaken.

Mrs Sub. A poor orphan too! depriv'd in her earlieſt infancy of a father's prudence, and a mother's care.

Buck. Why I tell you——

Mrs Sub. So ſweet, ſo lovely an innocence; her mind as ſpotleſs as her perſon.

Buck. Hey-day!

Mrs Sub. And me, Sir! Where had you your thoughts of

of me? How dar'd you ſuppoſe that I would connive at ſuch a——

Buck. The woman's bewitch'd!

Mrs Sub. I! whoſe untainted reputation the bliſtering tongue of ſlander never blaſted. Full fifteen years, in wedlock's ſacred bands, have I liv'd unreproach'd; and now to——

Buck. Odds fury! ſhe's in heroics!

Mrs Sub. And this from you too, whoſe fair outſide and bewitching tongue had ſo far lull'd my fears, I dar'd have truſted all my daughters, nay, myſelf too, ſingly, with you.

Buck. Upon my ſoul! and ſo you might ſafely.

Mrs Sub. Well, Sir, and what have you to urge in your defence?

Buck. Oh! oh! What, you are got pretty well to the end of your line, are you? And now, if you'll be quiet a bit, we may make a ſhift to underſtand one another a little.

Mrs Sub. Be quick, and eaſe me of my fears.

Buck. Eaſe you of your fears! I don't know how the devil you got them. All that I wanted to ſay was, that Miſs Lucy was a fine wench; and if ſhe was as willing as me——

Mrs Sub. Willing! Sir! What demon——

Buck. If you are in your airs again, I may as well decamp.

Mrs Sub. I am calm; go on.

Buck. Why, that if ſhe lik'd me, as well as I lik'd her, we might, perhaps, if you lik'd it too, be married together.

Mrs Sub. Oh! Sir! if that was indeed your drift, I am ſatisfy'd. But don't indulge your wiſh too much; there are numerous obſtacles; your father's conſent, the law of the land———

Buck. What laws?

Mrs Sub. All clandeſtine marriages are void in this country.

Buck. Damn the country: In London now, a footman may drive to May-Fair, and in five minutes be tack'd to a Counteſs; but there's no liberty here.

Mrs Sub. Some inconſiderate couples have indeed gone off

off poſt to Proteſtant States; but I hope my ward will have more prudence.

Buck. Well, well, leave that to me. D'ye think ſhe likes me?

Mrs Sub. Why, to deal candidly with you, ſhe does.

Buck. Does ſhe, by ——

Mrs Sub. Calm your tranſports.

Buck. Well! But how? She did not, did ſhe! Hey! Come now, tell ——

Mrs Sub. I hear her coming; this is her hour for muſic and dancing.

Buck. Could I not have a peep?

Mrs Sub. Withdraw to this corner.

Enter Lucinda, *with Singing and Dancing-Maſters.*

Luc. The news, the news, Monſieur Gamut; I die, if I have not the firſt intelligence! What's doing at Verſailles? When goes the Court to Marli? Does Rameau write the next opera? What ſay the critics of Voltaire's *Duc de Foix*? Anſwer me all in a breath!

Buck. A brave-ſpirited girl! ſhe'll take a five-barr'd gate in a fortnight.

Gam. The converſation of the Court your Ladyſhip has engroſs'd, ever ſince you laſt honour'd it with your appearance.

Luc. Oh! you flatterer! have I! Well, and what freſh victims? But 'tis impoſſible; the ſunſhine of a northern beauty is too feeble to thaw the icy heart of a French courtier.

Gam. What injuſtice to your own charms and our diſcernment!

Luc. Indeed! nay, I care not; if I have fire enough to warm one Britiſh boſom, rule! rule! ye Paris belles! I envy not your conqueſts.

Mrs Sub. Meaning you.

Buck. Indeed!

Mrs Sub. Certain!

Buck. Huſh!

Luc. But come, a truce to gallantry, Gamut, and to the buſineſs of the day: Oh! I am quite enchanted with this new inſtrument; 'tis ſo languiſhing and ſo portable, and ſo ſoft and ſo filly: But come, for your laſt leſſon.

Gam. D'ye like the words?

Luc.

Luc. Oh! charming! They are ſo melting, and eaſy, and elegant. Now for a *coup d'eſſai.*

Gam. Take care of your expreſſion; let your eyes and addreſs accompany the ſound and ſentiment.

Luc. But, dear Gamut, if I am out, don't interrupt me; correct me afterwards.

Gam. Allons, commencés.

SONG.

I.

PAR un matin Liſette ſe leva,
Et dans un bois ſeulette s'en alla.
Ta, la, la, &c.

II.

Elle cherchoit des nids de ça de la,
Dans un buiſſon le Roſſignol chanta.
Ta, la, la, &c.

III.

Tout doucement elle s'en approcha,
Savez vous bien, ce qu'elle denicha.
Ta, la, la, &c.

IV.

C'étoit l'Amour, l'Amour l'attendoit la,
Le bel Oiſeau dit elle que voila.
Ta, la, la, &c.

V.

La pauvre enfant le prit, le careſſa,
Sous ſon mo' hoir en riant le plaça.
Ta, la, la, &c.

VI.

Son petit cœur auſſitot s'enflama,
Elle gemit, et ne ſçait ce quelle a.
Ta, la, la, &c.

VII.

Elle s'en va ſe plaindre à ſon Papa,
En lui parlant la belle ſoupira.
Ta, la, la, &c.

VIII.

Le bon Papa qui s'en doutoit deja,
Lui dit je ſçais un remede à cela.
Ta, la, la, &c.

IX.

Il prit l'Amour, les ailes lui coupa,
D'un double noeud fertement le lia.
Ta, la, la, &c.

X.

Dans la voliere auſſitot l'enferma,
Chantez Fripon autant qu'il vous plaira.
Ta, la, la, &c.

XI.

Heureuſement la belle s'en tira,
Mais on n'a pas toujours ce ſecret la.
Ta, la, la, &c.

XII.

Jeune beauté que l'Amour guetera,
Craignez le tour qu' à Liſette il joua.
Ta, la, la, &c.

Gam. Bravo! bravo!

Buck. Bravo! braviſſimo! My Lady, what was the ſong about? [*Aſide to my Lady.*

Mrs Sub. Love: 'Tis her own compoſing.

Buck. What, does ſhe make verſes then?

Mrs Sub. Finely. I take you to be the ſubject of theſe.

Buck. Ah! D'ye think ſo? Gad! I thought by her ogling 'twas the muſic-man himſelf.

Luc. Well, Mr Gamut; tolerably well, for ſo young a ſcholar.

Gam. Inimitably, Madam! Your Ladyſhip's progreſs will undoubtedly fix my fortune.

Enter Servant.

Luc. Your Servant, Sir.

Ser. Madam, your dancing-maſter, Monſieur Kitteau.

Luc. Admit him.

Enter Kitteau.

Monſieur Kitteau, I can't poſſibly take leſſon this morning, I am ſo buſy; but if you pleaſe, I'll juſt hobble over a minuet by way of exerciſe.

Enter a Servant. [*After the Dance.*

Serv. Monſieur le Marquis de ———

Luc. Admit him this inſtant.

Mrs

Mrs Sub. A lover of Lucinda, a Frenchman of faſhion, and vaſt fortune.

Buck. Never heed; I'll ſoon do his buſineſs, I'll warrant you.

Enter Marquis.

Luc. My dear Marquis!

Marq. Ma chere adorable! 'Tis an age ſince I ſaw you.

Luc. Oh! An eternity! But 'tis your own fault, tho'.

Marq. My misfortune, *ma Princeſſe!* But now I'll redeem my error, and root for ever here.

Buck. I ſhall make a ſhift to tranſplant you, I believe.

Luc. You can't conceive how your abſence has diſtreſs'd me. Demand of theſe gentlemen the melancholy mood of my mind.

Marq. But now that I am arriv'd, we'll dance and ſing, and drive care to the——Ha! Monſieur Kitteau! have you practis'd this morning?

Luc. I had juſt given my hand to Kitteau before you came.

Marq. I was in hopes that honour would have been reſerved for me. May I flatter myſelf that your Ladyſhip will do me the honour of venturing upon the fatigue of another minuet this morning with me?

Enter Buck *briſkly. Takes her hand.*

Buck. Not that you know of, Monſieur.

Marq. Hey! *Diable! quelle bête!*

Buck. Harkee, Monſieur Ragout, if you repeat that word *bête*, I ſhall make you ſwollow it again, as I did laſt night one of your countrymen.

Marq. Quel ſauvage!

Buck. And another word; as I know you can ſpeak very good Engliſh, if you will. When you don't, I ſhall take it for granted you're abuſing me, and treat you accordingly.

Marq. Cavalier enough! But you are protected here. Madamoiſelle, who is this officious gentleman? How comes he intereſted? Some relation, I ſuppoſe!

Buck. No; I'm a lover.

Marq. Oh! oh! a rival! Eh *morbleu!* a dangerous one too. Ha! ha! Well, Monſieur, what and I ſuppoſe you preſume to give laws to this Lady; and are deter-

min'd, out of your very great and ſingular affection, to knock down every mortal ſhe likes, *A-la-mode d'Angleterre*; Hey! Monſieur Roaſt-beef!

Buck. No; but I intend that Lady for my wife; conſider her as ſuch, and don't chuſe to have her foil'd by the impertinent addreſſes of every French ſop, *A-la-mode de Paris*, Monſieur Fricaſſy!

Marq. Fricaſſy!

Buck. We.

Luc. A truce; a truce, I beſeech you, gentlemen: it ſeems I am the golden prize for which you plead; produce your pretenſions; you are the repreſentatives of your reſpective countries: begin, Marquis, for the honour of France; let me hear what advantages I am to derive from a conjugal union with you.

Marq. Abſtracted from thoſe which I think are pretty viſible; a perpetual reſidence in this paradiſe of pleaſures; to be the object of univerſal adoration; to ſay what you pleaſe, go where you will, do what you like, form faſhions, hate your huſband, and let him ſee it; indulge your gallant, and let t'other know it; run in debt, and oblige the poor devil to pay it. He! *ma chere!* there are pleaſures for you!

Luc. Bravo! Marquis! Theſe are allurements for a woman of ſpirit. But don't let us conclude too haſtily; hear the other ſide: What have you to offer, Mr Buck, in favour of England?

Buck. Why, Madam, for a woman of ſpirit, they give you the ſame advantages in London as at Paris, with a privilege forgot by the Marquis, an indiſputable right to cheat at cards in ſpite of detection.

Marq. Pardon me, Sir, we have the ſame; but I thought this privilege ſo known and univerſal, that 'twas needleſs to mention it.

Buck. You'll give up nothing, I find; but to tell you my blunt thoughts, in a word, if any woman can be ſo abandon'd, as to rank amongſt the comforts of matrimony, the privilege of hating her huſband, and the liberty of committing every folly and every vice contained in your catalogue, ſhe may ſtay ſingle for me; for damn me, if I'm a huſband fit for her humour; that's all.

Marq. I told you, Madamoiſelle!

Luc.

Luc. But ſtay, what have you to offer as counterbalance for theſe pleaſures.

Buck. Why, I have, Madam, courage to protect you, good-nature to indulge your love, and health enough to make gallants uſeleſs, and too good a fortune to render running in debt neceſſary. Find that here if you can.

Marq. Bagatelle!

Luc. Spoke with the ſincerity of a Briton; and as I don't perceive that I ſhall have any uſe for the faſhionable liberties you propoſe, you'll pardon, Marquis, my national prejudice; here's my hand, Mr Buck.

Buck. Servant, Monſieur!

Marq. Serviteur!

Buck. No offence!

Marq. Not in the leaſt; I am only afraid the reputation of that Lady's taſte will ſuffer a little; and to ſhew her at once the difference of her choice, the preference, which, if beſtowed on me, would not fail to exaſperate you, I ſupport without murmuring; ſo that favour, which would probably have provok'd my fate, is now your protection. *Viola la politeſſe Françoiſe*, Madam; I have the honour to be——*Bon jour, Monſieur.* Tol de rol.

[*Exit.* Marq.

Buck. The fellow bears it well. Now, if you'll give me your hand, we'll in, and ſettle matters with Mr Subtle.

Luc. 'Tis now my duty to obey.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Roger, *peeping about.*

Rog. The coaſt is clear; Sir, Sir, you may come in now, Mr Claſſic.

Enter Mr Claſſic *and the Father.*

Claſſ. Roger, watch at the door. I wiſh, Sir John, I could give you a more cheerful welcome, but we have no time to loſe in ceremony; you are arrived in the critical minute; two hours more would have plac'd the inconſiderate couple out of the reach of purſuit.

Father. How can I acknowledge your kindneſs? You have preſerv'd my ſon; you have ſav'd——

Claſſ. I have done my duty; but of that——

Rog. Maiſter and the young woman's coming.

Claſſ.

Claff. Sir John, place yourſelf here, and be a witneſs how near a criſis is the fate of your family.

Enter Buck *and* Lucinda.

Buck. Pſhaw! What ſignifies her? 'Tis odds whether ſhe'd conſent, from the fear of my father. Beſides, ſhe told me, we could never be married here; and ſo pack up a few things, and we'll off in a poſt-chaiſe directly.

Luc. Stay, Mr Buck, let me have a moment's reflection.—What am I about! contriving in concert with the moſt profligate couple that ever diſgrac'd human nature, to impoſe an indigent orphan on the ſole repreſentative of a wealthy and honourable family! Is this a character becoming my birth and education? What muſt be the conſequence? Sure detection and contempt, contempt even from him, when his paſſions cool.—I have reſolv'd, Sir.

Buck. Madam.

Luc. As the expedition we are upon the point of taking is to be a laſting one, we ought not to be over-haſty in our reſolution.

Buck. Pſhaw! ſtuff! When a thing's reſolv'd, the ſooner 'tis over the better.

Luc. But before it is abſolutely reſolv'd, give me leave to beg an anſwer to two queſtions.

Buck. Make haſte then.

Luc. What are your thoughts of me?

Buck. Thoughts! Nay, I don't know; why, that you are a ſenſible, civil, handſome, handy girl, and will make a deviliſh good wife. That's all I think.

Luc. But of my rank and fortune?

Buck. Mr Subtle ſays they are both great; but that's no buſineſs of mine, I was always determin'd to marry for love.

Luc. Generouſly ſaid! My birth, I believe, won't diſgrace you; but for my fortune, your friend, Mr Subtle, I fear, has anticipated you there.

Buck. Much good may it do him; I have enough for both. But we loſe time, and may be prevented.

Luc. By whom?

Buck. By Domine; or perhaps father may come.

Luc. Your father!—You think he would prevent you then.

Buck. Perhaps he would.

Luc.

Luc. And why?

Buck. Nay, I don't know; but pſhaw! 'zooks! this is like ſaying one's catechiſe.

Luc. But don't you think your father's conſent neceſſary?

Buck. No! Why 'tis I am to be married, and not he. But come along, old fellows love to be obſtinate; but ecod I am as muliſh as he; and to tell you the truth, if he had propos'd me a wife, that would have been reaſon enough to make me diſlike her; and I don't think I ſhould be half ſo hot about marrying you, only I thought 'twould plague the old fellow damnably. So, my pretty partner, come along; let's have no more——

Enter Father and Claſſic.

Fath. Sir, I am oblig'd to you for this declaration, as to it I owe the entire ſubjection of that paternal weakneſs which has hitherto ſuſpended the correction your abandon'd libertiniſm has long provok'd. You have forgot the duty you owe a father, diſclaim'd my protection, cancell'd the natural covenant between us; 'tis time I now ſhould give you up to the guidance of your own guilty paſſions, and treat you as a ſtranger to my blood for ever.

Buck. I told you what would happen, if he ſhould come; but you may thank yourſelf.

Fath. Equally weak as wicked, the dupe of a raw, giddy girl. But proceed, Sir; you have nothing farther to fear from me; complete your project, and add her ruin to your own.

Buck. Sir, as to me, you may ſay what you pleaſe; but for the young woman, ſhe does not deſerve it; but now ſhe wanted me to get your conſent, and told me that ſhe had never a penny of portion into the bargain.

Fath. A ſtale, obvious artifice! She knew the diſcovery of the fraud muſt follow cloſe on your inconſiderate marriage, and would then plead the merits of her prior candid diſcovery. The Lady, doubtleſs, Sir, has other ſecrets to diſcloſe; but, as her cunning reveal'd the firſt, her policy will preſerve the reſt.

Luc. What ſecrets?

Buck. Be quiet, I tell you; let him alone, and he'll cool of himſelf by and by.

Luc. Sir, I am yet the protectreſs of my own honour; in

in juſtice to that, I muſt demand an explanation. What ſecrets, Sir!

Fath. Oh! perhaps a thouſand! But I am to blame to call them ſecrets; the cuſtoms of this gay country give ſanction, and ſtamp merit upon vice; and vanity will here proclaim what modeſty would elſewhere bluſh to whiſper.

Luc. Modeſty!—You ſuſpect my virtue then!

Fath. You are a Lady; but the fears of a father may be permitted to neglect a little your plan of politeneſs: therefore to be plain; from your reſidence in this houſe, from your connection with theſe people, and from the ſcheme which my preſence has interrupted, I have ſuſpicions——of what nature, aſk yourſelf.

Luc. Sir, you have reaſon; appearances are againſt me, I confeſs, but when you have heard my melancholy ſtory, you'll own you have wrong'd me, and learn to pity her whom now you hate.

Fath. Madam, you miſemploy your time; there tell your ſtory, there it will be believ'd; I am too knowing in the wiles of women, to be ſoften'd by a Syren tear, or impos'd on by an artful tale.

Luc. But hear me, Sir; on my knee I beg it, nay I demand it; you have wrong'd me, and muſt do me juſtice.

Claſſ. I am ſure, Madam, Sir John will be glad to find his fears are falſe, but you can't blame him.

Luc. I don't, Sir, and I ſhall but little treſpaſs on his patience. When you know, Sir, that I am the orphan of an honourable and once wealthy family, whom her father, miſguided by pernicious politics, brought with him, in her earlieſt infancy, to France, that dying here, he bequeath'd me, with the poor remnant of our ſhattered fortune, to the direction of this rapacious pair; I am ſure you'll tremble for me.

Fath. Go on!

Luc. But when you know that, plunder'd of the little fortune left me, I was reluctantly compell'd to aid this plot; forced to comply under the penalty of deepeſt want; without one hoſpitable roof to ſhelter me, without one friend to comfort or relieve me; you muſt, you can't but pity me.

Fath. Proceed!

Luc. To this when you are told, that, previous to your coming, I had determined never to wed your ſon, at leaſt without

without your knowledge and conſent, I hope your juſtice then will credit and acquit me.

Fath. Madam, your tale is plauſible and moving; I hope 'tis true; here come the explainers of this riddle.

Enter Mr and Mrs Subtle.

Mr Sub. Buck's father!

Fath. I'll take ſome other time, Sir, to thank you for the laſt proofs of your friendſhip to my family; in the mean time, be ſo candid as to inſtruct us in the knowledge of this lady, whom, it ſeems, you have choſen for the partner of my ſon.

Mr Sub. Mr Buck's partner——I choſe----I——I——

Fath. No equivocation or reſerve; your plot's reveal'd, known to the bottom; who is the Lady?

Mr Sub. Lady, Sir,—the Lady's a gentlewoman, Sir.

Fath. By what means?

Mr Sub. By her father and mother.

Fath. Who were they, Sir?

Mr Sub. Her mother was of——I forget her maiden name.

Fath. You han't forgot her father's?

Mr Sub. No! no! no!

Fath. Tell it then.

Mr Sub. She has told it you, I ſuppoſe.

Fath. No matter, I muſt have it, Sir, from you; here's ſome myſtery.

Mr Sub. 'Twas Worthy.

Fath. Not the daughter of Sir Gilbert.

Mr Sub. You have it.

Fath. My poor girl! I indeed have wrong'd, but will redreſs you; and pray, Sir, after the many preſſing letters you received from me, how came this truth conceal'd? but I gueſs your motive. Dry up your tears, Lucinda; at laſt you have found a father. Hence ye degenerate, ye abandon'd wretches, who, abuſing the confidence of your country, unite to plunder thoſe ye promiſe to protect.

Luc. Am I then juſtified?

Fath. You are; your father was my firſt and firmeſt friend; I mourn'd his loſs; and long have ſought for thee in vain, Lucinda.

Buck. Pray han't I ſome merit in finding her? She's mine by the cuſtom of the manor.

Fath.

Fath. Yours—Firſt ſtudy to deſerve her; ſhe's mine, Sir, I have juſt redeemed this valuable treaſure; and ſhall not truſt it in a ſpendthrift's hands.

Buck. What would you have me do, Sir?

Fath. Diſclaim the partners of your riot, poliſh your manners, reform your pleaſures, and, before you think of governing others, learn to direct yourſelf. And now, my beauteous ward, we'll for the land where firſt you ſaw the light, and there endeavour to forget the long, long bondage you have ſuffer'd here. I ſuppoſe, Sir, we ſhall have no difficulty in perſuading you to accompany us; it is not in France I am to hope for your reformation. I have now learn'd, that he who tranſports a profligate ſon to Paris, by way of mending his manners, only adds the vices and follies of that country to thoſe of his own.

THE

THE

KNIGHTS;

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

PREFACE.

AS this is the laſt opportunity I ſhall have of addreſſing the public this year, I think it my duty to return them my warmeſt acknowledgements for their favourable reception of the following little piece.

The three principal characters I met with in a ſummer's expedition; they are neither vamped from antiquated plays, pilfered from French farces, nor the baſeleſs beings of the poet's brain. I have given them in their plain natural habit; they wanted no dramatic finiſhing; nor can I claim any other merit than grouping them together, and throwing them into action. The juſtice done them there by the performers has been too ſtrongly diſtinguiſhed by the town to render any thing from me neceſſary; I could only wiſh that the managers of the theatres would employ Mr Caſtallo, whoſe peculiar naïveté and ſtrict propriety would greatly become many characters on our ſtage.

S. FOOTE.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

Written and ſpoken by Mr FOOTE.

HAPPY my Muſe, had ſhe firſt turn'd her art,
From humour's dangerous path, to touch the heart.
They, who in all the bluſter of blank verſe,
The mournful tales of love and war rehearſe,
Are ſure the critics cenſure to eſcape;
You hiſs not heroes now, you only——gape!
Nor (ſtrangers quite to heroes, kings, and queens)
Dare you intrude your judgment on their ſcenes.
A different lot the Comic Muſe attends,
She is obliged to treat you with your friends;
Muſt ſearch the court, the forum, and the city,
Mark out the dull, the gallant, and the witty,
Youth's wild profuſion, th' avarice of age,
Nay, bring the pit itſelf upon the ſtage.
Firſt to the bar ſhe turns her various face;
Hem! my Lord, I am counſel in this caſe,
And if ſo be your Lordſhip ſhould think fit,
Why, to be ſure, my client muſt ſubmit;
For why? becauſe——Then off ſhe trips again,
And to the ſons of commerce ſhifts her ſcene;
There, whilſt the griping ſire, with moping care,
Defrauds the world himſelf t'enrich his heir,
The pious boy, his father's toil rewarding,
For thouſands throws a main at Covent-Garden!
Theſe are the portraits we're oblig'd to ſhew;
You are all judges if they're like or no:
Here ſhould we fail, ſome other ſhape we'll try,
And grace our future ſcenes with novelty.
I have a plan to treat you with burletta,
That cannot miſs your taſte, mia ſpiletta:
But, ſhould the following piece your mirth excite,
From Nature's volume we'll perſiſt to write;
Your partial favour bade us firſt proceed,
Then ſpare th'offender, ſince you urg'd the deed.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Hartop, — —	Mr Foote.
Sir Gregory Gazette,	Mr Yates.
Jenkins, — —	Mr Blakes.
Timothy, —	Mr Castallo.
Robin, — —	Mr Clough.
Jenny, —	Miſs Minors.
Miſs Penelope Trifle, —	Mrs Cross.
Miſs Sukey Trifle, — —	Miſs Mills.

ACT

ACT I.

SCENE, *a room.*

Hartop *and* Jenkins *diſcovered.*

Jenk. I Should not chuſe to marry into ſuch a family.

Hart. Choice, dear Dick, is very little concerned in the matter; and, to convince you that love is not the miniſter of my counſels, know that I never ſaw but once the object of my preſent purpoſe, and that too, at a time, and in a circumſtance, not very likely to ſtamp a favourable impreſſion. What think you of a raw boarding-ſchool girl at Lincoln-Minſter, with a mind unpoliſhed, a figure uninformed, and a ſet of features tainted with the colours of her unwholeſome food?

Jenk. No very engaging object indeed, Hartop.

Hart. Your thoughts now were mine then; but ſome connections I have ſince had with her father have given birth to my preſent deſign upon her. You are no ſtranger to the ſituation of my circumſtances: my neighbourhood to Sir Penurious Trifle was a ſufficient motive for his advancing what money I wanted by way of mortgage; the hard terms he impoſed upon me, and the little regard I have paid to œconomy, has made it neceſſary for me to attempt by ſome ſcheme the re-eſtabliſhment of my fortune: this young lady's ſimplicity, not to call it ignorance, preſented her at once as a proper ſubject for my purpoſe.

Jenk. Succeſs to you, Jack, with all my ſoul! a fellow of your ſpirit and vivacity mankind ought to ſupport for the ſake of themſelves; for, whatever Seneca and the other moral writers may have ſuggeſted in contempt of riches, it is plain their maxims were not calculated for the world as it now ſtands; in days of yore indeed, when virtue was called wiſdom, and vice folly, ſuch principles might have been encouraged; but, as the preſent ſubjects of our inquiry are, not what man is, but what he has, as to be rich is to be wiſe and virtuous, and to be poor ignorant and vicious, I heartily applaud your plan!

Hart. Your obſervation is but too juſt! and is it not, Dick, a little unaccountable, that we, who condeſcend ſo ſervilely

ſervilely to copy the follies and fopperies of our polite neighbours, ſhould be ſo totally averſe to an imitation of their virtues? In France, Has he wealth? is an interrogation never put till they are diſappointed in their inquiries after the birth and wiſdom of a faſhionable fellow: but here, How much a year?—Two thouſand.—The devil! In what country?—Berkſhire.—Indeed! God bleſs us! a happy dog!—How the deuce come I to be intereſted in a man's fortune, unleſs I am his ſteward or his tailor! Indeed knowledge and genius are worth examining into; by thoſe my underſtanding may be improved, or my imagination gratified; but why ſuch a man's being able to eat ortolans, and drink French wine, is to recommend him to my eſteem, is what I cannot readily conceive.

Jenk. This complaint may with juſtice be made of all imitations; the ridiculous ſide is ever the object imitated. But a truce to moraliſing, and to our buſineſs. Prithee, in the firſt place, how can you gain admittance to your miſtreſs? and, in the ſecond, is the girl independent of her father? his conſent, I ſuppoſe, you have no thoughts of obtaining.

Hart. Some farther propoſals concerning my eſtate, ſuch as an increaſe of the mortgage or an abſolute ſale, is a ſufficient pretence for a viſit; and, as to caſh, twenty to my knowledge! independent too, you rogue! and, beſides, an only child, you know! and then, when things are done they can't be undone, and 'tis well it's no worſe, and a hundred ſuch pretty proverbs, will, its great odds, reconcile the old fellow at laſt. Beſides, my papa in poſſe has a foible, which, if I condeſcend to humour, I have his ſoul, my dear.

Jenk. Prithee, now you are in ſpirits, give me a portrait of Sir Penurious; though he is my neighbour, yet he is ſo domeſtic an animal that I know no more of him than the common country converſation, that he is a thrifty, wary, man.

Hart. The very abſtract of penury! Sir John Cutler, with his tranſmigrated ſtockings, was but a type of him. For inſtance, the barber has the growth of his and his daughters's head once a year for ſhaving the knight once a fortnight; his ſhoes are made with the leather of a coach of his grandfather's, built in the year 1; his male ſervant is footman, groom, carter, coachman, and tailor; his maid employs her leiſure hours in plain-work for the neighbours,

bours, which Sir Penurious takes care, as her labour is for his emolument, ſhall be as many as poſſible, by joining with his daughter in ſcouring the rooms, making the beds, &c. thus much for his moral character. Then, as to his intellectual, he is a mere carte blanche; the laſt man he is with muſt afford him matter for the next he goes to; but a ſtory is his idol, throw him in that and he ſwallows it; no matter what, raw or roaſted, ſavoury or inſipid, down it goes, and up again to the firſt perſon he meets: it is upon this baſis I found my favour with the knight, having acquired patience enough to hear his ſtories, and equipped myſelf with a quantity ſufficient to furniſh him; his manner is indeed peculiar, and for once or twice entertaining enough. I'll give you a ſpecimen: ——— Is not that an equipage?

Jenk. Hey! yes, faith! and the owner an acquaintance of mine; Sir Gregory Gazette, by Jupiter! and his ſon Tim with him. Now I can match your knight. He muſt come this way to the parlour. We'll have a ſcene; but take your cue, he is a country politician.

Sir Gregory *entering, and Waiter.*

Sir Greg. What, neither the Glouceſter Journal, nor the Worceſter Courant, nor the Northampton Mercury, nor the Cheſter ———? Mr Jenkins, I am your humble ſervant; a ſtrange town this, Mr Jenkins, no news ſtirring, no papers taken in! Is that gentleman a ſtranger, Mr Jenkins? Pray, Sir, not to be too bold, don't you come from London?

Hart. But laſt night.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! that's wonderful! —— Mr Jenkins, introduce me.

Jenk. Mr Hartop, Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. Sir, I am proud to —— Well, Sir, and what news? You come from —— Pray, Sir, are you a parliament-man?

Hart. Not I indeed, Sir.

Sir Greg. Good lack! may be belong to the law?

Hart. Nor that.

Sir Greg. Oh, then in ſome of the offices; the Treaſury or the Exchequer?

Hart. Neither, Sir.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! that's wonderful! Well, but, Mr

Mr ——— Pray what name did Mr Jenkins, Ha—-Ha—-

Hart. Hartop.

Sir Greg. Ay, true! what, not of the Hartops of Boſton?

Hart. No.

Sir Greg. May be not. There is, Mr Hartop, one thing that I envy you Londoners in much;—quires of newſpapers!—Now I reckon you read a matter of eight ſheets every day?

Hart. Not one.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! then, may be, you are about court; and ſo, being at the fountain-head, know what is in the papers before they are printed.

Hart. I never trouble my head about them.——An old fool! [*Aſide.*

Sir Greg. Good Lord! Your friend, Mr Jenkins, is very cloſe.

Jenk. Why, Sir Gregory, Mr Hartop is much in the ſecrets above; and it becomes a man ſo truſted to be wary, you know.

Sir Greg. May be ſo, may be ſo. Wonderful! ay, ay, a great man no doubt.

Jenk. But I'll give him a better inſight into your character, and that will induce him to throw off his reſerve.

Sir Greg. May be ſo; do, do; ay, ay!

Jenk. Prithee, Jack, don't be ſo cruſty, indulge the knight's humour a little; beſides, if I gueſs right, it may be neceſſary for the conduct of your deſign to contract a pretty ſtrict intimacy here. [*Aſide.*

Hart. Well, do as you will. [*Aſide.*

Jenk. Sir Gregory, Mr Hartop's ignorance of your character made him a little ſhy in his replies, but you will now find him more communicative; and, in your ear, he is a treaſure; he is in all the myſteries of government; at the bottom of every thing.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a treaſure! ay, ay, may be ſo.

Jenk. And, that you may have him to yourſelf, I'll go in ſearch of your ſon.

Sir Greg. Do ſo, do ſo; Tim is without, juſt come from his uncle Tregegle's at Mavagezy in Cornwall; Tim is an honeſt lad: do ſo, do ſo. [*Exit. Jenk.*] Well, Mr Hartop, and ſo we have a peace; lack-a-day! long looked for come at laſt. But pray, Mr Hartop, how many newſpapers may you have printed in a week?

Hart.

Hart. About a hundred and fifty, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! and all full, I reckon; full as an egg; nothing but news! well, well, I ſhall go to London one of theſe days. A hundred and fifty; wonderful! and, pray now, which do you reckon the beſt?

Hart. Oh, Sir Gregory, they are as various in their excellencies as their uſes; if you are inclined to blacken, by a couple of lines, the reputation of a neighbour, whoſe character neither your nor his whole life can poſſibly reſtore, you may do it for two ſhillings in one paper; if you are diſplaced, or diſappointed of a place, a triplet againſt the miniſtry will be always well received at the head of another; and then, as a paper of morning amuſement, you have the Fool.

Sir Greg. The Fool! good lack! and pray who and what may that ſame Fool be?

Hart. Why, Sir Gregory, the author has artfully aſſumed that habit, like the royal jeſters of old, to level his ſatire with more ſecurity to himſelf and ſeverity to others.

Sir Greg. May be ſo, may be ſo! the Fool! ha, ha, ha! well enough! a queer dog, and no fool, I warrant you! Killigrew, ah, I have heard my grandfather talk much of that ſame Killigrew, and no fool! But what is all this to news, Mr Hartop? Who gives us the beſt account of the King of Spain, and the Queen of Hungary, and thoſe great folks? Come now, you could give us a little news if you would; come now!—ſnug!—nobody by!—good now do; come, ever ſo little!

Hart. Why, as you ſo largely contribute to the ſupport of the government, it is but fair you ſhould know what they are about.—We are at preſent in a treaty with the Pope!

Sir Greg. With the Pope! Wonderful! Good now, good now! how, how?

Hart. We are to yield him up a large tract of the Terra Incognita, together with both the Needles, Scilly-rocks, and the Lizard-point, on condition that the Pretender has the government of Laputa, and the Biſhop of Greenland ſucceeds to St Peter's chair; he being, you know, a Proteſtant, when poſſeſſed of the pontificals, iſſues out a bull, commanding all catholics to be of his religion; they, deeming the Pope infallible, follow his directions, and then, Sir Gregory, we are all of one mind.

Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack! rare news, rare news, rare news! ten millions of thanks, Mr Hartop! But might not I juſt hint this to Mr Soakum, our vicar? 'twould rejoice his heart.

Hart. O fie, by no means.

Sir Greg. Only a line!—a little hint!—do now.

Hart. Well, Sir, it is difficult for me to refuſe you any thing.

Sir Greg. Ten thouſand thanks! Now! the Pope! Wonderful! I'll minute it down;——both the Needles?

Hart. Ay, both.

Sir Greg. Good now, I'll minute it;——the Lizard-point,——both the Needles,——Scilly rocks,——Biſhop of Greenland,——St Peter's chair.————Why then, when this is finiſhed, we may chance to attack the great Turk, and have holy wars again, Mr Hartop?

Hart. That's part of the ſcheme.

Sir Greg. Ah! good now! you ſee I have a head! politics have been my ſtudy many a day. Ah, if I had been in London to improve by the newſpapers!——They tell me Doctor Drybones is to ſucceed to the biſhopric of————

[*Whiſpers.*

Hart. No; Doctor———— [*Whiſpers.*

Sir Greg. Indeed! I was told by my landlord at Roſs, that it was between him and the Dean of—— [*Whiſpers.*

Hart. To my knowledge————

Sir Greg. Nay, you know beſt, to be ſure. If it ſhould ————Huſh! here's Mr Jenkins and ſon Tim. Mum!—Mr Jenkins does not know any thing about the treaty with the Pope?

Hart. Not a word.

Sir Gerg. Mum!

Enter Timothy *and* Jenkins.

Jenk. Maſter Timothy is almoſt grown out of knowledge, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! ay, ay, ill weeds grow apace. Son Tim, Mr Hartop: a great man, child! Mr Hartop, ſon Tim.

Hart. Sir, I ſhall be always glad to know every branch that ſprings from ſo valuable a trunk as Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. May be ſo! Wonderful! Ay, ay!

Hart.

Hart. Sir, I am glad to ſee you in Herefordſhire: have you been long from Cornwall?

Tim. Ay, Sir; a matter of four weeks or a month, more or leſs.

Sir Greg. Well ſaid, Tim! ay, ay, aſk Tim any queſtions, he can anſwer for himſelf. Tim, tell Mr Hartop all the news about the elections, and the tinners, and the tides, and the roads, and the pilchers: I want a few words with my maſter Jenkins.

Hart. You have been ſo long abſent from your native country, that you have almoſt forgot it.

Tim. Yes ſure; I ha' been at uncle Tregegle's a matter of twelve or a dozen year, more or leſs.

Hart. Then I reckon you were quite impatient to ſee your papa and mamma?

Tim. No ſure, not I. Father ſent for me to uncle; ſure Mavagecy is a choice place! and I could a'ſtay'd there all my born days, more or leſs.

Hart. Pray, Sir, what were your amuſements.

Tim. Nan? what do you ſay?

Hart. How did you divert yourſelf?

Tim. Oh, we ha' paſtimes enow there: we ha' bull-baiting, and cock-fighting, and fiſhing, and hunting, and hurling, and wreſtling.

Hart. The two laſt are ſports for which that country is very remarkable: in thoſe, I preſume, you are very expert.

Tim. Nan? what?

Hart. I ſay you are a good wreſtler?

Tim. Oh! yes ſure, I can wreſtle well enow: but we don't wreſtle after your faſhion; we ha' no tripping; fath and ſoul! we all go upon cloſe hugs or the flying mare. Will you try a fall, maſter? I wan't hurt you, fath and ſoul.

Hart. We had as good not venture though.——But have you left in Cornwall nothing that you regret the loſs of more than hurling and wreſtling?

Tim. Nan? what?

Hart. No favourite ſhe?

Tim. Arra, I coupled Favourite and Jowler together, and ſure they tugg'd it all the way up. Part with Favourite! no, I thank you for nothing: you muſt know I nurſed Favourite myſelf; uncle's huntſman was going to mill-pond to drown all Muſic's puppies; ſo I ſaved ſhe: but, faith,

fath, I'll tell you a comical ſtory; at Laſton they both broke looſe and eat a whole loin-a'-veal and a leg of beef: Criſt! how landlord ſwear'd! fath, the poor fellow was almoſt mazed; it made me die wi' laughing: but how came you to know about our Favourite?

Hart. A circumſtance, ſo material to his ſon, could not eſcape the knowledge of Sir Gregory Gazette's friends.—But here you miſtook me a little, 'Squire Tim; I meant whether your affections were not ſettled upon ſome pretty girl; has not ſome Corniſh laſs caught your heart?

Tim. Huſh! 'god, the old man will hear; jog a tiny bit this way;—won't a' tell father?

Hart. Upon my honour!

Tim. Why then I'll tell you the whole ſtory, more or leſs. Do you know Mally Pengrouſe?

Hart. I am not ſo happy.

Tim. She's uncle's milkmaid; ſhe's as handſome, lord! her face all red and white, like the inſide of a ſhoulder of mutton: ſo I made love to our Mally; and juſt, fath, as I had got her good will to run away to Exeter and be married, uncle found it out and ſent word to father, and father ſent for me home; but I don't love her a bit the worſer for that: but, 'icod, if you tell father he'll knock my brains out, for he ſays I'll diſparage the family, and mother's as mad as a March hare about it; ſo father and mother ha' brought me to be married to ſome young body in theſe parts.

Hart. What, is my lady here?

Tim. No ſure, Dame Winifred, as father calls her, could not come along.

Hart. I am ſorry for that; I have the honour to be a diſtant relation of her ladyſhip.

Tim. Like enough, fath! ſhe's a-kin to half the world, I think. But don't you ſay a word to father about Mally Pengrouſe. Huſh!

Jenk. Mr Hartop, Sir Gregory will be amongſt us ſome time; he is going with his ſon to Sir Penurious Trifle's; there is a kind of a treaty of marriage on foot between Miſs Sukey Trifle and Mr Timothy.

Hart. The devil! I ſhall be glad of every circumſtance that can make me better acquainted with Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! may be ſo, may be ſo.

Tim.

Tim. Father, ſure the gentleman ſays as how mother and he are a-kin.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! lack-a-day! lack-a-day! how, how? I am proud to———But how, Mr Hartop, how?

Hart. Why, Sir, a couſin-german of my aunt's firſt huſband intermarried with a diſtant relation of a collateral branch by the mother's ſide, the Apprices of Lantrindon; and we have ever ſince quartered in an eſcutcheon of pretence the three goats tails rampant, divided by the chevron, field argent, with a leek pendant in the dexter point, to diſtinguiſh the ſecond houſe.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! wonderful! nearly, nearly, related! good now, good now! if Dame Winifred were here ſhe'd make them all out with a wet finger; but they are above me. Prithee, Tim, good now! ſee after the horſes; —and, d'ye hear! try if you can get any news-papers.

Tim. Yes, father. But, couſin What-d'ye-call-um, not a word about Mally Pengrouſe!

Hart. Mum! [*Exit* Timothy.

Sir Greg. Good now, that boy will make ſome miſtake about the horſes now! I'll go myſelf. Good now, no farther couſin! if you pleaſe, no ceremony!——A hundred and fifty a week! the Fool! ha, ha, ha! wonderful! an odd dog. [*Exit* Sir Gregory.

Jenk. So, Jack, here's a freſh ſpoke in your wheel.

Hart. This is a curſed croſs incident!

Jenk. Well, but ſomething muſt be done to fruſtrate the ſcheme of your new couſin. Can you think of nothing?

Hart. I have been hammering:—pray, are the two knights intimate? are they well acquainted with each other's perſon?

Jenk. Faith, I can't tell; but we may ſoon know.

Hart. Could you recommend me a good ſpirited girl, who has humour and compliance to follow a few directions, and underſtanding enough to barter a little inclination for 3000l. a year and a fool?

Jenk. In part I gueſs your deſign: the man's daughter of the houſe is a good lively laſs, has a fortune to make, and no reputation to loſe. I'll call her.—Jenny!—But the enemy is at hand;—I'll withdraw and prepare Jenny.—When the worſhipful family are retired, I'll introduce the wench. [*Exit* Jenkins.

Enter

Enter Sir Gregory *and* Timothy.

Sir Greg. Pray now, couſin, are you in friendſhip with Sir Penurious Trifle?

Hart. I have the honour, Sir, of that gentleman's acquaintance.

Sir Greg. May be ſo, may be ſo! but, lack-a-day, couſin, is he ſuch a miſer as folks ſay? Good now, they tell me we ſhall hardly have neceſſaries for ourſelves and horſes at Gripe-Hall: but, as you are a relation, you ſhould, good now, know the affairs of the family. Here is Sir Penurious's letter; here, couſin.

Hart. "Your overture I receive with pleaſure, and ſhould be glad to meet you in Shropſhire."—I fancy, from a thorough knowledge of Sir Penurious's diſpoſition, and by what I can collect from the contents of that letter, he would be much better pleaſed to meet you here than at his own houſe.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! may be ſo! a ſtrange man! wonderful! But, good now, couſin, what muſt we do?

Hart. I will this morning pay Sir Penurious a viſit; and, if you will honour me with your commands, I'll——

Sir Greg. Wonderful! to-day! good now, that's lucky! couſin, you are very kind: good now! I'll ſend a letter, Tim, by couſin Hartop.

Hart. A letter from ſo old an acquaintance, and upon ſo happy an occaſion, will ſecure me a favourable reception.

Sir Greg. Good lack! good lack! an old acquaintance indeed, couſin Hartop! we were at Herefordſhire 'ſize together——let's ſee, wonderful! how long ago? 'twas while I was courting Dame Winny; the year before I married; good now, how long? let's ſee,—that year the hackney-ſtable was built, and Peter Ugly, the blind pad, fell into a ſaw-pit.

Tim. Mother ſays, father and ſhe was married the 1ſt of April, in the year 10; and I knows 'tis thereabout, for I am two-and-thirty; and brother Jeremy, and Roger, and Gregory, and ſiſter Nelly, were born'd before I.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! how time wears away! wonderful! thirty-eight years ago, Tim; I could not have thought it. But come in, let's ſet about the letter. But pray,

pray, couſin, what diverſions, good now! are going forward in London.

Hart. Oh, Sir, we are in no diſtreſs for amuſement; we have plays, balls, puppet-ſhows, maſquerades, bull-baitings, boxings, burlettas, routs, drums, and a thouſand others. But I am in haſte for your epiſtle, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Couſin, your ſervant.

[*Exit* Sir Greg. *and* Tim.]

Hart. I am your moſt obedient.——Thus far our ſcheme ſucceeds; and, if Jenkins's girl can aſſume the aukward pertneſs of the daughter with as much ſucceſs as I can imitate the ſpirited folly of Sir Penurious, the father, I don't deſpair of a happy cataſtrope.

Enter Jenny.

Jenny. Sir, Mr Jenkins———

Hart. Oh, child, your inſtructions ſhall be adminiſtered within.

Jenny. Mr Jenkins has opened your deſign, and I am ready and able to execute my part.

Hart. My dear, I have not the leaſt doubt of either your inclination or ability.—But, pox take this old fellow! what in the devil's name can bring him back?—Scour, Jenny. [*Exit* Jenny.]

Enter Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Couſin, I beg pardon, but I have a favour to beg;—good now, could not you make intereſt at ſome coffee-houſe in London to buy, for a ſmall matter, the old books of news-papers, and ſend them into the country to me? They would paſs away the time rarely in a rainy day!

Hart. Sir, I'll ſend you a cart-load.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! ten thouſand thanks! you are a couſin indeed! But pray, couſin, let us, good now! ſee ſome of the works of that fame Fool.

Hart. I'll ſend them you all; but a——

Sir Greg. What all? lack-a-day, that's kind, couſin? The Terra Incognita,—both the Needles,—a great deal of that!—But what Biſhop is to be Pope?

Hart. Zounds, Sir, I am in haſte for your letter; when I return aſk as many queſtions——

Sir

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! that's true!—I'll in, and about it.—But, couſin, the Pope is not to have Gibraltar?

Hart. No, no; damn it, no! as none but the Fool could ſay it, ſo none but idiots would believe him! Pray, Sir Gregory,——

Sir Greg. Well, well, couſin! Lack-a-day, you are ſo ——But, pray———

Hart. Damn your praying! if you don't finiſh your letter immediately, you may carry it yourſelf!

Sir Greg. Well, well, couſin! Lack-a-day, you are ſuch a———Good now, I go, I go!

Hart. But, if the truth ſhould be diſcovered, I ſhall be inevitably diſappointed.

Sir Greg. But, couſin, are Scilly-rocks——

Hart. I wiſh they were in your guts with all my heart! I muſt quit the field, I find. [*Exit.*

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! a paſſionate man! Lack-a-day! I am glad the Pope is not to have Gibraltar though! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Sir Gregory, *and* Timothy *reading a Newſpaper to him.*

Tim. CONſtantinople, N. S. Nov. 15. The Grand Seignour ———

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! good now, Tim, the politics, child; and read the ſtars, and the daſhes, and the blanks, as I taught you, Tim.

Tim. Yes, father. ——— We can aſſure our readers that the D—— daſh is to go to F blank; and that a certain noble L—— is to reſign his p——e in the T——y, in order to make r—m for the two three-ſtars.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! great news, Tim! ah, I knew the two three-ſtars would come in play one time or other! this London Evening knows more than any of them. Well, child, well!

Tim. From the D. J.

Sir Greg. Ay, that's the Dublin Journal. Go on, Tim.

Tim. Laſt Saturday a gang of highwaymen broke into an

an empty houſe on Ormond-Quay, and ſtripped it of all the furniture.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! wonderful! to what a height theſe rogues are grown!

Tim. The way to Mr Keith's chapel is, turn of your——

Sir Greg. Pſhaw! ſkip that Tim; I know that road as well as the Doctor! 'tis in every time.

Tim. I. Ward, at the Cat and Gridiron, Petticoat-lane, makes tabby all over for people inclined to be crooked; and, if he was to have the univerſal world for making a pair of ſtays, he could not put better ſtuff in them.

Sir Greg. Good now! where's that, Tim?

Tim. At the Cat and Gridiron, father.

Sir Greg. I'll minute that: All my Lady Izard's children, good now! are inclined to be crooked.

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. Sir, Mr Jenkins begs to ſpeak with you.

Sir Greg. Good now! deſire him to walk in.

(*Exit Waiter.*

Enter Jenkins.

Jenk. I thought it might not be improper to prepare you for a viſit from Sir Penurious Triſle: I ſaw him and his daughter alight at the apothecary's above.

Sir Greg. What, they are come? Wonderful! Very kind, very kind, very kind, indeed! Mr —— Come, Tim, ſettle my cravat; good now! let's be a little decent:—remember your beſt bow to your miſtreſs, Tim.

Tim. Yes, father: but muſt not I kiſs Miſs Suck?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! ay, ay! pray, is couſin Hartop come along?

Jenk. I have not ſeen him:—but I fancy I had better introduce my neighbours.

Sir Greg. Good now! would you be ſo kind! (*Exit Jenkins.*) Stand behind me, Tim! Pull down your ruffles, child!

Tim. But, father, won't Miſs Suck think me bold if I kiſs her chaps the firſt time?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! no, Tim, no! faint heart never won fair lady! ha! Tim, had you but ſeen me attack Dame Winny!—but times ar'n't as they were; good now! we were another kind of folks in thoſe days; ſtout hearty

ſmacks that would have made your mouth water again, and the mark ſtood upon the pouting lip like the print upon a pound of butter: but the maſter-miſſes of the preſent age go, lack-a-day! as gingerly about it, as if they were afraid to fill their mouths with the paint upon their miſtreſs's cheeks. Ah, the days I have ſeen!

Tim. Nay, father, I warrant, if that's all, I kiſs her hearty enow, fath and ſoul!

Sir Greg. Huſh! Tim, huſh! ſtand behind me, child.

Enter Hartop *as* Sir Penurious Trifle, *and* Jenny *as* Miſs Sukey, *and* Jenkins.

Sir Greg. Sir Penurious, I am overjoyed!—Good now!

Hart. Sir Gregory, I kiſs your hand! My daughter Suck.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Miſs, I am proud to —— ſon Tim, Sir Penurious; beſt bow, child! —— Miſs Suck ——

Tim. An't that right, father? *(Kiſſes her.)*

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! I am glad to ſee you look ſo well! you keep your own, Sir Penurious.

Hart. Ay, ay! ſtout enough, Sir Gregory, ſtout enough, brother knight! hearty as an oak! hey, Dick? Gad, now I talk of an oak; I'll tell you a ſtory of an oak; it will make you die with laughing! hey, you Dick, you have heard it, ſhall I tell it Sir Gregory?

Jenk. Though I have heard it ſo often, yet there is ſomething ſo engaging in your manner of telling a ſtory that it always appears new.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! I love a comical ſtory. Pray, Sir Penurious, let's have it; mind, Tim, mind, child.

Tim. Yes, father; fath and ſoul, I love a choice ſtory to my heart's blood!

Hart. You knight, I was at Bath laſt ſummer;—a water that people drink when they are ill: you have heard of the Bath, Dick? Hey, you?

Tim. Yes, fath, I know Bath; I was there in way up.

Sir Greg. Huſh, Tim! good now, huſh!

Hart. There's a coffee-houſe, you;—a place where people drink coffee and tea, and read the news.

Sir Greg. Pray, Sir Penurious, how many papers may they take in?

Hart. Pſhaw! damn the news! mind the ſtory.

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! a haſty man, Tim!

Hart. Pox take you both! I have loſt the ſtory!—where did I leave off, hey, you Dick?

Tim. About coffee and tea.

Hart. Right, you, right! true, true!—ſo, God, you knight, I uſed to breakfaſt at this coffee-houſe every morning; it coſt me eight-pence though, and I had always a breakfaſt at home———no matter for that, though there I breakfaſted, you Dick, God, at the ſame table with Lord Tom Truewit: ——— you have heard of Truewit, you knight; a droll dog! you Dick, he told us the ſtory and made us die with laughing:—you have heard of Charles the Second, you knight; he was ſon of Charles the Firſt, king here in England, that was beheaded by Oliver Cromwell: ſo what does Charles the Second, you knight, do; but he fights Noll at Worceſter; a town you have heard of, not for off; but all would not do, you; God, Noll made him ſcamper, made him run, take to his heels, you knight;—Truewit told us the ſtory, made us die with laughing:—I always breakfaſted at the coffee-houſe; it coſt me eight-pence, though I had a breakfaſt at home——ſo what does Charles do, but hid himſelf in an oak-tree, you, in a wood called Boſcobel, from two Italian words, boſco bello, a fine wood, you, and off he marches; but old Noll would not let him come home; no, ſays he, you don't come here!—Lord Tom told us the ſtory; made us die with laughing; it coſt me eight-pence, though I had a breakfaſt at home———ſo, you knight, when Noll died, Monk there, you, afterwards Albemarle, in the North, brought him back; ſo, you, the cavaliers; you have heard of them? they were friends to the Stuarts; what did they do, God, you Dick, but they put up Charles in a ſign, the royal oak; you have ſeen ſuch ſigns at country alehouſes; ſo, God, you, what does a puritan do—the puritans were friends to Noll—but he puts up the ſign of an owl in an ivy-buſh, and underneath he writes "This is not the royal oak!" you have ſeen writings under ſigns, you knight; upon this, ſay the royaliſts, God, this muſt not be; ſo, you, what do they do, but, God, they proſecuted the poor puritan; but they made him change his ſign though; and, you Dick, how d'ye think they changed? God, he puts up the royal oak, and underneath he writes "This is not the owl in the ivy-buſh!"—It made us all

die

die with laughing! Lord Tim told the ſtory; I always breakfaſted at the coffee-houſe, though it coſt me eight-pence, and I had a breakfaſt at home———hey, you knight! what, Dick, hey!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! wonderful!

Tim. A choice tale, 'fath!

Jenk. Oh, Sir Penurious is a moſt entertaining companion, that muſt be allowed.

Sir Greg. Good now! ay, ay, a merry man! but, lack-a-day, would not the young lady chuſe a little refreſhment after her ride? ſome tea, or ſome ———

Hart. Hey, you knight! no, no! we intend to dine with thee, man. Well, you Tim, what doſt think of thy father-in-law that is to be, hey? a jolly cock, you Tim; hey, Dick! But prithee, boy, what doſt do with all this tawdry tinſel on? that hat and waiſtcoat? traſh, knight, traſh! more in thy pocket and leſs in thy clothes; hey, you Dick! God, you knight, I'll make you laugh: I went to London, you Dick, laſt year to call in a mortgage; and what does me I, Dick, but take a trip to a coffee-houſe in St Martin's Lane; in comes a French fellow forty times as fine as Tim, with his muff and parlevous, and his Frances, and his head, you knight, as white with powder, God, you, as a twelfth cake; and who the devil d'ye think, Dick, this might be? hey, you knight?

Sir Greg. Good now! an ambaſſador to be ſure!

Hart. God, you knight, nor better nor worſer than Mynheer Vancaper, a Dutch figure-dancer at the opera-houſe in the Haymarket.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now!

Hart. Pſhaw! pox! prithee, Tim, nobody dreſſes now; all plain; look at me, knight, I am in the tip of the mode; now am I in full dreſs; hey, Dick!

Jenk. You, Sir, don't want the aids of dreſs; but, in Mr Gazette, a little regard to that particular is but a neceſſary compliment to his miſtreſs.

Hart. Stuff, Dick, ſtuff; my daughter, knight, has had other guiſe breeding; hey, you! Suck, come forward. Plain as a pike-ſtaff, knight; all as nature made her; hey, Tim, no flams! prithee, Tim, off with thy lace and burn it; 'twill help to buy the licence; ſhe'll not like thee a bit the better for that; hey, Suck! But, you knight, God

Dick

Dick, a toaſt and tankard would not be amiſs after our walk; hey, you?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! what you will, Sir Penurious.

Hart. God, that's hearty, you! but we won't part the young couple, hey! I'll ſend Suck ſome bread and cheeſe in; hey, knight! At her, Tim! Come Dick; come, you knight. Did I ever tell you my courtſhip; hey, Dick? 'twill make you laugh.

Jenk. Not as I remember.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! let's have it.

Hart. You know my wife was blind, you knight?

Sir Greg. Good now! wonderful! not I.

Hart. Blind as a beetle when I married her, knight; hey, Dick! ſhe was drowned in our orchard; maid Beſs, knight, went to market, you Dick, and wife rambled into the orchard, and, ſouſe, dropped into the fiſh-pond; we found her out next day, but ſhe was dead as a herring; no help for that, Dick; buried her though; hey, you! ſhe was only daughter to Sir Triſtram Muckworm, you; rich enough, you, hey! God, you, what does ſhe do, you, but ſhe falls in love with young Sleek, her father's chaplain; hey, you! upon that what does me I, but ſlips on domine's robes, you; paſſed myſelf upon her for him, and we were tacked together, you knight, hey! God, though I believe ſhe never liked me; but what ſignifies that? hey, Dick! ſhe was rich, you! But, come, let's leave the children together.

Sir Greg. Sir, I wait on you.

Hart. Nay, pray ———

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! 'tis impoſſible!——

Hart. Pox of ceremony, you Dick! hey! God, knight, I'll tell you a ſtory: one of our ambaſſadors in France, you, a deviliſh polite fellow reckoned, Dick; God, you, what does the King of France do, but, ſays he, I'll try the manners of this fine gentleman: ſo, knight, going into a coach together, the king would have my lord go firſt: oh! an't pleaſe your majeſty, I can't indeed; you, hey, Dick! upon which, what does me the king, but he takes his arm thus, you Dick: am I the king of France or you? is it my coach or yours; and ſo puſhes him in thus. Hey, Dick!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! he, he, he!

Hart.

Hart. God, Dick, I believe I have made a miſtake here; I ſhould have gone in firſt; hey, Dick! knight, God, you, beg pardon. Yes, your coach, not mine; your houſe, not mine; hey, knight!

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a merry man, Mr Jenkins.

[*Exeunt* the two Knights *and* Jenk.

Tim. Father and couſin are gone, fath and ſoul!

Jenny. I fancy my lover is a little puzzled how to begin. [*Aſide.*

Tim. How —— Fath and ſoul I don't know what to ſay! [*Aſide.*] How d'ye do, Miſs Suck?

Jenny. Pretty well, thank you.

Tim. You have had a choice walk.—'Tis a rare day, fath and ſoul!

Jenny. Yes, the day's well enough.

Tim. Is your houſe a good way off here?

Jenny. Dree or four mile.

Tim. That's a long walk, fath!

Jenny. I make nothing of it, and back again.

Tim. Like enow. [*Whiſtles.*

Jenny. [*Sings.*

Tim. You have a rare pipe of your own, Miſs.

Jenny. I can ſing loud enough if I have a mind: but father don't love ſinging.

Tim. Like enow. [*Whiſtles.*

Jenny. And I an't over fond of whiſtling.

Tim. Hey, ay! like enow: and I am a bitter bad ſinger.

Jenny. Hey! ay, like enough.

Tim. Pray, Miſs Suck, did ever any body make love to you before?

Jenny. Before when?

Tim. Before now.

Jenny. What if I won't tell you?

Tim. Why then you muſt let it alone, fath and ſoul!

Jenny. Like enough!

Tim. Pray, Miſs Suck, did your father tell you any thing?

Jenny. About what?

Tim. About I.

Jenny. What ſhould 'a tell?

Tim. Tell! why, as how I and father was come a wooing.

Jenny. Who?

Tim.

Tim. Why you ! Could you like me for a ſweet-heart, Miſs Suck ?

Jenny. I don't know.

Tim. Mayhap ſomebody may ha' got your good-will already ?

Jenny. And what then ?

Tim. Then ! hey ! I don't know : but, if you could fancy me ———

Jenny. For what ?

Tim. For your true lover.

Jenny. Well, what then ?

Tim. Then ! hey ! why, fath, we may chance to be married if the old folks agree together.

Jenny. And ſuppoſe I won't be married to you ?

Tim. Nay, Miſs Suck, I can't help it, fath and ſoul ! But father and mother bid me come a-courting ; and, if you won't ha' me, I'll tell father ſo.

Jenny. You are in a woundy hurry, methinks.

Tim. Not I, fath ! you may ſtay as long as ———

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. There is a woman without wants to ſpeak with Mr Timothy Gazette. [*Exit.*

Tim. That's I.—I am glad on't ! [*Aſide.*] Well, Miſs Suck, your ſervant. You'll think about it, and let's know your mind when I come back !—God, I don't care whether ſhe likes me or no ; I dont like her half ſo well as Mally Pengrouſe !—[*Aſide*]. Well, your ſervant, Miſs Suck ! [*Exit.*

Jenny. Was there ever ſuch an unlicked cub ?—I don' think his fortune a ſufficient reward for ſacrificing my perſon to ſuch a booby : but, as he has money enough, it ſhall go hard but I pleaſe myſelf ! I fear I was a little too backward with my gentleman ; but, however, a favourable anſwer to his laſt queſtion will ſoon ſettle matters.

Enter Jenkins.

Jenk. Now, Jenny ! what news child ? are things fixed ? are you ready for the nuptial knot ?

Jenny. We are in a fair way : I thought to have quickened my ſwain's advances by a little affected coyneſs ; but the trap would not take : I expect him back in a minute, and then leave it to my management.

Jenk

Jenk. Where is he gone?

Jenny. The waiter called him to ſome woman.

Jenk. Woman! he neither knows or is known by any body here. What can this mean? no counter-plot! but, pox, that's impoſſible! you have not blabbed, Jenny?

Jenny. My intereſt would prevent me.

Jenk. Upon that ſecurity any woman may, I think, be truſted. I muſt after him, though. [*Exit.*

Jenny. I knew the time when Mr Jenkins would not have left me ſo haſtily: 'tis odd, that the ſame cauſe that increaſes the paſſion in one ſex ſhould deſtroy it in the other; the reaſon is above my reach, but the fact I am a ſevere witneſs of: heigh-ho!

Enter Hartop (*ſtill as* Sir Penurious Trifle) *and* Sir Gregory Gazette.

Hart. And ſo, you knight, ſays he; you know, knight, what low dogs the miniſters were then; how does your pot; a pot, you, that they put over the fire to broil broth and meat in; you have ſeen a pot, you knight? how does your pot boil theſe troubleſome times? hey, you! God, my lord, ſays he, I don't know, I ſeldom go into my kitchen; a kitchen, you knight, is a place where they dreſs victuals! roaſt and boil, and ſo forth; God, ſays he, I ſeldom go into the kitchen; but, I ſuppoſe, the ſcum is uppermoſt ſtill; hey, you knight!—What, God, hey! but where's your ſon, Sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! where's Tim, Miſs Sukey? lack-a-day! what's become of Tim?

Jenny. Gone out a tiny bit; he'll be here preſently.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! well, and how, Miſs Sukey, has Tim —— Has he —— Well, and what, you have —— Wonderful!

Enter a Servant with a letter.

Serv. Sir, I was commanded to deliver this into your own hands by Mr Jenkins.

Hart. Hey, you! what, a letter? God ſo! any anſwer, you? hey!

Serv. None, Sir. *Exit.*

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, Sir Penurious is buſy! Well, Miſs, and did Tim do the thing?—did he pleaſe you?—come now, tell us the whole ſtory! wonderful!—rare news

news for Dame Winny !—ha ! Tim's father's own ſon ! but come, whiſper !—ay !

Hart. [*Reads.*] "I have only time to tell you that your ſcheme is blaſted: this inſtant I encountered Mrs Penelope Trifle with her niece: they will ſoon be with you." ——So then all's over ! but let's ſee what expedition will do !——Well, you knight, hey ! what, have they ſettled ? Is the girl willing ?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now ! right as my leg ! ah ! Tim, little did I think——But, lack-a-day ! I wonder where the boy is ! let's ſeek him.

Hart. Agreed, you knight ! hey ! come.

Enter Jenkins.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day ! here's Mr Jenkins. Good now ! have you ſeen Tim ?

Jenk. Your curioſity ſhall be immediately ſatisfied ; but I muſt firſt have a word with Sir Penurious.

Hart. Well, you ! what, hey ! any news, Dick ?

Jenk. Better than you could hope ! your rival is diſpoſed of !

Hart. Diſpoſed of ! how ?

Jenk. Married by this time, you rogue ! the woman that wanted him was no other than Mally Pengrouſe, ſhe trudged it up all the way after him, as Tim ſays : I have recommended them to my chaplain, and before this the buſineſs is done.

Hart. Braviſſimo ! you rogue ! but how ſhall I get off with the knight ?

Jenk. Nay, that muſt be your contrivance.

Hart. I have it ! Suppoſe I was to own the whole deſign to Sir Gregory, as our plan has not ſucceeded with his ſon, and, as he ſeems to have a tolerable regard for me, it is poſſible he may aſſiſt my ſcheme on Sir Penurious.

Jenk. 'Tis worth trying however :——but he comes.

Sir Greg. Well, good now ! Mr Jenkins, have you ſeen Tim ? I can't think where the boy——

Hart. 'Tis now time, Sir Gregory, to ſet you clear with reſpect to ſome particulars ; I am now no longer Sir Penurious Trifle, but your friend and relation, Jack Hartop.

Sir Greg. Wonderful ! good now, good now ! couſin Hartop as I am a living man !——Hey !—well but, good now ! how, Mr Jenkins, hey ?

Jenk. The ſtory, Sir Gregory, is rather too long to tell you now; but in two words, my friend Hartop has very long had a paſſion for Miſs Triſle, and was apprehenſive your ſon's application would deſtroy his views, which in order to defeat, he aſſumed the character of Sir Penurious; but he is ſo captivated with your integrity and friendſhip, that he rather chuſes to forego his own intereſt than interrupt the happineſs of your ſon.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! that's kind! who could have thought it, couſin Hartop? lack-a-day! well, but where's Tim? hey! good now! and who are you?

Jenk. This, Sir, is Jenny, the handmaid of the houſe.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a peſtilent huſſey! Ah, Hartop, you are a wag! a pize of your pots and your royal oaks! lack-a-day! who could have thought——Ah! Jenny, you're a — [*Exit* Jenny.] But where's Tim?

Enter Robin.

Robin. Wounds, maſter! never ſtir alive if maſter Tim has na gone and married Mally Pengrouſe!

Sir Greg. Wonderful! how, ſirrah, how? good now, good now! couſin Hartop.——Mally Pengrouſe! who the dickens is ſhe?

Robin. Maſter Timothy's ſweetheart in Cornwall.

Sir Greg. And how came ſhe here? lack-a-day, couſin!

Robin. She tramped it up after maſter: maſter Timothy is without, and ſays as how they be married: I wanted him to come in, but he's afraid you'll knock'n down.

Sir Greg. Knock'n down! good now! let me come at him! I'll——Ah, rogue! lack-a-day! couſin, ſhew me where he is! I'll——

Hart. Moderate your fury, good Sir Gregory; conſider, it is an evil without a remedy.

Sir Greg. But what will Dame Winny ſay? Good now! ſuch a diſparagement to——and then what will Sir Penurious ſay? lack-a-day! I am almoſt diſtracted!—and you, you lubberly dog! why did not you —— [*Exit* Robin.] I'll —— ah! couſin Hartop, couſin Hartop! good now, good now!

Hart. Dear Sir, be calm; this is no ſuch ſurpriſing matter; we have ſuch inſtances in the newſpapers every day.

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. Good now! no, couſin, no.

Hart. Indeed, Sir Gregory, it was but laſt week that Lord Lofty's ſon married his mother's maid; and Lady Betty Forward run away, not a month ago, with her uncle's butler.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! what, in the news?——Good now, that's ſome comfort, however;—but what will Sir Penurious——

Hart. As to that, leave him to me; I have a project to prevent his laughing at you, I'll warrant.

Sir Greg. But how? how, couſin Hartop, how?

Hart. Sir Gregory, d'ye think me your friend?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! ay, couſin, ay.

Hart. And would you, in return, ſerve me in a circumſtance that can't injure yourſelf?

Sir Greg. Good now, to be ſure, couſin.

Hart. Will you then permit me to aſſume the figure of your ſon, and ſo pay my addreſſes to Miſs Trifle?—I was pretty happy in the imitation of her father; and if I could impoſe upon your ſagacity, I ſhall find leſs difficulty with your brother knight.

Sir Greg. Good now! Tim! ah, you could not touch Tim.

Hart. I warrant you. But, ſee, the young gentleman.

Enter Timothy.

Sir Greg. Ah, Tim, Tim! little did I——Good now, good now!

Tim. I could not help it now, faith and ſoul: but if you'll forgive me this time, I'll never do ſo no more.

Sir Greg. Well, well, if thee can'ſt forgive thyſelf, I can forgive thee; but thank my couſin Hartop.

Hart. Oh, Sir! if you are ſatisfy'd, I am rewarded. I wiſh you joy; joy to you, child.

Sir Greg. Thanks, couſin Hartop.

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Sir, Mrs Penelope Triſle, with her niece, being come to town, and hearing your Worſhip was in the houſe, would be glad to pay you their compliments.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! wonderful!—here we are all topſy-turvey again!——What can be done now, couſin Hartop?

Hart.

Hart. Dick! ſhow the ladies in here; but delay them a little. The luckieſt incident in the world, Sir Gregory!—If you will be kind enough to lend Jenkins your dreſs, and Maſter Timothy will lend me his, I'll make up matters in a moment.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay, couſin.

Tim. Fath and ſoul, you ſhall have mine dire——

Hart. No, no.—Step into the next room a minute, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay, where you will.

Tim. Fath, here will be choice ſport. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs Penelope *and* Suck, *with Waiter.*

Wait. The gentlemen will wait on you preſently.—Would you chuſe any refreſhment?

Suck. A draught of ale, friend, for I'm main dry.

Mrs Pen. Fie! fie! niece! is that liquor for a young lady? don't diſparage your family and breeding. The perſon is to be born that ever ſaw me touch any thing ſtronger than water till I was three-and-twenty.

Suck. Troth, aunt, that's ſo long ago, that I think there's few people alive who can remember what you did then.

Mrs Pen. How! gillflirt!—none of your fleers! I am glad here's a huſband coming that will take you down: Your tantrums!—You are grown too headſtrong and roburſt for me.

Suck. Gad, I believe you would be glad to be taken down the ſame way!

Mrs Pen. Oh! you are a pert——But ſee your lover approaches. Now Sukey, be careful, child: None of your——

Enter Jenkins *as* Sir Gregory, *and* Hartop *as* Tim.

Jenk. Lack-a-day, lady! I rejoice to ſee you! wonderful! and your niece!—Tim, the ladies.

Hart. Your ſervant, Miſtreſs!—I am glad to ſee you, Miſs Suck. [*Salutes her*]. Fath and ſoul, Miſtreſs Suck's a fine young woman, more or leſs!

Suck. Yes, I am well enough, I believe.

Jenk. But, Lady, where's my brother Trifle! where is Sir Penurious?

Suck.

Suck. Father's at home, in expectation of you; and aunt and I be come to town to make preparations.

Jenk. Ay, wonderful!—Pray, Lady, ſhall I, good now! crave a word in private? Tim, will you and your ſweetheart draw back a little?

Hart. Yes, father: Come, Miſs, will you jog a tiny bit this way?

Suck. With all my heart.

Jenk. There is, Lady, a wonderful affair has happen'd, good now! Son Tim has fallen in love with a young woman at his uncle's, and 'tis partly to prevent bad conſequences, that I am, lack-a-day! ſo haſty to match him: and one of my men, good now! tells me that he has ſeen the wench ſince we have been in town; ſhe has follow'd us here, ſure as a gun, lady! If Tim ſees the girl, he'll never marry your niece.

Mrs Pen. It is indeed, Sir Gregory Gazette, a moſt critical conjuncture, and requires the moſt mature deliberation.

Jenk. ——Deliberation! lack-a-day, Lady, whilſt we deliberate, the boy will be loſt.

Mrs Pen. Why, Sir Gregory Gazette, what operations can we determine upon?

Jenk. Lack-a-day! I know but one.

Mrs Pen. Adminiſter your propoſition, Sir Gregory Gazette: you will have my concurrence, Sir, in any thing that does not derogate from the regulations of conduct; for it would be moſt prepoſterous in one of my character to deviate from the ſtricteſt attention.

Jenk. Lack-a-day, Lady, no ſuch matter is wanted. But, good now, could not we tack the young couple together directly? your brother and I have already agreed.

Mrs Pen. Are the previous preliminaries ſettled, Sir Gregory Gazette?

Jenk. Good now! as firm as a rock, lady.

Mrs Pen. Why then, to preſerve your ſon, and accompliſh the union between our families, I have no objections to the acceleration of their nuptials, provided the child is inclined, and a miniſter may be procur'd.

Jenk. Wonderful! you are very good, good now! there has been one match already in the houſe to-day; we may have the ſame parſon. Here! Tim! and young gentlewoman

woman!—Well, Miſs! wonderful, and how? has Tim? hey, boy! Is not Miſs a fine young lady?

Hart. Fath and ſoul, father, Miſs is a charming young woman; all red and white, like Mally—Hum!

Jenk. Huſh, Tim! Well, and Miſs, how does my boy? he's an honeſt hearty lad! Has he, good now! had the art? How d'ye like him, young gentlewoman?

Suck. Liken? well enough, I think.

Jenk. Why then, Miſs, with your leave, your aunt and I here have agreed, if you are willing, to have the wedding over directly.

Suck. Gad! with all my heart. Aſk the young man.

Hart. Fath and ſoul, juſt as you pleaſe; to-day, to-morrow, or when you will, more or leſs.

Jenk. Good now, good now! then get you in there, there you will find one to do your buſineſs: wonderful! matters will ſoon be managed within. Well, lady, this was, good now, ſo kind! Lack-a-day! I verily believe if Dame Winny was dead, that I ſhould be glad to lead up ſuch another dance with you, lady.

Mrs Pen. You are, Sir, ſomething too precipitate: Nor would there, did circumſtances concur, as you inſinuate, be ſo abſolute a certitude, that I, who have rejected ſo many matches, ſhould inſtantaneouſly ſuccumb.

Jenk. Lack-a-day, lady, good now! I——

Mrs Pen. No, Sir; I would have you inſtructed, that had not Penelope Triſle made irrefragable reſolutions, ſhe need not ſo long have preſerved her family ſurname.

Jenk. Wonderful! why, I was only——

Mrs Pen. Nor has the title of Lady Gazette ſuch reſplendent charms, or ſuch bewitching allurements, as to throw me at once into the arms of Sir Gregory.

Jenk. Good now! who ſays—

Mrs Pen. Could wealth, beauty, or titles ſuperior to perhaps——

Enter Sir Gregory, Roger, *and* Tim.

Tim. Yes, indeed, father; Mr Hartop knew on't as well as I, and Mr Jenkins got us a parſon.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! a rare couple of friends! But I'll be even with them! I'll mar their market! Maſter Jenkins, you have fobb'd me finely.

Jenk. Lack-a-day, what's the matter now?

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. Come, come, none of your lack-a-days! none of your gambols, nor your tricks to me: Good now, good now! give me my cloaths! here, take your tawdry trappings, I have found you out at laſt: I'll be no longer your property.

Jenk. Wonderful! what's all this, lady? Good now, good now! what's here! a ſtage play?

Sir Greg. Play me no plays; but give me my wig! and your precious friend my loving couſin (pize on the kindred) let'n—

Jenk. Good now, good now! what are theſe folks? as ſure as a gun, they're mad.

Sir Greg. Mad! no, no; we are neither mad nor fools: no thanks to you, though.

Mrs Pen. What is all this? can you unravel this perplexity, untwine this myſtery, Sir Gregory Gazette?

Sir Greg. He Sir Gregory Gazette? Lack-a-day, lady! you are trick'd, impoſed upon, bamboozl'd: Good now, good now! 'tis I am Sir Gregory Gazette.

Mrs Pen. How!

Tim. Fath and ſoul, 'tis true, miſtreſs; and I am his ſon Tim, and will ſwear it.

Mrs Pen. Why is'nt Mr Timothy Gazette with my niece Suſannah Trifle?

Tim. Who, me! Lord, no, 'tis none of I, it is couſin Hartop in my cloaths.

Mrs Pen. What's this? and pray, who—

Jenk. Why, as I ſee the affair is concluded, you may, Madam, call me Jenkins. Come, Hartop, you may now throw off your diſguiſe; the knight had like to have embarraſſed us.

Mrs Pen. How, Mr Jenkins! and would you, Sir, participate of a plot to—

Hart. Madam, in the iſſue, your family will, I hope, have no great reaſon to repent. I always had the greateſt veneration for Miſs Penelope Trifle's underſtanding; the higheſt eſteem! for her virtues can entitle me to the honour of being regarded as her relation.

Mrs Pen. Sir, I ſhall determine on nothing, 'till I am appriſed of my brother's reſolution.

Hart. For that we muſt wait. Sir Gregory, I muſt intreat you and your ſon's pardon for ſome little liberties I have taken with you both. Mr Jenkins, I have the higheſt obligation

obligation to your friendſhip ; and, Miſs, when we become a little better acquainted, I flatter myſelf the change will not prove unpleaſing.

Suck. I know nothing at all about it.

Hart. Sir Gregory, we ſhall have your company at dinner ?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, no, no, that boy has ſpoil'd my ſtomach—Come, Tim, fetch thy rib, and let us be jogging towards Wales ; but how thou wilt get off with thy mother——

Tim. Never fear, father——

Since you have been pleas'd our nuptial knot to bleſs,
We ſhall be happy all our lives—more or leſs——

THE

THE

ENGLISHMAN

RETURNED FROM PARIS.

BEING THE SEQUEL TO

THE ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.

A FARCE.

IN TWO ACTS.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr FOOTE.

OF all the paſſions that poſſeſs mankind,
The love of novelty rules moſt the mind.
In ſearch of this, from realm to realm we roam,
Our fleets come fraught with every folly home.
From Lybia's deſerts hoſtile brutes advance,
And dancing dogs in droves ſkip here from France.
From Latian lands gigantic forms appear,
Striking our Britiſh breaſts with awe and fear,
As once the Lilliputians——Gulliver.
Not only objects that affect the ſight,
In foreign arts and artiſts we delight.
Near to that ſpot where Charles beſtrides a horſe,
In humble proſe the place is Charing Croſs;
Cloſe by the margin of a kennel's ſide,
A dirty diſmal entry opens wide;
There, with hoarſe voice, check ſhirt, and callous hand,
Duff's Indian Engliſh trader takes his ſtand,
Surveys each paſſenger with curious eyes,
And ruſtic Roger falls an eaſy prize;
Here's China porcelain that Chelſea yields,
And India handkerchiefs from Spitalfields;
With Turkey carpets that from Wilton came,
And Spaniſh tucks and blades from Birmingham.
Factors are forced to favour this deceit,
And Engliſh goods are ſmuggled through the ſtreet.
The rude to poliſh, and the fair to pleaſe,
The hero of to-night has croſs'd the ſeas;
Though to be born a Briton be his crime,
He's manufactur'd in another clime.
'Tis Buck begs leave once more to come before ye,
The little ſubject of a former ſtory;
How chang'd, how faſhion'd, whether brute or beau,
We truſt the following ſcenes will fully ſhew.
For them and him we your indulgence crave,
'Tis ours ſtill to ſin on, and yours to ſave.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs Bellamy.

AMONG the arts to make a piece go down,
And fix the fickle favour of the town,
An Epilogue is deem'd the ſureſt way
To atone for all the errors of the play.
Thus, when pathetic ſtrains have made you cry,
In trips the Comic Muſe, and wipes your eye.
With equal reaſon, when ſhe has made you laugh,
Melpomene ſhould ſend you ſniveling off.
But our Bard, unequal to the taſk,
Rejects the dagger, and retains the maſk.
Fain would he ſend you cheerful home to-night,
And harmleſs mirth by honeſt means excite;
Scorning with luſcious phraſe, or double ſenſe,
To raiſe a laughter at the fair's expence.
What method ſhall we chuſe your taſte to hit?
Will no one lend our bard a little wit?
Thank ye, kind ſouls, I'll take it from the pit.
The piece concluded, and the curtain down,
Up ſtarts that fatal phalanx, call'd The Town:
In full aſſembly weighs our author's fate,
And Surly thus commences the debate:
Pray, among friends, does not this poiſoning ſcene
The ſacred right of Tragedy profane?
If Farce may mimic thus her awful bowl:
Oh fie, all wrong, ſtark naught, upon my ſoul!
Then Buck cries, Billy, can it be in nature?
Not the leaſt likeneſs in a ſingle feature.
My Lord, Lord love him, 'tis a precious piece;
Let's come on Friday night and have a hiſs.
To this a peruquier aſſents with joy,
Parcequ'il affronte les François, oui, ma foi.
In ſuch diſtreſs, what can the poet do?
Where ſeek for ſhelter when thoſe foes purſue?
He dares demand protection, Sirs, from you.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

At Covent-Garden.

Buck,	Mr Foote.
Crab,	Mr Sparks.
Lord John,	Mr White.
Macruthen,	Mr Shuter.
Racket,	Mr Cushing.
Tallyhoe,	Mr Castallo.
Latitat,	Mr Dunstall.
Sergeon,	Mr Wignel.
Lucinda,	Mrs Bellamy.

La Jonquil, La Loire, Bearnois, and Servants.

ACT I.

Crab *discovered reading.*

AND I do constitute my very good friend, Giles Crab, Esq. of St Martin in the Fields, executor to this my will; and do appoint him guardian to my ward Lucinda; and do submit to his direction the management of all my affairs, till the return of my son from his travels; whom I do intreat my said executor, in consideration of our ancient friendship, to advise, to counsel, &c. &c.

John Buck.

A good, pretty legacy! Let's see, I find myself heir, by this generous devise of my very good friend, to ten actions at common law, nine suits in Chancery, the conduct of a boy, bred a booby at home, and finished a fop abroad; together with the direction of a marriageable, and therefore an unmanageable wench; and all this to an old fellow of sixty-six, who heartily hates business, is tired of the world, and despises every thing in it. Why, how the devil came I to merit——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr Latitat, of Staple's Inn.

Crab. So, here begin my plagues. Shew the hound in.

Enter Latitat, *with a bag, &c.*

Lat. I would, Mr Crab, have attended your summons immediately, but I was obliged to sign judgment in error at the Common Pleas; sue out of the Exchequer a writ of *quæ minus*, and surrender in *banco regis* the defendant, before the return of the *sci fa*, to discharge the bail.

Crab. Prithee, man, none of thy unintelligible law jargon to me; but tell me in the language of common sense and thy country what I am to do.

Lat. Why, Mr Crab, as you are already possessed of a *probat*, and letters of administration *de bonis* are granted, you may sue, or, be sued; I hold it sound doctrine for no executor to discharge debts, without a receipt upon record: this can be obtained by no means but by an action. Now actions, Sir, are of various kinds, there are special actions,

tions, actions on the caſe, or *aſſumpſits*, actions of trover, actions of *claufum fregit*, actions of battery, actions of—

Crab. Hey, the devil, where's the fellow running now? —But hark'ee, Latitat, why I thought all our law proceedings were directed to be in Engliſh.

Lat. True, Mr Crab.

Crab. And what do you call all this ſtuff, ha!

Lat. Engliſh.

Crab. The devil you do.

Lat. Vernacular, upon my honour, Mr Crab. For as Lord Coke deſcribes the common law to be the perfection—

Crab. So, here's a freſh deluge of impertinence. A truce to thy authorities, I beg; and as I find it will be impoſſible to underſtand thee without an interpreter, if you will meet me at five, at Mr Brief's chambers, why, if you have any thing to ſay, he will tranſlate it for me.

Lat. Mr Brief, Sir, and tranſlate, Sir!—Sir, I would have you to know, that no practitioner in Weſtminſter-hall gives clearer——

Crab. Sir, I believe it; for which reaſon I have referred you to a man who never goes into Weſtminiſter-hall.

Lat. A bad proof of his practice, Mr Crab.

Crab. A good one of his principles, Mr Latitat.

Lat. Why, Sir, do you think that a lawyer——

Crab. Zounds, Sir, I never thought about a lawyer.—The law is an oracular idol, you are explanatory miniſters; nor ſhould any of my own private concerns have made me bow to your beaſtly *Baal*. I had rather loſe a cauſe than conteſt it. And had not this old, doating dunce, Sir John Buck, plagued me with the management of his money, and the care of his booby boy, Bedlam ſhould ſooner have had me than the bar.

Lat. Bedlam, the bar! Since, Sir, I am provoked, I don't know what your choice may be, or what your friends may chuſe for you; I wiſh I was your *prochain ami:* but I am under ſome doubts as to the ſanity of the teſtator, otherwiſe he could not have choſen for his executor, under the ſanction of the law, a perſon who deſpiſes the law. And the law, give me leave to tell you, Mr Crab, is the bulwark, the fence, the protection, the *ſine qua non*, the *ne plus ultra*——

Crab. Mercy, good ſix and eight-pence.

Lat.

Lat. The defence and offence, the by which, and the whereby, the ſtatute common and cuſtomary, or as Plowden claſſically and elegantly expreſſes it, 'tis

Mos commune vetus mores, conſulta ſenatus,
Hæc tria jus ſtatuunt terra Britanna tibi.

Crab. Zounds, Sir, among all your laws, are there none to protect a man in his own houſe?

Lat. Sir, a man's houſe is his *caſtellum*, his caſtle; and ſo tender is the law of any infringement of that ſacred right, that any attempt to invade it by force, fraud, or violence, clandeſtinely, or *vi et armis*, is not only deemed *felonius*, but *burglarius*. Now, Sir, a burglary may be committed either upon the dwelling or out-houſe.

Crab. O laud! O laud!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your clerk, Sir——The parties, he ſays, are all in waiting at your chambers.

Lat. I come. I will but juſt explain to Mr Crab the nature of a burglary, as it has been deſcribed by a late ſtatute.

Crab. Zounds, Sir, I have not the leaſt curioſity.

Lat. Sir, but every gentleman ſhould know—

Crab. I won't know. Beſides, your clients—

Lat. O, they may ſtay. I ſhan't take up five minutes, Sir—A burglary—

Crab. Not an inſtant.

Lat. By the common law—

Crab. I'll not hear a word.

Lat. It was but a *clauſum fregit*.

Crab. Dear Sir, be gone.

Lat. But by the late acts of par——

Crab. Help, you dog. Zounds, Sir, get out of my houſe.

Serv. Your clients, Sir——

Crab. Puſh him out [*the lawyer talking all the while*]. So, ho! Hark'ee, raſcal, if you ſuffer that fellow to enter my doors again, I'll ſtrip and diſcard you the very minute. [*Exit* Serv.]—This is but the beginning of my torments. But that I expect the young whelp from abroad, every inſtant, I'd fly for it myſelf, and quit the kingdom at once.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My young maſter's travelling tutor, Sir, juſt arrived.

Crab. Oh, then I ſuppoſe, the blockhead of a baronet is cloſe at his heels. Shew him in. This bear-leader, I reckon now, is either the clumſy curate of the knight's own pariſh church, or ſome needy highlander, the out-caſt of his country, who, with the pride of a German baron, the poverty of a French marquis, the addreſs of a Swiſs ſoldier, and the learning of an academy uſher, is to give our heir apparent politeneſs, taſte, literature; a perfect knowledge of the world, and of himſelf.

Enter Macruthen.

Mac. Maiſter Crab, I am your devoted ſervant.

Crab. Oh, a Britiſh child, by the meſs.—Well, where's your charge?

Mac. O, the young baronet is o' the road. I was mighty afraid he had o'er ta'en me; for between Canterbury and Rocheſter, I was ſtopt, and robb'd by a highwayman.

Crab. Robb'd! what the devil could he rob you of?

Mac. In gude troth, not a mighty booty. Buchanan's hiſtory, Lauder againſt Melton, and two pound of high-dried Glaſgow.

Crab. A travelling equipage. Well, and what's become of your cub? Where have you left him?

Mac. Main you Sir Charles? I left him at Calais with another young nobleman, returning from his travels. But why caw ye him cub, Maiſter Crab? In gude troth there's a meeghty alteration.

Crab. Yes, yes, I have a ſhrewd gueſs at his improvements.

Mac. He's quite a phenomenon.

Crab. Oh, a comet, I dare ſwear, but not an unuſual one at Paris. The Fauxbourg of St Germains ſwarms with ſuch, to the no ſmall amuſement of our very good friends the French.

Mac. Oh, the French were mighty fond of him.

Crab. But as to the language, I ſuppoſe he's a perfect maſter of that.

Mac.

Mac. He can caw for aught that he need, but he is na quite maiſter of the accent.

Crab. A moſt aſtoniſhing progreſs!

Mac. Suſpend your judgement awhile, and you'll find him all you wiſh, allowing for the ſallies of juvenility; and muſt take the vanity to myſelf of being, in a great meaſure, the author.

Crab. Oh, if he be but a faithful copy of the admirable original, he muſt be a finiſhed piece.

Mac. You are pleaſed to compliment.

Crab. Not a whit. Well, and what—I ſuppoſe you, and your—what's your name?

Mac. Macruthen, at your ſervice.

Crab. Macruthen! Hum! You and your pupil agreed very well?

Mac. Perfectly. The young gentleman is of an amiable diſpoſition.

Crab. Oh, ay: and it would be wrong to ſour his temper. You knew your duty better, I hope, than to contradict him.

Mac. It was na for me, Maiſter Crab.

Crab. Oh, by no means, Maiſter Macruthen; all your buſineſs was to keep him out of 'frays; to take care, for the ſake of his health, that his wine was genuine, and his miſtreſſes as they ſhould be. You pimp'd for him I ſuppoſe?

Mac. Pimp for him! D'ye mean to affront—

Crab. To ſuppoſe the contrary would be the affront, Mr Tutor. What, man, you know the world. 'Tis not by contradiction, but by compliance, that men make their fortunes. And was it for you to thwart the humour of a lad upon the threſhold of ten thouſand pounds a year?

Mac. Why, to be ſure, great allowances muſt be made.

Crab. No doubt, no doubt.

Mac. I ſee, Maiſter Crab, you know mankind, you are Sir John Buck's executor.

Crab. True.

Mac. I have a little thought that may be uſeful to us both.

Crab. As how?

Mac. Could na we contrive to make a hond o' the young baronet?

Crab. Explain.

Mac.

Mac. Why you, by the will, have the care o' the caſh: and I can make a ſhift to manage the lad.

Crab. Oh, I conceive you. And ſo between us both, we may contrive to eaſe him of that inheritance which he knows not how properly to employ; and apply it to our own uſe. You do know how.

Mac. Ye ha hit it.

Crab. Why what a ſuperlative raſcal art thou, thou inhoſpitable villain! Under the roof, and in the preſence, of thy benefactor's repreſentative, with almoſt his ill-beſtowed bread in thy mouth, art thou plotting the perdition of his only child! And, from what part of my life didſt thou derive a hope of my compliance with ſuch a helliſh ſcheme?

Mac. Maiſter Crab, I am of a nation———

Crab. Of known honour and integrity; I allow it. The kingdom you have quitted, in conſigning the care of its monarch, for ages, to our predeceſſors, in preference to its proper ſubjects, has given you a brilliant panegyric, that no other people can parallel.

Mac. Why, to be ſure———

Crab. And one happineſs it is, that though national glory can beam a brightneſs on particulars, the crimes of individuals can never reflect a diſgrace upon their country. Thy apology but aggravates thy guilt.

Mac. Why, Maiſter Crab, I———

Crab. Guilt and confuſion choak thy utterance. Avoid my ſight. Vaniſh!—[*Exit* Mac.]—A fine fellow this, to protect the perſon, inform the inexperience, direct and moderate the deſires of an unbridled boy! But can it be ſtrange, whilſt the parent negligently accepts a ſuperficial recommendation to ſo important a truſt, that the perſon whoſe wants perhaps, more than his abilities make deſirous of it, ſhould conſider the youth as a kind of property, and not conſider what to make him, but what to make of him; and thus prudently lay a foundation for his future ſordid hopes, by a criminal compliance with the lad's preſent prevailing paſſions? But vice and folly rule the world. Without, there!—[*Enter* Serv.]—Raſcal, where d'you run, blockhead? Bid the girl come hither.—Freſh inſtances, every moment, fortify my abhorrence, my deteſtation of mankind. This turn may be term'd miſanthropy; and imputed to chagrin and diſappointment. But it can only be

be by thoſe fools, who, through ſoftneſs or ignorance, regard the faults of others, like their own, through the wrong end of the perſpective.

Enter Lucinda.

So, what, I ſuppoſe your ſpirits are all afloat. You have heard your fellow's coming.

Luc. If you had your uſual diſcernment, Sir, you would diſtinguiſh, in my countenance, an expreſſion very different from that of joy.

Crab. Oh, what, I ſuppoſe your monkey has broke his chain, or your parrot died in moulting.

Luc. A perſon leſs cenſorious than Mr Crab might aſſign a more generous motive for my diſtreſs.

Crab. Diſtreſs! a pretty, poetical phraſe. What motive canſt thou have for diſtreſs? Has not Sir John Buck's death aſſured thy fortune? and art not thou——

Luc. By that very means, a helpleſs, unprotected orphan.

Crab. Pho', prithee, wench, none of thy romantic cant to me. What, I know the ſex: the objects of every woman's wiſh are property and power. The firſt you have, and the ſecond you won't be long without; for here's a puppy riding poſt to put on your chains.

Luc. It would appear affectation not to underſtand you. And, to deal freely, it was upon that ſubject I wiſh'd to engage you.

Crab. Your information was needleſs; I knew it.

Luc. Nay, but why ſo ſevere? I did flatter myſelf that the very warm recommendation of your deceaſed friend would have abated a little of that rigour.

Crab. No wheedling, Lucy. Age and contempt have long ſhut theſe gates againſt flattery and diſſimulation. You have no ſex for me. Without preface, ſpeak your purpoſe.

Luc. What then, in a word, is your advice with regard to my marrying Sir Charles Buck?

Crab. And do you ſeriouſly want my advice?

Luc. Moſt ſincerely.

Crab. Then you are a blockhead. Why, where could you mend yourſelf? Is not he a fool, a fortune, and in love? —Look'ee, girl.—[*Enter* Servant]—Who ſent for you, Sir?

Serv. Sir, my young maſter's poſt chaiſe is broke down,

at

at the corner of the ſtreet, by a coal cart. His cloaths are all dirt, and he ſwears like a trooper.

Crab. Ay! Why then carry the chaiſe to the coach-maker's, his coat to a ſcowrer's, and him before a juſtice. —Prithee, why doſt trouble me? I ſuppoſe you would not meet your gallant.

Luc. Do you think I ſhould?

Crab. No, retire. And if this application for my advice is not a copy of your countenance, a maſk; if you are obedient, I may yet ſet you right.

Luc. I ſhall, with pleaſure, follow your directions. [*Exit.*

Crab. Yes, ſo long as they correſpond with your own inclination. Now we ſhall ſee what Paris has done for this puppy. But here he comes; light as the cork in his heels, or the feather in his hat.

Enter Buck, *Lord* John, La Loire, Bearnois, *and* Macruthen.

Buck. Not a word, *mi Lor, jernie*, it is not to be ſupported! —— after being *rompu tout vif*, disjointed by that execrable *pavé*, to be tumbled into a kennel by a filthy *charbonnier;* a dirty retailer of ſea-coal, *morbleu!*

Ld. J. An accident that might have happened any where, Sir Charles.

Buck. And then the hideous hootings of that *canaille*, that murderous mob, with the barbarous—Monſieur in the mud, huzza! Ah, *pais ſauvage, barbare, inhoſpitable!* ah, ah, *qu'eſt ce que nous avons?* Who?

Mac. That is Maiſter Crab, your father's executor.

Buck. Ha, ha. *Serviteur très humble, monſieur. Eh bien!* What! is he dumb? *Mac*, my Lor, *mort de ma vie*, the veritable *Jack-Roaſt-beef* of the French comedy. Ha, ha, how do you do, *Monſieur-Jack-Roaſt-beef*, ha, ha?

Crab. Prithee take a turn or two round the room.

Buck. A turn or two! *Volontiers. Eh bien!* Well, have you, in your life, ſeen any thing ſo, ha, ha, hey!

Crab. Never. I hope you had not many ſpectators of your tumble.

Buck. Pourquoi? Why ſo?

Crab. Becauſe I would not have the public curioſity foreſtalled. I can't but think, in a country ſo fond of ſtrange

ſtrange ſights, if you were kept up a little, you would bring a great deal of money.

Buck. I don't know, my dear, what my perſon would produce in this country, but the counter-part of your very groteſque figure has been extremely beneficial to the comedians from whence I came. *N'eſt ce pas vrai, mi Lor?* Ha, ha.

Ld. J. The reſemblance does not ſtrike me. Perhaps I may ſeem ſingular; but the particular cuſtoms of particular countries, I own, never appeared to me as proper objects of ridicule.

Buck. Why ſo?

Ld. J. Becauſe in this caſe it is impoſſible to have a rule for your judgement. The forms and cuſtoms which climate, conſtitution, and government have given to our kingdom can never be tranſplanted with advantage to another, founded on different principles. And thus, though the habits and manners of different countries may be directly oppoſite, yet, in my humble conception, they may be ſtrictly, becauſe naturally, right.

Crab. Why there are ſome glimmerings of common-ſenſe about this young thing. Harkee, child, by what accident did you ſtumble upon this blockhead?—[*to* Buck] —I ſuppoſe the line of your underſtanding is too ſhort to fathom the depth of your companion's reaſoning.

Buck. My dear. [*gapes.*]

Crab. I ſay, you can draw no concluſion from the above premiſes.

Buck. Who I? Damn your premiſes, and concluſions too. But this I conclude from what I have ſeen, my dear, that the French are the firſt people in the univerſe; that, in the arts of living, they do or ought to give laws to the whole world; and that whoſoever would either eat, drink, dreſs, dance, fight, ſing, or even ſneeze, *avec elegance*, muſt go to Paris to learn it. This is my creed.

Crab. And theſe precious principles you are come here to propagate.

Buck. C'eſt vrai, Monſieur Crab: and with the aid of theſe brother miſſionaries, I have no doubt of making a great many proſelytes. And now for a detail of their qualities. *Bearnois, avancez.* This is an officer of my houſehold, unknown to this country.

Crab. And what may he be?—I'll humour the puppy.

Buck.

Buck. This is my Swiſs Porter. *Tenez vous droit, Bearnois.* There's a fierce figure to guard the gate of an hotel.

Crab. What, do you ſuppoſe we have no porters?

Buck. Yes, you have dunces that open doors; a drudgery that this fellow does by deputy. But for intrepidity in denying a diſagreeable viſiter; for politeneſs in introducing a miſtreſs, acuteneſs in diſcerning, and conſtancy in excluding a dun, a greater genius never came from the Cantons.

Crab. Aſtoniſhing qualities!

Buck. Retirez, Bearnois. But here's a *bijou*, here's a jewel indeed! *Venez ici, mon cher La Loire. Comment trouvez vous ce Paris ici?*

La L. Tres bien.

Buck. Very well. Civil creature! This, Monſieur Crab, is my cook *La Loire*, and for *hors d'oeuvres, entre rotis, ragouts, entremets*, and the diſpoſition of a deſert, Paris never ſaw his parallel.

Crab. His wages, I ſuppoſe, are proportioned to his merit.

Buck. A bagatelle, a trifle. Abroad but a bare two hundred. Upon his cheerful compliance, in coming hither into exile with me, I have indeed doubled his ſtipend.

Crab. You could do no leſs.

Buck. And now, Sir, to complete my equipage, *regardez Monſieur La Jonquil*, my firſt *valet de chambre*, excellent in every thing; but *pour l'accommodage*, for decorating the head, inimitable. In one word, *La Jonquil* ſhall, for fifty to five, knot, twiſt, tye, frize, cut, curl, or comb with any *garçon perruquier*, from the Land's End to the Orkneys.

Crab. Why, what an infinite fund of public ſpirit muſt you have, to drain your purſe, mortify your inclination, and expoſe your perſon, for the mere improvement of your countrymen?

Buck. Oh, I am a very Roman for that. But at preſent I had another reaſon for returning.

Crab. Ay, what can that be?

Buck. Why, I find there is a likelihood of ſome little fracas between us. But, upon my ſoul, we muſt be very brutal to quarrel with the dear agreeable creatures for a trifle.

Crab.

Crab. They have your affections then.

Buck. De tout mon cœur. From the infinite civility ſhewn to us in France, and their friendly profeſſions in favour of our country, they can never intend us an injury.

Crab. Oh, you have hit their humour to a hair. But I can have no longer patience with the puppy. Civility and friendſhip, you booby! Yes, their civility at Paris has not left you a guinea in your pocket, nor would their friendſhip to your nation leave it a foot of land in the univerſe.

Buck. Lord John, this is a ſtrange old fellow. Take my word for it, my dear, you miſtake this thing egregiouſly. But all you Engliſh are conſtitutionally ſullen.—November fogs, with ſalt boil'd beef, are moſt curſed recipes for good-humour, or a quick apprehenſion. Paris is the place. 'Tis there men laugh, love, and live! *Vive l'amour! Sans amour, et ſans ſes deſirs, un cœur eſt bien moins heureux qu'il ne penſe.*

Crab. Now would not any ſoul ſuppoſe that this yelping hound had a real reliſh for the country he has quitted?

Buck. A mighty unnatural ſuppoſition, truly.

Crab. Foppery and affectation all.

Buck. And you really think Paris a kind of purgatory, ha, my dear?

Crab. To thee the moſt ſolitary ſpot upon earth, my dear.—Familiar puppy!

Buck. Whimſical enough. But come, *pour paſſer le tems*, let us, old Diogenes, enter into a little debate. Mi Lor, and you, Macruthen, determine the diſpute between that ſource of delights, *ce paradis de plaiſir*, and this cave of care, this ſeat of ſcurvy and the ſpleen.

Mac. Let us heed them weel, my Lord. Maiſter Crab has met with his match.

Buck. And firſt for the great pleaſure of life, the pleaſure of the table; ah, *quelle difference!* The eaſe, the wit, the wine, the *badinage*, the *perciflage*, the *double entendre*, the *chanſons á boire*. Oh, what delicious moments have I paſs'd *chez madame la ducheſſe de Barbouliac.*

Crab. Your miſtreſs, I ſuppoſe.

Buck. Who, I! *Fi donc!* How is it poſſible for a woman of her rank to have a *penchant* for me? Hey, Mac.

Mac. Sir Charles is too much a man of honour to blab.

But, to ſay truth, the whole city of Paris thought as much.

Crab. A precious fellow this!

Buck. Taiſez vous, Mac. But we loſe the point in view. Now, Monſieur Crab, let me conduct you to what you call an entertainment. And firſt, the melancholy miſtreſs is fixed in her chair, where, by the bye, ſhe is condemned to do more drudgery than a dray-horſe. Next proceeds the maſter, to marſhal the gueſts, in which as much caution is neceſſary as at a coronation, with, "My lady, ſit here," and, "Sir Thomas, ſit there," till the length of the ceremony, with the length of the grace, have deſtroyed all apprehenſions of the meat burning your mouths.

Mac. Bravo, bravo! Did I na' ſay Sir Charles was a phænomenon?

Crab. Peace, puppy.

Buck. Then, in ſolemn ſilence, they proceed to demoliſh the ſubſtantials, with, perhaps, an occaſional interruption, of, "Here's to you friends," "Hob or nob," "Your love and mine." Pork ſucceeds to beef, pies to puddings; the cloth is removed; madam, drenched with a bumper, drops a curteſy, and departs; leaving the jovial hoſt, with his ſprightly companions, to tobacco, port, and politics. *Voilà un repas à la mode d'Angleterre*, Monſieur Crab.

Crab. It is a thouſand pities that your father is not a living witneſs of theſe prodigious improvements.

Buck. C'eſt vrai á propos, he is dead, as you ſay, and you are ———

Crab. Againſt my inclination, his executor.

Buck. Peut être; well, and ———

Crab. Oh, my taſk will ſoon determine. One article, indeed, I am ſtrictly enjoined to ſee performed, your marriage with your old acquaintance Lucinda.

Buck. Ha, ha, la petite Lucinde! & comment—

Crab. Prithee, peace, and hear me. She is bequeathed conditionally, that if you refuſe to marry her, twenty thouſand pounds; and if ſhe rejects you, which I ſuppoſe ſhe will have the wiſdom to do, only five.

Buck. Reject me! Very probable, hey, Mac! But could we not have an *entrevüe?*

Crab. Who's there? Let Lucinda know we expect her.

Mac. Had na' ye better, Sir Charles, equip yourſelf in a more ſuitable garb, upon a firſt viſit to your miſtreſs?

Crab.

Crab. Oh, ſuch a figure and addreſs can derive no advantage from dreſs.

Buck. Serviteur. But, however, Mac's hint may not be ſo *mal á propos. Allons, Jonquil, je m'en vais m'habiller.* Mi Lor, ſhall I treſpaſs upon your patience. My toilet is but the work of ten minutes. Mac, diſpoſe of my domeſtics *á leur aiſe*, and then attend me with my portfeuille, and read, while I dreſs, thoſe remarks I made in my laſt voyage from Fontainbleau to Compeigne.

Serviteur, Meſſieurs ;
Car le bon vin
Du matin
Sortant du tonneau,
Vaut bien mieux que
Le Latin
De toute la Sorbonne. [Exit.

Crab. This is the moſt conſummate coxcomb ! I told the fool of a father what a puppy Paris would produce him ; but travel is the word, and the conſequence, an importation of every foreign folly ; and thus the plain perſons and principles of old England are ſo confounded and jumbled with the excrementitious growth of every climate, that we have loſt all our ancient characteriſtic, and are become a bundle of contradictions, a piece of patch-work, a mere harlequin's coat.

Ld. J. Do you ſuppoſe then, Sir, that no good may be obtained ———

Crab. Why, prithee, what have you gained ?

Ld. J. I ſhould be ſorry my acquiſitions were to determine the debate. But do you think, Sir, the ſhaking off ſome native qualities, and the being made more ſenſible, from compariſon of certain national and conſtitutional advantages, objects unworthy the attention ?

Crab. You ſhew the favourable ſide, young man ; but how frequently are ſubſtituted for national prepoſſeſſions, always harmleſs, and often happy, guilty and unnatural prejudices !—Unnatural !—For the wretch who is weak and wicked enough to deſpiſe his country, ſins againſt the moſt laudable laws of nature ; he is a traitor to the community where Providence has placed him ; and ſhould be denied thoſe ſocial benefits he has rendered himſelf unworthy to partake. But ſententious lectures are ill calculated for your time of life.

Ld. J.

Ld. J. I differ from you here, Mr Crab. Principles that call for perpetual practice cannot be too ſoon received. I ſincerely thank you, Sir, for this communication, and ſhould be happy to have always near me ſo moral a monitor.

Crab. You are indebted to France for her flattery. But I leave you with a lady where it will be better employed.

Enter Lucinda.

Crab. This young man waits here till your puppy is powdered. You may aſk him after your French acquaintance. I know nothing of him; but he does not ſeem to be altogether ſo great a fool as your fellow. [*Exit.*

Luc. I'm afraid, Sir, you have had but a diſagreeable *tête-à-tête.*

Ld. J. Juſt the contrary, Madam. By good ſenſe, tinged with ſingularity, we are entertained as well as improved. For a lady, indeed, Mr Crab's manners are rather too rough.

Luc. Not a jot; I am familiarized to 'em, I know his integrity, and can never be diſobliged by his ſincerity.

Ld. J. This declaration is a little particular, from a lady who muſt have received her firſt impreſſions in a place remarkable for its delicacy to the fair ſex. But good ſenſe can conquer even early habits.

Luc. This compliment I can lay no claim to. The former part of my life procured me but very little indulgence. The pittance of knowledge I poſſeſs was taught me by a very ſevere miſtreſs, Adverſity. But you, Sir, are too well acquainted with Sir Charles Buck not to have known my ſituation.

Ld. J. I have heard your ſtory, Madam, before I had the honour of ſeeing you. It was affecting: you'll pardon the declaration; it now becomes intereſting. However, it is impoſſible I ſhould not congratulate you on the near approach of the happy cataſtrophe.

Luc. Events that depend upon the will of another a thouſand unforeſeen accidents may interrupt.

Ld. J. Could I hope, Madam, your preſent critical condition would acquit me of temerity, I ſhould take the liberty to preſume, if the ſuit of Sir Charles be rejected—

Enter Crab.

Crab. So, youngſter! what I ſuppoſe you are already practiſing

practiſing one of your foreign leſſons. Perverting the affections of a friend's miſtreſs, or debauching his wife, are mere peccadilloes in modern morality. But at preſent you are my care. That way conducts you to your fellow traveller.—[*Exit.* Ld. J.]—I would ſpeak with you in the library. [*Exit.*

Luc. I ſhall attend you, Sir. Never was ſo unhappy an interruption. What could my Lord mean? But be it what it will, it ought not, it cannot concern me. Gratitude and duty demand my compliance with the dying wiſh of my benefactor, my friend, my father. But am I then to ſacrifice all my future peace? But reaſon not, raſh girl; obedience is thy province.

Tho' hard the taſk, be it my part to prove
That ſometimes duty can give laws to love. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Buck *at his toilet, attended by three* valets de chambre *and* Macruthen.

Mac. NOTWITHSTANDING aw his plain dealing, I doubt whether Maiſter Crab is ſo honeſt a man.

Buck. Prithee, Mac, name not the monſter. If I may be permitted a quotation from one of their paltry poets,

Who is knight of the ſhire repreſents 'em all.

Did ever mortal ſee ſuch *mirroirs*, ſuch looking glaſſes as they have here, too! One might as well addreſs oneſelf, for information, to a bucket of water. *La Jonquil, mettez vous le rouge, aſſez. Eh bien, Mac, miſerable!* Hey!

Mac. It's very becoming.

Buck. Aye, it will do for this place; I really could have forgiven my father's living a year or two longer, rather than be compelled to return to this—[*Enter* Ld. John]—My dear Lord, *je demande mille pardons*, but the terrible fracas in my chaiſe has ſo *gâté'd* and diſordered my hair, that it required an age to adjuſt it.

Ld. J. No apology, Sir Charles, I have been entertained very agreeably.

Buck. Who have you had, my dear Lord, to entertain you?

Ld. J.

Ld. J. The very individual lady that's ſoon to make you a happy huſband.

Buck. A happy who? huſband! What two very oppoſite ideas, confounded *enſemble!* In my conſcience, I believe there's contagion in the clime, and my Lor is infected. But pray, my dear Lord, by what accident have you diſcovered that I was upon the point of becoming that happy—Oh, *un mari! Diable?*

Ld. J. The lady's beauty and merit, your inclinations, and your father's injunctions, made me conjecture that.

Buck. And can't you ſuppoſe that the lady's beauty may be poſſeſs'd, her merit rewarded, and my inclinations gratified, without an abſolute obedience to that fatherly injunction?

Ld. J. It does not occur to me.

Buck. No, I believe not, my Lor. Thoſe kind of talents are not given to every body. *Donnez moi mon manchon.* And now you ſhall ſee me manage the lady.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Young Squire Racket, and Sir Toby Tallyhoe, who call themſelves your honour's old acquaintances.

Buck. Oh the brutes! By what accident could they diſcover my arrival! My dear, dear Lor, aid me to eſcape this embarras.

Racket *and* Tallyhoe *without.*

Hoic a boy, hoic a boy.

Buck. Let me die if I do not believe the Hottentots have brought a whole hundred of hounds with them. But they ſay, forms keep fools at a diſtance. I'll receive 'em *en cérémonie.*

Enter Racket *and* Tallyhoe.

Tally. Hey boy, hoix, my little Buck.

Buck. Monſieur le Chevalier votre très humble ſerviteur.

Tally. Hey.

Buck. Monſieur Racket, je ſuis charmé de vous voir.

Rack. Anon what!

Buck. Ne m'entendez vous? Don't you underſtand French?

Rack. Know French! No, nor you neither, I think, Sir Toby,

Toby, foregad I believe the Papiſtes ha' bewitch'd him in foreign parts.

Tally. Bewitch'd and transformed him too. Let me periſh, Racket, if I don't think he's like one of the folks we uſed to read of at ſchool, in Ovid's Metamorphis ; and that they have turned him into a beaſt.

Rack. A beaſt ! No, a bird, you fool. Lookee, Sir Toby, by the Lord Harry, here are his wings.

Tally. Hey ! ecod and ſo they are, ha, ha. I reckon, Racket, he came over with the wood-cocks.

Buck. Voilà des véritables Anglois. The ruſtic rude ruffians !

Rack. Let us ſee what the devil he has put upon his pole, Sir Toby.

Tally. Aye.

Buck. Do, dear ſavage, keep your diſtance.

Tally. Nay, fore George we will have a ſcrutiny.

Rack. Aye, aye, a ſcrutiny.

Buck. En grace, La Jonquil, my Lor, protect me from theſe pirates.

Ld. J. A little compaſſion, I beg, gentlemen. Conſider, Sir Charles is on a viſit to his bride.

Tally. Bride ! zounds, he's fitter for a band-box. Racket, hocks the heels.

Rack. I have 'em, Knight. Foregad he is the very reverſe of a bantam cock ; his comb's on his feet, and his feathers on his head. Who have we got here ! What are theſe fellows, paſtry-cooks ?

Enter Crab.

Crab. And is this one of your newly acquired accompliſhments, letting your miſtreſs languiſh for a——but you have company, I ſee.

Buck. O, yes, I have been inexpreſſibly happy. Theſe gentlemen are kind enough to treat me, upon my arrival, with what I believe they call in this country a rout. My dear Lor, if you don't favour my flight. But ſee if the toads a'n't tumbling my toilet.

Ld. J. Now's your time, ſteal off; I'll cover your retreat.

Buck. Mac, let La Jonquil follow to re-ſettle my *cheveux.—Je vous remercie mille, mille fois, mon cher* my Lor.

Rack. Hola, Sir Toby, ſtole away !

Buck.

Buck. *O mon Dieu.*

Tally. Poh, rot him, let him alone. He'll never do for our purpoſe. You muſt know we intend to kick up a riot to-night at the play-houſe, and we wanted him of the party; but that fop would ſwoon at the ſight of a cudgel.

Ld. J. Pray, Sir, what is your cauſe of contention?

Tally. Cauſe of contention, hey, faith, I know nothing of the matter. Racket, what is it we are angry about?

Racket. Angry about! Why you know we are to demoliſh the dancers.

Tally. True, true, I had forgot. Will you make one?

Ld. J. I beg to be excuſed.

Rack. May hap you are a friend to the French.

Ld. J. Not I, indeed, Sir. But if the occaſion will permit me a pun, though I am far from being a well-wiſher to their arms, I have no objection to the being entertained by their legs.

Tally. Aye! Why then if you'll come to-night, you'll ſplit your ſides with laughing, for I'll be rot if we don't make them caper higher, and run faſter, than ever they have done ſince the battle of Blenheim. Come along, Racket. [*Exit.*

Ld. J. Was there ever ſuch a contraſt?

Crab. Not ſo remote as you imagine; they are ſcions from the ſame ſtock, ſet in different ſoils. The firſt ſhrub, you ſee, flowers moſt prodigally, but matures nothing; the taſt ſlip, though ſtunted, bears a little fruit; crabbed, 'tis true, but ſtill the growth of the clime. Come, you'll follow your friend. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucinda, *with a Servant.*

Luc. When Mr Crab, or Sir Charles, enquire for me, you will conduct them hither. [*Exit.* Serv.] How I long for an end to this important interview! Not that I have any great expectations from the iſſue; but ſtill, in my circumſtances, a ſtate of ſuſpence is, of all ſituations, the moſt diſagreeable. But huſh, they come.

Enter Sir Charles, Macruthen, Ld. John, *and* Crab.

Buck. Mac, announce me.

Mac. Madam, Sir Charles Buck craves the honour of kiſſing your hand.

Buck. *Très humble ſerviteur. Et comment ſe porte Mademoiſelle.*

demoiſelle. I am raviſhed to ſee thee, *ma chere petite Lucinde.—Eh bien, ma reine!* Why you look divinely, child. But, *mon enfant*, they have dreſſed you moſt diabolically. Why, what a *coiffeuſe* muſt you have, and, *oh mon Dieu*, a total abſence of rouge. But, perhaps, you are out. I had a cargo from Deffreney the day of my departure; ſhall I have the honour to ſupply you?

Luc. You are obliging, Sir, but I confeſs myſelf a convert to the chaſte cuſtoms of this country, and with a commercial people, you know, Sir Charles, all artifice—

Buck. Artifice! You miſtake the point, *ma chere.* A proper proportion of red is an indiſpenſable part of your dreſs; and, in my private opinion, a woman might as well appear, in public, without powder, or a petticoat.

Crab. And, in my private opinion, a woman, who puts on the firſt, would make very little difficulty in pulling off the laſt.

Buck. Oh, Monſieur Crab's judgment muſt be deciſive in dreſs. Well, and what amuſements, what ſpectacles, what parties, what contrivances, to conquer father time, that foe to the fair? I fancy one muſt *ennuier conſiderablement* in your London here.

Luc. Oh, we are in no diſtreſs for diverſions. We have an opera.

Buck. Italien, I ſuppoſe, *pitoiable*, ſhocking, *aſſommant!* Oh, there is no ſupporting their *hi, hi, hi, hi. Ah mon Dieu! Ah, chaſsé brillant ſoleil,*

Brillant ſoleil,
A-t-on jamais veu ton pareil?

There's muſic and melody.

Luc. What a fop!

Buck. But proceed, *ma princeſſe.*

Luc. Oh, then we have plays.

Buck. That I deny, child.

Luc. No plays!

Buck. No.

Luc. The aſſertion is a little whimſical.

Buck. Aye that may be; you have here dramatic things, farcical in their compoſition, and ridiculous in their repreſentation.

Luc. Sir, I own myſelf unequal to the controverſy;

but, ſurely Shakeſpeare—my Lord, this ſubject calls upon you for its defence.

Crab. I know from what fountain this fool has drawn his remarks; the author of the Chineſe Orphan, in the preface to which Mr Voltaire calls the principal works of Shakeſpeare monſtrous farces.

Ld. J. Mr Crab is right, Madam. Mr Voltaire has ſtigmatized with a very unjuſt and a very invidious appellation the principal works of that great maſter of the paſſions; and his apparent motive renders him the more inexcuſable.

Luc. What could it be, my Lord?

Ld. J. The preventing his countrymen from becoming acquainted with our author; that he might be at liberty to pilfer from him with the greater ſecurity.

Luc. Ungenerous, indeed!

Buck. Palpable defamation.

Luc. And as to the exhibition, I have been taught to believe, that for a natural pathetic, and a ſpirited expreſſion, no people upon earth——

Buck. You are impoſed upon, child, the Lequeſne, the Lanoue, the Grandval, the Dumenil, the Gauſſen, what dignity, what action! But, *à propos*, I have myſelf wrote a tragedy in French.

Luc. Indeed!

Buck. En verité, upon Voltaire's plan.

Crab. That muſt be a precious piece of work.

Buck. It is now in repetition at the French comedy. Grandval and La Gauſſen perform the principal parts. Oh, what an *eclat!* What a burſt will it make in the parterre, when the King of Ananamaboe refuſes the perſon of the Princeſs of Cochineal!

Luc. Do you remember the paſſage?

Buck. Entire; and I believe I can convey it in their manner.

Luc. That will be delightful.

Buck. And firſt the King.

Ma chere princeſs, je vous aime, c'eſt vrai;
De ma femme vous portez les charmants attraits.
Mais ce n'eſt pas honnête pour un homme tel que moi,
De tromper ma femme, ou de rompre ma foi.

Luc. Inimitable!

Buck.

Buck. Now the Princeſs; ſhe is, as you may ſuppoſe, in extreme diſtreſs.

Luc. No doubt.

Buck. Mon grand roy, mon cher adorable,
Ayez pitie de moi; je ſuis inconſolable.

[Then he turns his back upon her, at which ſhe in a fury]

Monſtre, ingrat, effreux, horrible, funeſte,
Oh que je vous aime, ah que je vous deteſte!

[Then he]

Penſez vous, madame, à me donner la loi,
Votre haine, votre amour, ſont les mêmes choſes à moi.

Luc. Bravo!

Ld. Y. Bravo, bravo!

Buck. Aye, there's paſſion and poetry, and reaſon and rhime. Oh how I deteſt blood, and blank verſe! There is ſomething ſo ſoft, ſo muſical, and ſo natural, in the rich rhimes of the *Theatre François!*

Ld. Y. I did not know Sir Charles was ſo totally devoted to the *belles lettres.*

Buck. Oh, entirely. 'Tis the ton, the taſte, I am every night at the *Caffé * Procope*, and had not I had the misfortune to be born in this curs'd country, I make no doubt but you would have ſeen my name among the foremoſt of the French academy.

Crab. I ſhould think you might eaſily get over that difficulty, if you will be but ſo obliging as publicly to renounce us. I dare engage not one of your countrymen ſhall contradict or claim you.

Buck. No!—Impoſſible. From the barbarity of my education, I muſt ever be taken for *un Anglois.*

Crab. Never.

Buck. En verité!

Crab. En verité.

Buck. You flatter me.

Crab. But common juſtice.

Mac. Nay, Maiſter Crab is in the right, for I have often heard the French themſelves ſay, Is it poſſible that gentleman can be Britiſh?

* A coffee-houſe oppoſite the French Comedy, where the wits aſſemble every evening.

Buck.

Buck. Obliging creatures! And you concur with them.

Crab. Entirely.

Luc. Entirely.

Ld. J. Entirely.

Buck. How happy you make me!

Crab. Egregious puppy! But we loſe time. A truce to this trumpery. You have read your father's will.

uck. No; I read no Engliſh. When Mac has turned it into French, I may run over the items.

Crab. I have told you the part that concerns the girl. And as your declaration upon it will diſcharge me, I leave you to what you will call an *ecclairciſſement*. Come, my Lord.

Buck. Nay, but Monſieur Crab, my Lor, Mac.

Crab. Along with us. [*Exit.*

Buck. A comfortable ſcrape I am in! What the deuce am I to do? In the language of the place, I am to make love, I ſuppoſe. A pretty employment!

Luc. I fancy my hero is a little puzzled with his part. But now for it.

Buck. A queer creature, that Crab, *ma petite*. But, *à propos*, How d'ye like my Lord.

Luc. He ſeems to have good ſenſe and good breeding.

Buck. Pas trop. But don't you think he has ſomething of a foreign kind of air about him?

Luc. Foreign?

Buck. Aye, ſomething ſo Engliſh in his manner.

Luc. Foreign and Engliſh! I don't comprehend you.

Buck. Why, that is, he has not the eaſe, the *je ne ſçai quoi*, the *bon ton*.—In a word, he does not reſemble me now.

Luc. Not in the leaſt.

Buck. Ah, I thought ſo. He is to be pitied, poor devil, he can't help it. But, *entre nous*, *ma chere*, the fellow has a fortune.

Luc. How does that concern me, Sir Charles?

Buck. Why, *je penſe*, *ma reine*, that your eyes have done execution there.

Luc. My eyes execution!

Buck. Aye, child, is there any thing ſo extraordinary in that? *Ma foi*, I thought by the vivacity of his praiſe, that he had already ſummoned the garriſon to ſurrender.

Luc. To carry on the alluſion, I believe my Lord is too

too good a commander, to commence a fruitleſs ſiege. He could not but know the condition of the town.

Buck. Condition! Explain, *ma chere.*

Luc. I was in hopes your interview with Mr Crab had made that unneceſſary.

Buck. Oh, aye, I do recollect ſomething of a ridiculous article about marriage, in a will. But what a plot againſt the peace of two poor people! Well, the malice of ſome men is amazing! Not content with doing all the miſchief they can in their life, they are for entailing their malevolence, like their eſtates, to lateſt poſterity.

Luc. Your contempt of me, Sir Charles, I receive as a compliment. But the infinite obligations I owe to the man, who had the misfortune to call you ſon, compel me to inſiſt, that in my preſence, at leaſt, no indignity be offered to his memory.

Buck. Heydey! What, in heroics, *ma reine!*

Luc. Ungrateful, unfilial wretch! So ſoon to trample on his aſhes, whoſe fond heart, the greateſt load of his laſt hours, were his fears for thy future welfare.

Buck. Ma foi, elle eſt folle, ſhe is mad, *ſans doute.*

Luc. But I am to blame. Can he who breaks through one ſacred relation regard another? Can the monſter who is corrupt enough to contemn the place of his birth, reverence thoſe who gave him being?——impoſſible.

Buck. Ah, a pretty monologue, a fine ſoliloquy this, child.

Luc. Contemptible. But I am cool.

Buck. I am mighty glad of it. Now we ſhall underſtand one another, I hope.

Luc. We do underſtand one another. You have already been kind enough to refuſe me. Nothing is wanting but a formal rejection under your hand, and ſo concludes our acquaintance.

Buck. Vous allez trop vite, you are too quick, *ma chere.* If I recollect, the conſequence of this rejection is my paying you twenty thouſand pounds.

Luc. True.

Buck. Now that have not I the leaſt inclination to do.

Luc. No, Sir? Why you own that marriage—

Buck. Is my averſion. I'll give you that under my hand, if you pleaſe; but I have a prodigious love for the *Louis'*.

Luc.

Luc. Oh, we'll ſoon ſettle that diſpute; the law——

Buck. But hold, *ma reine.* I don't find that my provident father has preciſely determined the time of this comfortable conjunction. So, tho' I am condemned, the day of execution is not fixed.

Luc. Sir!

Buck. I ſay, my ſoul, there goes no more to your dying a maid than my living a bachelor.

Luc. O, Sir, I ſhall find a remedy.

Buck. But now ſuppoſe, *ma belle,* I have found one to your hand?

Luc. As how? Name one.

Buck. I'll name two. And firſt, *mon enfant*; tho' I have an irreſiſtible antipathy to the conjugal knot, yet I am by no means blind to your perſonal charms; in the poſſeſſion of which, if you pleaſe to place me, not only the aforeſaid twenty thouſand pounds, but the whole *terre* of your devoted ſhall fall at your——

Luc. Grant me patience!

Buck. Indeed you want it, my dear. But if you flounce, I fly.

Luc. Quick, Sir, your other. For this is—

Buck. I grant, not quite ſo faſhionable as my other. It is then, in a word, that you would let this lubberly lord make you a lady, and appoint me his aſſiſtant, his private friend, his *ciciſbei.* And as we are to be joint partners of your perſon, let us be equal ſharers in your fortune, *ma belle.*

Luc. Thou mean, abject, mercenary thing. Thy miſtreſs! Gracious heaven! Univerſal empire ſhould not bribe me to be thy bride. And what apology, what excuſe could a woman of the leaſt ſenſe or ſpirit make for ſo unnatural a connection!

Buck. Fort bien!

Luc. Where are thy attractions? Canſt thou be weak enough to ſuppoſe thy frippery dreſs, thy affectation, thy grimace, could influence beyond the borders of a brothel?

Buck. Très bien!

Luc. And what are thy improvements? Thy air is a copy from thy barber: For thy dreſs, thou art indebted to thy tailor. Thou haſt loſt thy native language, and brought home none in exchange for it.

Buck. Extrêmement bien!

Luc.

Luc. Had not thy vanity ſo ſoon expoſed thy villainy, I might in reverence to that name, to which thou art a diſgrace, have taken a wretched chance with thee for life.

Buck. I am obliged to you for that. And a pretty pacific partner I ſhould have had. Why, look'ee child, you have been, to be ſure, very eloquent, and upon the whole, not unentertaining: Tho' by the bye, you have forgot, in your catalogue, one of my foreign acquiſitions; *c'eſt-à-dire*, that I can, with a moſt intrepid *ſang froid*, without a ſingle emotion, ſupport all this ſtorm of female fury. But, *adieu*, *ma belle*. And when a cool hour of reflection has made you ſenſible of the propriety of my propoſals, I ſhall expect the honour of a card.

Luc. Be gone for ever.

Buck. Pour jamais! Foregad ſhe would make an admirable actreſs. If I once get her to Paris, ſhe ſhall play a part in my piece. [*Exit.*

Luc. I am aſhamed, this thing has had the power to move me thus. Who waits there? Dear Mr Crab——

Enter Lord John *and* Crab.

Ld. J. We have been unwillingly, Madam, ſilent witneſſes to this ſhameful ſcene. I bluſh that a creature, who wears the outward mark of humanity, ſhould be in his morals ſo much below—

Crab. Prithee, why didſt thou not call thy maids, and toſs the booby in a blanket?

Ld. J. If I might be permitted, Madam, to conclude what I intended ſaying, when interrupted by Mr Crab—

Luc. My Lord, don't think me guilty of affectation. I believe, I gueſs at your generous deſign; but my temper is really ſo ruffled, beſides I am meditating a piece of female revenge on this coxcomb.

Ld. J. Dear Madam, can I aſſiſt?

Luc. Only by deſiring my maid to bring hither the tea. —My Lord, I am confounded at the liberty, but—

Ld. J. No apology. You honour me, Madam.

Crab. And prithee, wench, what is thy ſcheme?

Luc. Oh, a very harmleſs one, I promiſe you.

Crab. Zounds, I am ſorry for it. I long to ſee the puppy ſeverely puniſhed, methinks.

Luc. Sir Charles, I fancy, can't be yet got out of the houſe. Will you deſire him to ſtep hither?

Crab.

Crab. I'll bring him.

Luc. No, I wiſh to have him alone.

Crab. Why then I'll ſend him. [*Exit.*

Enter Lettice.

Luc. Place theſe things on the table, a chair on each ſide: very well. Do you keep within call. But hark, he is here. Leave me, Lettice. [*Exit* Lettice.

Enter Buck.

Buck. So, ſo, I thought ſhe would come to; but, I confeſs not altogether ſo ſoon. *Eh bien, ma belle,* ſee me ready to receive your commands.

Luc. Pray be ſeated, Sir Charles. I am afraid the natural warmth of my temper might have hurried me into ſome expreſſions not altogether ſo ſuitable.

Buck. Ah *bagatelle.* Name it not.

Luc. Voulez-vous du thé, Monſieur?

Buck. Volontiers. This tea is a pretty innocent kind of *leverage;* I wonder the French don't take it. I have ſome thoughts of giving it a faſhion next winter.

Luc. That will be very obliging. It is of extreme ſervice to the ladies this ſide the water, you know.

Buck. True, it promotes parties, and infuſes a kind of ſpirit of converſation, and that—

Luc. En voulez-vous encore?

Buck. Je vous rends mille graces. But what has occaſioned me, *ma reine,* the honour of your meſſage by Mr Crab?

Luc. The favours I have received from your family, Sir Charles, I thought, demanded from me, at my quitting your houſe, a more decent and ceremonious adieu, than our laſt interview would admit of.

Buck. Is that all, *ma chere?* I thought your flinty heart had at laſt relented. Well, *ma reine,* adieu.

Luc. Can you then leave me?

Buck. The fates will have it ſo.

Luc. Go then, perfidious traitor, be gone; I have this conſolation, however, that if I cannot legally poſſeſs you, no other woman ſhall.

Buck. Hey, how, what?

Luc. And though the pleaſure of living with you is denied me, in our deaths at leaſt we ſhall ſoon be united.

Buck.

Buck. Soon be united in death? When, child?

Luc. Within this hour.

Buck. Which way?

Luc. The fatal draught's already at my heart. I feel it here; it runs through every pore. Pangs, pangs unutterable! The tea we drank, urged by deſpair and love—Oh!

Buck. Well!

Luc. I poiſon'd—

Buck. The devil!

Luc. And as my generous heart would have ſhared all with you, I gave you half—

Buck. Oh, curſe your generoſity!

Luc. Indulge me in the cold comfort of a laſt embrace.

Buck. Embrace! O confound you! But it mayn't be too late. Macruthen, Jonquil! phyſicians, apothecaries, oil and antidotes. Oh! *je meurs, je meurs.* Ah, la diableſſe! [*Exit.*

Enter Lord John *and* Crab.

Crab. A brave wench. I could kiſs thee for this contrivance.

Ld. J. He really deſerves it all.

Crab. Deſerves it! Hang him. But the ſenſible reſentment of this girl has almoſt reconciled me to the world again. But ſtay, let us ſee—Can't we make a further uſe of the puppy's puniſhment? I ſuppoſe, we may very ſafely depend on your contempt of him?

Luc. Moſt ſecurely.

Crab. And this young thing here has been breathing paſſions and proteſtations. But I'll take care, my girl ſha'nt go a beggar to any man's bed. We muſt have this twenty thouſand pound, Lucy.

Ld. J. I regard it not. Let me be happy, and let him be——

Crab. Pſha, don't ſcorch me with thy flames. Reſerve your raptures; or, if they muſt have vent, retire into that room, whilſt I go plague the puppy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Buck, Macruthen, Jonquil, Bearnois, La Loire, Phyſician, Surgeon. Buck *in a cap and night gown.*

Surg. This copious phlebotomy will abate the inflammation, and if the ſix bliſters on your head and back riſe, why there may be hopes.

Buck. Cold comfort. I burn, I burn, I burn—Ah, there's a ſhoot. And now, again, I freeze.

Mac. Aye, they are ſymptoms of a ſtrong poiſon.

Buck. Oh, I am on the rack.

Mac. Oh, if it be got to the vitals, a fig for aw antidotes.

Enter Crab.

Crab. Where is this miſerable devil? What's he alive ſtill?

Mac. In gude troth, and that's aw.

Buck. Oh!

Crab. So you have made a pretty piece of work on't, young man!

Buck. O what could provoke me to return from Paris?

Crab. Had you never been there, this could not have happened.

Enter Racket *and* Tallyhoe.

Rack. Where is he?—He's dead man, his eyes are fix'd already.

Buck. Oh!

Tally. Who poiſon'd him, Racket?

Rack. Gad I don't know. His French cook, I reckon.

Crab. Were there a poſſibility of thy reformation, I have yet a ſecret to reſtore thee.

Buck. Oh give it, give it.

Crab. Not ſo faſt. It muſt be on good conditions.

Buck. Name 'em. Take my eſtate, my—ſave but my life, take all.

Crab. Firſt then renounce thy right to that lady, whoſe juſt reſentment has drawn this puniſhment upon thee; and, in which ſhe is an unhappy partaker.

Buck. I renounce her from my ſoul.

Crab. To this declaration you are witneſſes. Next, your tawdry trappings, your foreign foppery, your waſhes, patches, pomades, muſt blaze before your door.

Buck. What, all?

Crab. All; not a rag ſhall be reſerved. The execution of this part of your ſentence ſhall be aſſigned to your old friends here.

Buck. Well, take 'em.

Tally.

Tally. Huzza, come Racket, let's rummage.

(*Exeunt* Racket *and* Tallyhoe.

Crab. And, laſtly, I'll have theſe exotic attendants, theſe inſtruments of your luxury, theſe panders to your pride, pack'd in the firſt cart, and ſent poſt to the place from whence they came.

Buck. Spare me but *La Jonquil.*

Crab. Not an inſtant. The importation of theſe puppies makes a part of the politics of your old friends the French; unable to reſiſt you whilſt you retain your ancient roughneſs, they have recourſe to theſe minions, who would firſt, by unmanly means, ſap and ſoften all your native ſpirit, and then deliver you an eaſy prey to their employers.

Buck. Since then it muſt be ſo, *adieu, La Jonquil.*

(*Exeunt* Jonquil *and* Bearnois.

Crab. And now to the remedy. Come forth, Lucinda.

Enter Lucinda *and* Lord John.

Buck. Hey, why, did not ſhe ſwallow the poiſon?

Crab. No; nor you neither, you blockhead.

Buck. Why, did not I leave you in pangs?

Luc. Aye, put on. The tea was innocent, upon my honour, Sir Charles. But you allow me to be an excellent actreſs.

Buck. Oh, curſe your talents!

Crab. This fellow's public renunciation has put your perſon and fortune in your own power; and if you were ſincere in your declaration of being directed by me, beſtow it there.

Luc. As a proof of my ſincerity, my Lord, receive it.

Ld. J. With more tranſport, than Sir Charles the news of his ſafety.

Luc. to Buck. You are not, at preſent, in a condition to take poſſeſſion of your poſt.

Buck. What?

Luc. Oh, you recollect; my Lord's private friend; his aſſiſtant, you know.

Buck. Oh, ho!

Mac. But, Sir Charles, as I find the affair of the poiſon was but a joke, had na'ye better withdraw, and tack off your bliſters?

Crab. No, let 'em ſtick. He wants 'em. And now concludes my care. But before we cloſe the ſcene, receive,

young

young man, this laſt advice from the old friend of your father; as it is your happineſs to be born a Briton, let it be your boaſt; know that the bleſſings of liberty are your birth-right, which while you preſerve, other nations may envy or fear, but can never conquer or contemn you. Believe, that French faſhions are as ill ſuited to the genius, as their politics are pernicious to the peace of your native land.

A convert to theſe ſacred truths, you'll find,
That poiſon for you puniſhment deſign'd
Will prove a wholſome medicine to your mind.

(Exeunt omnes.

THE

THE

AUTHOR;

A COMEDY,

OF TWO ACTS.

PROLOGUE.

Written and Spoken by Mr Foote.

SEVERE their taſk, who, in this critic age,
With freſh materials furniſh out the ſtage!
Not that our fathers drain'd the comic ſtore;
Freſh characters ſpring up as heretofore——
Nature with novelty does ſtill abound;
On every ſide freſh follies may be found.
But then the taſte of every gueſt to hit,
To pleaſe at once the gall'ry, box, and pit,
Requires at leaſt—no common ſhare of wit.
Thoſe, who adorn the orb of higher life,
Demand the lively rake, or modiſh wife;
Whilſt they, who in a lower circle move,
Yawn at their wit, and ſlumber at their love.
If light, low mirth employs the comic ſcene,
Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the ſpleen;
The poliſh'd critic damns the wretched ſtuff,
And cries—" 'Twill pleaſe the galleries well enough."
Such jarring judgments who can reconcile,
Since fops will frown, where humble traders ſmile?
To daſh the poet's ineffectual claim,
And quench his thirſt for univerſal fame,
The Grecian fabuliſt, in moral lay,
Has thus addreſs'd the writers of this day.
Once on a time, a Son and Sire, we're told,
The ſtripling tender, and the father old,
Purchas'd a jack-aſs at a country fair,
To eaſe their limbs, and hawk about their ware:
But as the ſluggiſh animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both ſhould mount, his back would break:
Up gets the boy; the father leads the aſs,
And through the gazing crowd attempts to paſs;
Forth from the throng the grey-beards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble ſhout.
" This the reſpect to reverend age you ſhew?
And this the duty you to parents owe?
He beats the hoof, and you are ſet aſtride;
Sirrah! get down, and let your father ride."
As Grecian lads were ſeldom void of grace,
The decent, duteous youth, reſign'd his place.
Then a freſh murmur through the rabble ran;
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man.

" Sure

" Sure never was brute beaſt ſo void of nature!
Have you no pity for the pretty creature?
To your own baby can you be unkind?
Here—Suke, Bill, Betty—put the child behind."
Old Dapple next the clowns compaſſion claim'd;
" 'Tis wonderment, them boobies ben't aſham'd.
Two at a time upon a poor dumb beaſt!
They might as well have carried he at leaſt."
The pair, ſtill pliant to the partial voice,
Diſmount and bear the aſs—Then what a noiſe!——
Huzzas—loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet ſilent ſire theſe words provoke.
Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call,
Vain his attempt who ſtrives to pleaſe them all!"

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Written by a LADY, and ſpoken by Mrs CLIVE.

WELL—thank my ſtars, that I have done my taſk,
And now throw off this aukward, ideot maſk.
Cou'd we ſuppoſe this circle ſo refin'd,
Who ſeek thoſe pleaſures that improve the mind,
Cou'd from ſuch vulgariſms feel delight;
Or laugh at characters ſo unpolite?
Who come to plays, to ſee and to be ſeen;
Not to hear things that ſhock, or give the ſpleen;
Who ſhun an opera, when they hear 'tis thin.
"Lord! do you know?" ſays Lady Bell—"I'm told
That Jacky Dapple got ſo great a cold
Laſt Tueſday night—There wa'n't a creature there;
Not a male thing to hand one to one's chair.
Divine Mingotti! what a ſwell has ſhe!
O! ſuch a ſuſtinuto upon B!
Ma'am, when ſhe's quite in voice, ſhe'll go to C!"
"Lord," ſays my Lady Engliſh—"here's a pother!
Go where ſhe will, I'll never ſee another."
Her Ladyſhip, half choak'd with London air,
And brought to town to ſee the ſights—and ſtare.
"Fine ſinging that!—I'm ſure it's more like ſcreaming:
To me, I vow, they're all a pack of women!
Oh barbare!—Inhumana!—Tramontane!——
Does not this creature come from Pudding-Lane?
Look, look, my Lord!—She goggles!—Ha, ha, pray be quiet;
Dear Lady Bell, for ſhame! You'll make a riot.
Why will they mix with us to make a rout?
Bring in a bill, my Lord, to keep 'em out."
"We'll have a Taſte Act, faith!"—my Lord replied;
"And ſhut out all that are not qualified."
Thus ridicule is bounded like a ball,
Struck by the great, then anſwer'd by the ſmall;
While we, at times, return it to you all.
A ſkilful hand will ne'er your rage provoke;
For though it hits you, you'll applaud the ſtroke;
Let it but only glance, you'll never frown;
Nay, you'll forgive, tho't knocks your neighbour down.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

At Drury-Lane, 1782.

Governor Cape,	Mr WRIGHTEN.
Young Cape,	Mr AIKIN.
Sprightly,	Mr R. PALMER.
Cadwallader,	Mr BANNISTER.
Poet,	Mr WALDRON.
Vamp,	Mr MOODY.
Printer's Devil,	Mr BURTON.
Robin,	Mr CHAPLIN.
Mrs Cadwallader,	Mrs WRIGHTEN.
Miſs Arabella,	Mrs SHARP.

ACT I.

Governor Cape *and* Robin.

Gov. AND he believes me dead, Robin?

Rob. Moſt certainly.

Gov. You have given him no intimation that his fortunes might mend.

Rob. Not a diſtant hint.

Gov. How did he receive the news?

Rob. Calmly enough: When I told him that his hopes from abroad were at an end, that the friend of his deceaſed father thought he had done enough in putting it in his power to earn his own livelihood, he replied 'twas no more than he had long expected; charged me with his warmeſt acknowledgments to his conceal'd benefactor; thanked me for my care, ſigh'd, and left me.

Gov. And how has he lived ſince?

Rob. Poorly, but honeſtly: To his pen he owes all his ſubſiſtence. I am ſure my heart bleeds for him: Conſider, Sir, to what temptations you expoſe him.

Gov. The ſeverer his trials, the greater his triumph. Shall the fruits of my honeſt induſtry, the purchaſe of many perils, be laviſh'd on a lazy luxurious booby, who has no other merit than being born five and twenty years after me? No, no, Robin; him, and a profuſion of debts, were all that the extravagance of his mother left me.

Rob. You loved her, Sir.

Gov. Fondly.—Nay, fooliſhly, or neceſſity had not compell'd me to ſeek for ſhelter in another climate. 'Tis true, fortune has been favourable to my labours, and when George convinces me that he inherits my ſpirit, he ſhall ſhare my property; not elſe.

Rob. Conſider, Sir, he has not your opportunities.

Gov. Nor had I his education.

Rob. As the world goes, the worſt you cou'd have given him. Lack-a-day, learning, learning, Sir, is no commodity for this market; nothing makes money here, Sir, but money; or ſome certain faſhionable qualities that you would not wiſh your ſon to poſſeſs.

Gov. Learning uſeleſs? Impoſſible!—Where are the Oxfords,

Oxfords, the Halifaxes, the great protectors and patrons of the liberal arts ?

Rob. Patron !—The word has loſt its uſe ; a guinea ſubſcription at the requeſt of a lady, whoſe chambermaid is acquainted with the author, may be now and then pick'd up—Protectors ! Why I dare believe there's more money laid out upon Iſlington turnpike in a month, than upon all the learned men in Great Britain in ſeven years.

Gov. And yet the preſs groans with their productions. How do they all exiſt ?

Rob. In garrets, Sir ; as, if you will ſtep to your ſon's apartments in the next ſtreet, you will ſee.

Gov. But what apology ſhall we make for the viſit ?

Rob. That you want the aid of his profeſſion ; a well penn'd addreſs now, from the ſubjects of your late government, with your gracious reply, to put into the newſpapers.

Gov. Aye ; is that part of his practice ?—Well, lead on, Robin.

Scene draws and diſcovers Young Cape *with the* Printer's Devil.

Cape. Prythee go about thy buſineſs—Vaniſh, dear Devil.

Devil. Maſter bid me not come without the proof ; he ſays as how there are two other anſwers ready for the preſs, and if your's don't come out a Saturday 'twon't pay for the paper ; but you are always ſo lazy : I have more plague with you—There's Mr Guzzle, the tranſlator, never keeps me a minute—unleſs the poor gentleman happens to be fuddled.

Cape. Why, you little ſooty, ſniv'ling, diabolical puppy, is it not ſufficient to be plagu'd with the ſtupidity of your abſurd maſter, but I muſt be peſter'd with your impertinence ?

Devil. Impertinence !—Marry, come up, I keep as good company as your worſhip every day in the year—There's Maſter Clench, in Little Britain, does not think it beneath him to take part of a pot of porter with me, though he has wrote two volumes of lives in quarto, and has a folio a coming out in numbers.

Cape. Harky', Sirrah, if you don't quit the room this inſtant,

inſtant, I'll ſhew you a ſhorter way into the ſtreet than the ſtairs.

Devil. I ſhall ſave you the trouble—Give me the French book that you took the ſtory from for the laſt Journal.

Cape. Take it—[*throws it at him.*]

Devil. What, d'ye think it belongs to the circulating library, or that it is one of your own performances, that you—

Cape. You ſhall have a larger—[*Exit.* Devil.] 'Sdeath! a pretty ſituation I am in! And are theſe the fruits I am to reap from a long, laborious, and expenſive—

Re-enter Devil.

Devil. I had like to have forgot, here's your week's pay for the newſpaper, five and five pence, which with the two-and-a-penny, Maſter paſs'd his word for to Mrs Suds, your waſher-woman, makes the three half crowns.

Cape. Lay it on the table.

Devil. Here's a man on the ſtairs wants you; by the ſheepiſhneſs of his looks, and the ſhabbineſs of his dreſs, he's either a pick-pocket, or poet—Here, walk in, Mr What-d'ye-call-'um, the gentleman's at home.

[*Surveys the figure, laughs, and exit.*

Enter Poet.

Poet. Your name, I preſume, is Cape.

Cape. You have hit it, Sir.

Poet. Sir, I beg pardon; you are a gentleman that write?

Cape. Sometimes.

Poet. Why, Sir, my caſe, in a word, is this; I, like you, have long been a retainer of the muſes, as you may ſee by their livery.

Cape. They have not diſcarded you, I hope.

Poet. No, Sir, but their upper ſervants, the bookſellers, have. I printed a collection of jeſts upon my own account, and they have ever ſince refuſed to employ me; you, Sir, I hear, are in their graces: Now I have brought you, Sir, three imitations of Juvenal in proſe; Tully's Oration for Milo, in blank verſe; two Eſſays on the Britiſh Herring Fiſhery, with a large collection of Rebuſſes; which, if you will diſpoſe of to them, in your own name, we'll divide the profits.

Cape. I am really, Sir, ſorry for your diſtreſs, but I have

a larger cargo of my own manufacturing than they chuſe to engage in.

Poet. That's pity; you have nothing in the compiling or index way, that you wou'd intruſt to the care of another?

Cape. Nothing.

Poet. I'll do it at half price.

Cape. I'm concerned it is not in my power at preſent to be uſeful to you; but if this trifle—

Poet. Sir, your ſervant, ſhall I leave you any of my—

Cape. By no means.

Poet. An eſſay or an ode?

Cape. Not a line.

Poet. Your very obedient.— [*Exit.* Poet.

Cape. Poor fellow! and how far am I removed from his condition! Virgil had his Pollio; Horace his Mecænas; Martial his Pliny: My protectors are Title Page, the publiſher; Vamp, the bookſeller; and Index, the printer. A moſt noble triumvirate; and the raſcals are as proſcriptive and arbitrary, as the famous Roman one, into the bargain.

Enter Sprightly.

Spri. What! in ſoliloquy, George? Reciting ſome of the pleaſantries, I ſuppoſe, in your new piece.

Cape. My diſpoſition has, at preſent, very little of the *vis comica*.

Spri. What's the matter?

Cape. Survey that maſs of wealth upon the table; all my own, and earn'd in little more than a week.

Spri. Why, 'tis an inexhauſtible mine!

Cape. Ay, and delivered to me, too, with all the ſoft civility of Billingſgate, by a printer's prime miniſter, call'd a Devil.

Spri. I met the imp upon the ſtairs; but I thought theſe midwives to the muſes were the idolizers of you, their favourite ſons.

Cape. Our tyrants, Tom. Had I, indeed, a poſthumous piece of infidelity, or an amorous novel, decorated with luſcious copper-plates, the ſlaves would be civil enough.

Spri. Why don't you publiſh your own works?

Cape. What! and paper my room with 'em? no, no, that will never do; there are ſecrets in all trades; ours is one great

great myſtery, but the explanation would be too tedious at preſent.

Spri. Then why don't you divert your attention to ſome other object?

Cape. That ſubject was employing my thoughts.

Spri. How have you reſolved?

Cape. I have, I think, at preſent two ſtrings to my bow; if my comedy ſucceeds, it buys me a commiſſion; if my miſtreſs, my Laura, proves kind, I am ſettled for life; but if both my cords ſnap, adieu to the quill, and welcome the muſquet.

Spri. Heroically determined!—But *à propos*—how proceeds your honourable paſſion?

Cape. But ſlowly—I believe I have a friend in her heart, but a moſt potent enemy in her head: You know, I am poor, and ſhe is prudent. With regard to her fortune too, I believe her brother's conſent eſſentially neceſſary—But you promiſed to make me acquainted with him.

Spri. I expect him here every inſtant. He may, George, be uſeful to you in more than one capacity; if your comedy is not crowded, he is a character, I can tell you, that will make no contemptible figure in it.

Cape. His ſiſter gave me a ſketch of him laſt ſummer.

Spri. A ſketch can never convey him. His peculiarities require infinite labour and high finiſhing.

Cape. Give me the outlines.

Spri. He is a compound of contrarieties; pride and meanneſs; folly and archneſs: At the ſame time that he wou'd take the wall of a Prince of the Blood, he would not ſcruple eating a fry'd ſauſage at the Meuſgate. There is a minuteneſs, now and then, in his deſcriptions; and ſome whimſical, unaccountable turns in his converſation, that are entertaining enough: But the extravagance and oddity of his manner, and the boaſt of his birth, complete his character.

Cape. But how will a perſon of his pride and pedigree, reliſh the humility of this apartment?

Spri. Oh, he is prepar'd—You are, George, though prodigiouſly learn'd and ingenious, an abſtracted being, odd and whimſical; the caſe with all you great geniuſes: You love the ſnug, the chimney corner of life; and retire to this obſcure nook, merely to avoid the importunity of the great.

Cape.

Cape. Your ſervant——But what attraction can a character of this kind have for Mr Cadwallader?

Spri. Infinite! next to a Peer, he honours a poet: and modeſtly imputes his not making a figure in the learned world himſelf to the neglect of his education—huſh! he's on the ſtairs—on with your cap, and open your book. Remember great dignity and abſence.

Enter Vamp.

Cape. Oh, no; 'tis Mr Vamp: Your commands, good Sir?

Vamp. I have a word, Maſter Cape, for your private ear.

Cape. You may communicate; this gentleman is a friend.

Vamp. An author?

Cape. Voluminous.

Vamp. In what way?

Cape. Univerſal.

Vamp. Bleſs me! he's very young, and exceedingly well rigg'd; what, a good ſubſcription, I reckon.

Cape. Not a month from Leyden; an admirable theologiſt! he ſtudy'd it in Germany; if you ſhou'd want ſuch a thing now, as ten or a dozen manuſcript ſermons, by a deceas'd clergyman, I believe he can ſupply you.

Vamp. No.

Cape. Warranted originals.

Vamp. No, no, I don't deal in the ſermon way, now; I loſt money by the laſt I printed, for all 'twas wrote by a Methodiſt; but, I believe, Sir, if they be'nt long, and have a good deal of Latin in 'em, I can get you a chap.

Spri. For what, Sir?

Vamp. The manuſcript ſermons you have wrote, and want to diſpoſe of.

Spri. Sermons that I have wrote?

Vamp. Ay, ay; Maſter Cape has been telling me—

Spri. He has; I am mightily oblig'd to him.

Vamp. Nay, nay, don't be afraid; I'll keep council; old Vamp had not kept a ſhop ſo long at the Turnſtile, if he did not know how to be ſecret; why, in the year forty-five, when I was in the treaſonable way, I never ſqueak'd; I never gave up but one author in my life, and he was dying of a conſumption, ſo it never came to a trial.

Spri. Indeed!

Vamp.

Vamp. Never——look here [*Shews the ſide of his head*] crop'd cloſe!—bare as a board!—and for nothing in the world but an innocent book of bawdy, as I hope for mercy: Oh! the laws are very hard, very ſevere upon us.

Spri. You have given me, Sir, ſo poſitive a proof of your ſecreſy that you may rely upon my communication.

Vamp. You will be ſafe—but gadſo, we muſt mind buſineſs, though; here, Maſter Cape, you muſt provide me with three taking titles for theſe pamphlets, and if you can think of a pat Latin motto for the largeſt—

Cape. They ſhall be done.

Vamp. Do ſo, do ſo. Books are like women, Maſter Cape; to ſtrike, they muſt be well-dreſs'd; fine feathers make find birds; a good paper, an elegant type, a handſome motto, and a catching title, has drove many a dull treatiſe through three editions—Did you know Harry Handy?

Spri. Not that I recollect.

Vamp. He was a pretty fellow; he had his Latin *ad unguem*, as they ſay; he would have turn'd you a fable of Dryden's, or an epiſtle of Pope's into Latin verſe in a twinkling; except Peter Haſty, the voyage-writer, he was as great a loſs to the trade as any within my memory.

Cape. What carried him off?

Vamp. A halter; hang'd for clipping and coining, Maſter Cape; I thought there was ſomething the matter by his not coming to our ſhop for a month or two: he was a pretty fellow!

Spri. Were you a great loſer by his death?

Vamp. I can't ſay:—As he had taken to another courſe of living, his execution made a noiſe; it ſold me ſeven hundred of his tranſlations, beſides his laſt dying ſpeech and confeſſion; I got it; he was mindful of his friends in his laſt moments: he was a pretty fellow!

Cape. You have no farther commands, Mr Vamp?

Vamp. Not at preſent; about the ſpring I'll deal with you, if we can agree for a couple of volumes in octavo.

Spri. Upon what ſubject?

Vamp. I leave that to him; Maſter Cape knows what will do, though novels are a pretty light ſummer reading, and do very well at Tunbridge, Briſtol, and the other watering places: no bad commodity for the Weſt India trade neither; let 'em be novels, Maſter Cape.

Cape. You ſhall be certainly ſupply'd.

Vamp. I doubt not; pray how does Index go on with your Journal?

Cape. He does not complain.

Vamp. Ah, I knew the time—but you have over-ſtock'd the market. Titlepage and I had once lik'd to have engag'd in a paper. We had got a young Cantab for the eſſays; a pretty hiſtorian from Aberdeen; and an attorney's clerk for the true intelligence; but I don't know how, it drop'd for want of a politician.

Cape. If in that capacity I can be of any—

Vamp. No, thank you, Maſter Cape; in half a year's time, I have a grandſon of my own that will come in; he's now in training as a waiter at the Cocoa-tree coffee-houſe; I intend giving him the run of Jonathan's for three months to underſtand trade and the funds; and then I'll ſtart him—no, no, you have enough on your hands; ſtick to your buſineſs: and d'ye hear, 'ware clipping and coining; remember Harry Handy; he was a pretty fellow!

[*Exit.*

Spri. And I'm ſure thou art a moſt extraordinary fellow! But prythee, George, what cou'd provoke thee to make me a writer of ſermons?

Cape. You ſeem'd deſirous of being acquainted with our buſineſs, and I knew old Vamp wou'd let you more into the ſecret in five minutes, than I cou'd in as many hours.

[*Knocking below, loud.*

Spri. Cape, to your poſt; here they are e'faith, a coach-ful! Let's ſee, Mr and Mrs Cadwallader, and your flame, the ſiſter, as I live.

(Cadwallader *without*). Pray, by the bye, han't you a poet above?

(Without). Higher up.

Cad. Egad, I wonder what makes your poets have ſuch an averſion to middle floors—they are always to be found in the extremities; in garrets, or cellars—

Enter Mr *and* Mrs Cadwallader *and* Arabella.

Cad. Ah, Sprightly!

Spri. Huſh!

Cad. Hey, what's the matter?

Spri. Hard at it; untwiſting ſome knotty point; totally abſorb'd!

Cad.

Cad. Gadſo, what, that's he! Beck, Bell, there he is, egad, as great a poet, and as ingenious a——what's he about?—Hebrew?

Spri. Weaving the whole Æneid into a tragedy: I have been here this half hour, but he has not mark'd me yet.

Cad. Cou'd not I take a peep?

Spri. An earthquake wou'd not rouze him.

Cad. He ſeems in a damn'd paſſion.

Cape. The belt of Pallas! nor prayers, nor tears, nor ſupplicating gods ſhall ſave thee now.

Cad. Hey! zounds, what the devil? who?

Cape. ——*Pallas! te hoc vulnere, Pallas*
Immolat, & pœnam ſcelerato ex ſanguine ſumit.

Cad. Damn your palace; I wiſh I was well out of your garret.

Cape. Sir, I beg ten thouſand pardons: ladies, your moſt devoted. You will excuſe me, Sir, but being juſt on the cataſtrophe of my tragedy, I am afraid the poetic furor may have betray'd me into ſome indecency.

Spri. Oh, Mr Cadwallader is too great a genius himſelf, not to allow for theſe intemperate ſallies of a heated imagination.

Cad. Genius! Look ye hear, Mr What's-your-name?

Cape. Cape.

Cad. Cape! True; though by the bye here, hey! You live deviliſh high; but perhaps you may chuſe that for exerciſe, hey! Sprightly! Genius! Look'e here, Mr Cape, I had as pretty natural parts, as fine talents!—but between you and I, I had a damn'd fool of a guardian, an ignorant, illiterate, ecod—he cou'd as ſoon pay the national debt as write his own name, and ſo was reſolved to make his ward no wiſer than himſelf, I think.

Spri. Oh! fye, Mr Cadwallader, you don't do yourſelf juſtice.

Cape. Indeed, Sir, we muſt contradict you, we can't ſuffer this defamation. I have more than once heard Mr Cadwallader's literary acquiſitions loudly talk'd of.

Cad. Have you?—no, no, it can't be, hey! though let me tell you, laſt winter, before I had the meaſles, I cou'd have made as good a ſpeech upon any ſubject, in Italian, French, German—but I am all unhing'd; all—Oh! Lord, Mr Cape, this is Becky; my dear Becky, child, this is a great poet—ah, but ſhe does not know what that is—

is—a little fooliſh or ſo, but of a very good family—here, Becky, child, won't you aſk Mr Cape to come and ſee you?

Mrs Cad. As Dicky ſays, I ſhall be glad to ſee you at our houſe, Sir.

Cape. I have too great a regard for my own happineſs, Ma'am, to miſs ſo certain an opportunity of creating it.

Mrs Cad. Hey! What?

Cape. My inclinations, as well as my duty, I ſay, will compel me to obey your kind injunctions.

Mrs Cad. What does he ſay, our Bell?

Arab. Oh, that he can have no greater pleaſure than waiting on you.

Mrs Cad. I'm ſure that's more his goodneſs than my deſert; but when you be'nt better engag'd we ſhou'd be glad of your company of an evening to make one with our Dicky, ſiſter Bell, and I, at whiſk and ſwabbers.

Cad. Hey, ecod do, Cape, come and look at her grotto and ſhells, and ſee what ſhe has got—well, he'll come, Beck, —ecod do, and ſhe'll come to the third night of your tragedy, hey! won't you, Beck?—is'nt ſhe a fine girl? hey, you; humour her a little, do;—hey, Beck; he ſays you are as fine a woman as ever he—ecod who knows but he may make a copy of verſes on you?—there, go, and have a little chat with her, talk any nonſenſe to her, no matter what; ſhe's a damn'd fool, and won't know the difference —there, go, Beck—well, Sprightly, hey! what are you and Bell like to come together? Oh, ecod, they tell me, Mr Sprightly, that you have frequently Lords and Viſcounts, and Earls, that take a dinner with you; now I ſhou'd look upon it as a very particular favour, if you would invite me at the ſame time, hey! will you?

Spri. You may depend on it.

Cad. Will you? Gad, that's kind; for between you and I, Mr Sprightly, I am of as ancient a family as the beſt of them, and people of faſhion ſhou'd know one another, you know.

Spri. By all manner of means.

Cad. Hey! ſhould not they ſo? When you have any Lord, or Baron, nay egad, if it be but a Baronet, or a Member of Parliament, I ſhou'd take it as a favour.

Spri. You will do them honour; they muſt all have heard of the antiquity of your houſe.

Cad. Antiquity! hey! Beck, where's my pedigree?

Mrs Cad.

Mrs Cad. Why, at home, lock'd up in the butler's pantry.

Cad. In the pantry! What the devil, how often have I bid you never to come out without it?

Mrs Cad. Lord! what ſignifies carrying ſuch a lumb'ring thing about?

Cad. Signifies! You are a fool, Beck; why, ſuppoſe we ſhould have any diſputes when we are abroad, about precedence, how the devil ſhall we be able to ſettle it? But you ſhall ſee it at home. Oh Becky, come hither, we will refer our diſpute to—— [*They go apart.*

Arab. Well, Sir, your friend has prevail'd; you are acquainted with my brother; but what uſe you propoſe—

Cape. The pleaſure of a more frequent admiſſion to you.

Arab. That all?

Cape. Who knows but a ſtrict intimacy with Mr Cadwallader may in time incline him to favour my hopes?

Arab. A ſandy foundation! Cou'd he be prevail'd upon to forgive your want of fortune; the obſcurity, or at leaſt uncertainty of your birth, will prove an unſurmountable bar.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, Beck; zounds! you are ſo—

Spri. Well, but hear him out, Ma'am.

Cape. Conſider we have but an inſtant. What project? what advice?

Arab. O fye! You would be aſhamed to receive ſuccour from a weak woman! Poetry is your profeſſion, you know; ſo that plots, contrivances, and all the powers of imagination are more peculiarly your province.

Cape. Is this a ſeaſon to rally?

Cad. Hold, hold, hold; aſk Mr Cape.

Arab. To be ſerious then; if you have any point to gain with my brother, your application muſt be made to his better part.

Cape. I underſtand you; plough with the heifer.

Arab. A delicate alluſion, on my word; but take this hint—Amongſt her paſſions, admiration, or rather adoration, is the principal.

Cape. Oh! that is her foible?

Arab. One of them; againſt that fort you muſt plant your batteries—But here they are.

Mrs Cad. I tell you, you are a nonſenſe man, and I won't

won't agree to any ſuch thing: Why, what ſignifies a Parliament man? You make ſuch a rout indeed.

Cad. Hold, Becky, my dear, don't be in a paſſion now, hold; let us reaſon the thing a little, my dear.

Mrs Cad. I tell you I won't; what's the man an oafe? I won't reaſon, I hate reaſon, and ſo there's an end on't.

Cad. Why then you are obſtinate ecod, perverſe, hey! But my dear, now, Becky, that's a good girl: Hey! come, hold, hold—Egad, we'll refer it to Mr Cape.

Mrs Cad. Defer it to who you will, it will ſignify nothing.

Cape. Bleſs me, what's the matter, Madam? Sure, Mr Cadwallader, you muſt have been to blame; no inconſiderable matter cou'd have ruffled the natural ſoftneſs of that tender and delicate mind.

Arab. Pretty well commenced.

Mrs Cad. Why, he's always a fool, I think; he wants to ſend our little Dicky to ſchool, and make him a Parliament man.

Cape. How old is Maſter, Ma'am?

Mrs Cad. Three years and a quarter come Lady-day.

Cape. The intention is rather early.

Cad. Hey! early, hold, hold; but Becky miſtakes the thing, egad I'll tell you the whole affair.

Mrs Cad. You had better hold your chattering, ſo you had.

Cad. Nay, prythee, my dear; Mr Sprightly, do, ſtop her mouth, hold, hold; the matter, Mr Cape, is this. Have you ever ſeen my Dicky?

Cape. Never.

Cad. No? hold, hold, egad he's a fine, a ſenſible child; I tell Becky he's like her, to keep her in humour; but between you and I he has more ſenſe already than all her family put together. Hey! Becky! is not Dicky the picture of you? He's a ſweet child! Now, Mr Cape, you muſt know, I want to put little Dicky to ſchool; now between—hey! you, hold, you, hold, the great uſe of a ſchool is, hey! egad, for children to make acquaintances, that may hereafter be uſeful to them; for between you and I, as to what they learn there does not ſignify twopence.

Cape. Not a farthing.

Cad. Does it, hey? Now this is our diſpute, whether poor

poor little Dicky, he's a ſweet boy, ſhall go to Mr Quæ Genius's at Edgware, and make an acquaintance with my young Lord Knap, the eldeſt ſon of the Earl of Frize, or to Doctor Ticklepitcher's at Barnet, to form a friendſhip with young Stocks, the rich broker's only child.

Cape. And for which does the lady determine?

Cad. Why I have told her the caſe; ſays I, Becky, my dear; who knows, if Dicky goes to Quæ Genius's, but my Lord Knap may take ſuch a fancy to him, that upon the death of his father, and he comes to be Earl of Frize, he may make poor little Dicky a Member of Parliament? Hey! Cape?

Mrs Cad. Ay, but then if Dicky goes to Ticklepitcher's, who can tell but young Stocks, when he comes to his fortune, may lend him money if he wants it?

Cad. And if he does not want it, he won't take after his father, hey! well, what's your opinion, Maſter Cape?

Cape. Why, Sir, I can't but join with the lady, money is the main article; it is that that makes the mare to go.

Cad. Hey! egad, and the Alderman too, you; ſo Dicky may be a Member, and a fig for my Lord: Well, Becky, be quiet, he ſhall ſtick to Stocks.

Mrs Cad. Ay let'n; I was ſure as how I was right.

Cad. Well, huſh Becky. Mr Cape, will you eat a bit with us to-day, hey! will you?

Cape. You command me.

Cad. That's kind; why then Becky and Bell ſhall ſtep and order the cook to toſs up a little, nice—Hey! will you, Becky? Do, and I'll bring Cape.

Mrs Cad. Ay, with all my heart. Well, Mr What-d'ye-call'um, the poet; ecod the man's well enough—Your ſervant.

Cape. I am a little too much in diſhabille to offer your Ladyſhip my hand to your coach.

Cad. Pſhaw! never mind, I'll do it—Here you have company coming. [*Exeunt* Mr *and* Mrs Cad. *and* Arab.

Enter Governor *and* Robin.

Cape. Ah, Maſter Robin!

Robin. Why, you have a great levee this morning, Sir.

Cape. Ay, Robin, there's no obſcuring extraordinary talents.

Rob.

Rob. True, Sir; and this friend of mine begs to claim the benefit of them.

Cape. Any friend of yours: but how can I be ſerviceable to him?

Rob. Why, Sir, he is lately returned from a profitable government; and, as you know the unſatisfied mind of man, no ſooner is one object poſſeſs'd, but another ſtarts up to——

Cape. A truce to moralizing, dear Robin, to the matter; I am a little buſy.

Rob. In a word, then, this gentleman, having a good deal of wealth, is deſirous of a little honour.

Cape. How can I confer it?

Rob. Your pen may.

Cape. I don't underſtand you.

Rob. Why touch him up a handſome complimentary addreſs from his colony, by way of praiſing the prudence of his adminiſtration, his juſtice, valour, benevolence, and——

Cape. I am ſorry 'tis impoſſible for me now to miſunderſtand you. The obligations I owe you, Robin, nothing can cancel; otherwiſe this wou'd prove our laſt interview. —Your friend, Sir, has been a little miſtaken, in recommending me as a perſon fit for your purpoſe. Letters have been always my paſſion, and indeed are now my profeſſion; but though I am the ſervant of the public, I am not the proſtitute of particulars: As my pen has never been ting'd with gall, to gratify popular reſentment, or private pique, ſo it ſhall never ſacrifice its integrity to flatter pride, impoſe falſehood, or palliate guilt. Your merit may be great, but let thoſe, Sir, be the heralds of your worth who are better acquainted with it.

Gov. Young man, I like your principles and ſpirit; your manly refuſal gives me more pleaſure than any honours your papers could have procured me.

Spri. Now this buſineſs is diſpatch'd, let us return to our own affairs—You dine at Cadwallader's?

Cape. I do.

Spri. Wou'd it not be convenient to you to have him out of the way?

Cape. Extremely.

Spri. I have a project, that I think will prevail.

Cape. Of what kind?

Spri.

Spri. Bordering upon the dramatic; but the time is ſo preſſing, I ſhall be at a loſs to procure performers. Let's ſee—Robin is a ſure card—A principal may eaſily be met with, but where the duce can I get an interpreter?

Rob. Offer yourſelf, Sir; it will give you an opportunity of more cloſely inſpecting the conduct of your ſon.

Gov. True. Sir, though a ſcheme of this ſort may ill ſuit with my character and time of life, yet from a private intereſt I take in that gentleman's affairs, if the means are honourable——

Spri. Innocent upon my credit.

Gov. Why then, Sir, I have no objection, if you think me equal to the taſk—

Spri. Moſt happily fitted for it. I ſhou'd not have taken the liberty—but huſh! He's return'd.

Enter Cadwallader.

Spri. My dear friend! the luckieſt circumſtance!

Cad. Hey! how? Stay, hey!

Spri. You ſee that gentleman?

Cad. Well, hey!

Spri. Do you know who he is?

Cad. Not I.

Spri. He is Interpreter to Prince Potowowſky.

Cad. Wowſky? who the devil is he?

Spri. Why, the Tartarian Prince, that's come over Ambaſſador from the Cham of the Calmucks.

Cad. Indeed!

Spri. His Highneſs has juſt ſent me an invitation to dine with him; now every body that dines with a Tartarian Lord, has a right to carry with him what the Latins called his *Umbra*; in their language it is *Jablanouſky*.

Cad. Jablanouſky! well?

Spri. Now, if you will go in that capacity, I ſhall be glad of the honour.

Cad. Hey! why, wou'd you carry me to dine with his Royal Highneſs?

Spri. With pleaſure.

Cad. My dear friend, I ſhall take it as the greateſt favour, the greateſt obligation—I ſhall never be able to return it.

Spri. Don't mention it.

Cad. Hey! but hold, hold, how the devil ſhall I get off with the poet? You know I have aſk'd him to dinner.

Spri. Oh, the occaſion will be apology ſufficient; beſides, there will be the ladies to receive him.

Cad. My dear Mr Cape, I beg ten thouſand pardons, but here your friend is invited to dinner with Prince—— what the devil is his name?—

Spri. Potowowſki.

Cad. True; now, Sir, ecod he has been ſo kind as to offer to carry me as his Jablanouſky, wou'd you be ſo good to excuſe—

Cape. By all means; not a word, I beg.

Cad. That is exceeding kind; I'll come to you after dinner; hey! ſtay, but is there any ceremony to be uſed with his Highneſs?

Spri. You dine upon carpets croſs-legg'd.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, croſs-legg'd, zounds! that's odd, well, well, you ſhall teach me.

Spri. And his Highneſs is particularly pleaſed with thoſe amongſt his gueſts that do honour to his country ſoup.

Cad. Oh! let me alone for that; but ſhould not I dreſs?

Spri. No, there's no occaſion for it.

Cad. Dear friend, forgive me; nothing ſhould take me from you, but being a Hobblin Wiſky. Well, I'll go and ſtudy to ſit croſs-legg'd, 'till you call me.

Spri. Do ſo.

Cad. His Highneſs Potowowſky! This is the luckieſt accident! [*Exit.*

Cape. Hah! hah! hah! but how will you conduct your enterprize?

Spri. We'll carry him to your friend Robin's; dreſs up one of the under actors in a ridiculous habit; this gentleman ſhall talk a little gibberiſh with him. I'll compoſe a ſoup of ſome nauſeous ingredients; let me alone to manage. But do you chuſe, Sir, the part we have aſſign'd?

Gov. As it ſeems to be but a harmleſs piece of mirth, I have no objection.

Spri. Well then let us about it; come, Sir.

Cape. Mr Sprightly!

Spri. What's the matter?

Cape. Wou'd it not be right to be a little ſpruce, a little ſmart upon this occaſion?

Spri.

Spri. No doubt; dreſs, dreſs, man; no time is to be loſt.

Cape. Well, but Jack, I cannot ſay that at preſent I—

Spri. Prythee explain. What would you ſay?

Cape. Why then, I cannot ſay, that I have any other garments at home.

Spri. Oh, I underſtand you, is that all? Here, here, take my—

Cape. Dear Sprightly, I am quite aſham'd, and ſorry.

Spri. That's not ſo obliging, George; what, ſorry to give me the greateſt pleaſure that——But I have no time for ſpeeches; I muſt run to get ready my ſoup. Come, gentlemen.

Rob. Did you obſerve, Sir?

Gov. Moſt feelingly! But it will ſoon be over.

Rob. Courage, Sir; times perhaps may change.

Cape. A poor proſpect, Robin! But this ſcheme of life at leaſt muſt be changed; for what ſpirit, with the leaſt ſpark of generoſity, can ſupport a life of eternal obligation, and diſagreeable drudgery? Inclination not conſulted, genius cramp'd, and talents miſapply'd.

What proſpect have thoſe authors to be read,
Whoſe daily writings earn their daily bread? [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Young Cape *and* Mrs Cadwallader *at cards.*

Mrs Cad. } YOU want four, and I two, and my deal: Now,
Cad. } knave noddy——no, hearts be trumps.

Cape. I beg.

Mrs Cad. Will you ſtock 'em?

Cape. Go on, if you pleaſe, Madam.

Mrs Cad. Hearts again—One, two, three; one, two, —hang 'em, they won't ſlip, three. Diamonds——the two: Have you higher than the Queen?

Cape. No, Madam.

Mrs Cad. Then there's higheſt—and loweſt, by goſh. Games are even; you are to deal.

Cape. Pſhaw, hang cards; there are other amuſements better

better ſuited to a tête-a-tête, than any the four aces can afford us.

Mrs Cad. What paſtimes be they?—We ben't enough for hunt the whiſtle, nor blind-man's buff: but I'll call our Bell, and Robin the butler. Dicky will be here an bye.

Cape. Hold a minute. I have a game to propoſe, where the preſence of a third perſon, eſpecially Mr Cadwallader's, wou'd totally ruin the ſport.

Mrs Cad. Ay, what can that be?

Cape. Can't you gueſs?

Mrs Cad. Not I; queſtions and commands, mayhap.

Cape. Not abſolutely that——ſome little reſemblance; for I am to requeſt, and you are to command.

Mrs Cad. Oh daiſy; that's charming, I never play'd at that in all my born days; come, begin then.

Cape. Can you love me?

Mrs Cad. Love you! But is it in jeſt or earneſt?

Cape. That is as you pleaſe to determine.

Mrs Cad. But mayn't I aſk you queſtions too?

Cape. Doubtleſs.

Mrs Cad. Why, then, do you love me?

Cape. With all my ſoul.

Mrs Cad. Upon your ſayſo.

Cape. Upon my ſayſo.

Mrs Cad. I'm glad on't with all my heart. This is the rareſt paſtime!

Cape. But you have not anſwer'd my queſtion.

Mrs Cad. Hey? that's true. Why, I believe there's no love loſt.

Cape. So; our game will ſoon be over; I ſhall be up at a deal. I wiſh I mayn't be engaged to play deeper here than I intended though. [*Aſide.*

Mrs Cad. Well, now 'tis your turn.

Cape. True; aye; but zooks you are too haſty; the pleaſure of this play, like hunting, does not conſiſt in immediately chopping the prey.

Mrs Cad. No! How then?

Cape. Why firſt I am to ſtart you, then run you a little in view, then loſe you, then unravel all the tricks and doubles you make to eſcape me.

You fly o'er hedge and ſtile,
I purſue for many a mile,
You grow tir'd at laſt and quat,
Then I catch you, and all that.

Mrs Cad. Dear me, there's a deal on't! I ſhall never be able to hold out long; I had rather be taken in view.

Cape. I believe you.

Mrs Cad. Well, come, begin and ſtart me, that I may come the ſooner to quatting—Huſh! here's ſiſter; what the deuce brought her? Bell will be for learning this game too, but don't you teach her for your life, Mr Poet.

Enter Arabella.

Arab. Your mantuamaker, with your new ſack, ſiſter.

Mrs Cad. Is that all? She might have ſtay'd, I think.

Arab. What? You were better engaged? But don't be angry, I am ſorry I interrupted you.

Mrs Cad. Hey! Now will I be hang'd if ſhe be'nt jealous of Mr Poet; but I'll liſten, and ſee the end on't, I'm reſolved. [*Aſide* and *Exit.*

Arab. Are you concern'd at the interruption too?

Cape. It was a very ſeaſonable one, I promiſe you; had you ſtay'd a little longer, I don't know what might have been the conſequence.

Arab. No danger to your perſon, I hope.

Cape. Some little attacks upon it.

Arab. Which were as feebly reſiſted.

Cape. Why, conſider, my dear Bell; tho' your ſiſter is a fool, ſhe is a fine woman, and fleſh is frail.

Arab. Dear Bell! And fleſh is frail! We are grown ſtrangely familiar, I think.

Cape. Heydey! In what corner ſits the wind now?

Arab. Where it may poſſibly blow ſtrong enough to overſet your hopes.

Cape. That a breeze of your breath can do.

Arab. Affected!

Cape. You are obliging, Madam; but pray, what is the meaning of all this?

Arab. Aſk your own guilty conſcience.

Cape. Were I inclined to flatter myſelf, this little paſſion wou'd be no bad preſage.

Arab.

Arab. You may prove a falſe prophet.

Cape. Let me die, if I know what to—But to deſcend to a little common ſenſe; what part of my conduct———

Arab. Look'e, Mr Cape, all explanations are unneceſſary: I have been lucky enough to diſcover your diſpoſition before it is too late; and ſo you know there's no occaſion—but however, I'll not be any impediment to you; my ſiſter will be back immediately; I ſuppoſe my preſence will only—But conſider, Sir, I have a brother's honour———

Cape. Which is as ſafe from me, as if it was lock'd up in your brother's cloſet: But ſurely, Madam, you are a little capricious here; have I done any thing but obey your directions?

Arab. That was founded upon a ſuppoſition that——— but no matter.

Cape. That what?

Arab. Why, I was weak enough to believe, what you was wicked enough to proteſt———

Cape. That I loved you; and what reaſon have I given you to doubt it?

Arab. A pretty ſituation I found you in at my entrance.

Cape. An aſſumed warmth, for the better concealing the fraud.

Mrs Cad. What's that? [*Aſide, liſtening.*

Cape. Surely if you doubted my conſtancy, you muſt have a better opinion of my underſtanding.

Mrs Cad. Mighty well. [*Aſide.*

Cape. What, an ideot, a driveller! no conſideration upon earth, but my paving the way to the poſſeſſion of you, could have prevailed upon me to ſupport her folly a minute.

Enter Mrs Cadwallader.

Mrs Cad. Soh! Mr Poet, you are a pretty gentleman, indeed; ecod, I'm glad I have caught you. I'm not ſuch a fool as you think for, man: but here will be Dicky preſently, he ſhall hear of your tricks, he ſhall: I'll let him know what a pretty perſon he has got in his houſe.

Cape. There's no parrying this; had not I better decamp.

Arab. And leave me to the mercy of the enemy: My brother's

brother's temper is ſo odd, there's no knowing in what light he'll ſee this.

Mrs Cad. Oh, he's below, I hear him. Now we ſhall hear what he'll ſay to you, Madam.

Enter Cadwallader, Governor, Sprightly, *and* Robin.

Cad. No, pray walk in, Mr Interpreter, between you and I, I like his Royal Highneſs mightily; he's a polite, pretty, well-bred gentleman———but damn his ſoup.

Gov. Why, Sir, you eat as if you lik'd it.

Cad. Lik'd it! hey, egad, I would not eat another meſs to be his maſter's prime miniſter; as bitter as gall, and as black as my hat; and there have I been ſitting theſe two hours with my legs under me till they are both as dead as a herring.

Cape. Your dinner diſpleas'd you?

Cad. Diſpleas'd! hey! Look'e, Mr Sprightly, I'm mightily obliged to you for the honour; but hold, hold, you ſhall never perſuade me to be a Hobblinwiſky again, if the great Cham of the Calmucks were to come over himſelf. Hey! and what a damn'd language has he got? Whee, haw, haw! But you ſpeak it very fluently.

Gov. I was long reſident in the country.

Cad. May be ſo, but he ſeems to ſpeak it better; you have a foreign kind of an accent, you don't ſound it through the noſe ſo well as he. Hey! well Becky, what, and how have you entertained Mr Cape?

Mrs Cad. Oh! here have been fine doings ſince you have been gone.

Cape. So, now comes on the ſtorm.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, what has been the matter?

Mrs Cad. Matter! why, the devil is in the poet, I think.

Cad. The devil! hold.

Mrs Cad. Why here he has been making love to me like bewitch'd.

Cad. How, which way?

Mrs Cad. Why, ſome on't was out of his poetry, I think.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, egad I believe he's a little mad; this morning he took me for King Turnus, you; now who can tell, but this afternoon he may take you for Queen Dido?

Mrs

Mrs Cad. And there he told me I was to run, and to double, and quat, and there he was to catch me, and all that.

Cad. Hold, hold, catch you? Mr Cape, I take it very unkindly; it was, d'ye ſee, a very unfriendly thing to make love to Becky in my abſence.

Cape. But, Sir.

Cad. And it was the more ungenerous, Mr Cape, to take this advantage, as you know ſhe is but a fooliſh woman.

Mrs Cad. Ay, me; who am but a fooliſh woman.

Cape. But hear me.

Cad. A poor ignorant, illiterate, poor Becky! And for a man of your parts to attack——

Cape. There's no——

Cad. Hold, hold, ecod, it is juſt as if the Grand Signor, at the head of his Janiſaries, was to kick a chimney-ſweeper.

Mrs Cad. Hey! what's that you ſay, Dicky; what, be I like a chimney-ſweeper?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold. Zounds! no, Beck; hey! no: That's only by way of ſimile, to let him ſee I underſtand your tropes, and figures, as well as himſelf, egad! and therefore——

Spri. Nay, but Mr Cadwallader——

Cad. Don't mention it, Mr Sprightly; he is the firſt poet I ever had in my houſe, except the bellman for a Chriſtmas-box.

Spri. Good Sir.

Cad. And hold, hold; I am reſolved he ſhall be the laſt.

Spri. I have but one way to ſilence him.

Cad. And let me tell you——

Spri. Nay, Sir, if I muſt tell him; he owes his reception here to my recommendation; any abuſe of your goodneſs, any breach of hoſpitality here, he is anſwerable to me for.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, ſo he is, ecod; at him; give it him home.

Spri. Ungrateful monſter! and is this your return for the open, generous treatment——

Mrs Cad. As good fry'd cow-heel, with a roaſt fowl and ſauſages, as ever came to a table.

Cad.

Cad. Hush, Beck, hush!

Spri. And cou'd you find no other object, but Mr Cadwallader; a man, perhaps, poſſeſs'd of a genius ſuperior to your own——

Cad. If I had had a Univerſity education——

Spri. And of a family as old as the creation.

Cad. Older; Beck, fetch the pedigree.

Spri. Thus far relates to this gentleman; but now, Sir, what apology can you make me, who was your paſſport, your ſecurity?

Cad. Zounds, none; fight him.

Spri. Fight him?

Cad. Ay, do; I'd fight him myſelf, if I had not had the meaſles laſt winter; but ſtay till I get out of the room.

Spri. No, he's ſure of a protection here, the preſence of the ladies.

Cad. Pſhaw, pox! they belong to the family, never mind them.

Spri. Well, Sir, are you dumb? No excuſe? No palliation?

Cad. Ay, no palliation?

Mrs Cad. Ay, no tribulation? It's a ſhame, ſo it is.

Cape. When I have leave to ſpeak——

Cad. Speak! what the devil can you ſay?

Cape. Nay, Sir——

Spri. Let's hear him, Mr Cadwallader, however.

Cad. Hold, hold; come, begin then.

Cape. And firſt to you, Mr Sprightly, as you ſeem moſt intereſted; pray does this charge correſpond with any other action of my life, ſince I have had the honour to know you?

Spri. Indeed, I can't ſay that I recollect, but ſtill as the ſcholiaſts ſay—*Nemo repente fuit turpiſſimus.*

Cad. Hold, hold, what's that?

Spri. Why, that is as much as to ſay, this is bad enough.

Mrs Cad. By goſh! and ſo it is.

Cad. Ecod, and ſo it is: Speak a little more Latin to him; if I had been bred at the Univerſity, you ſhou'd have it both ſides of your ears.

Cape. A little patience, gentlemen; now, to you; you were pleaſed yourſelf to drop a few hints of your lady's

weakneſs; might not ſhe take too ſeriouſly what was meant as a mere matter of merriment?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold.

Spri. A paltry excuſe; can any woman be ſuch a fool as not to know when a man has a deſign upon her perſon?

Cad. Anſwer that, Mr Cape, hey! anſwer that.

Cape. I can only anſwer for the innocency of my own intentions; may not your lady, apprehenſive of my becoming too great a favourite, contrive this charge with a view of deſtroying the connexion——

Spri. Connexion!

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, connexion.

Spri. There's ſomething in that——

Cad. Hey! is there? hold, hold, hey! egad, he is right ——You're right, Mr Cape; hold, Becky, my dear, how the devil cou'd you be ſo wicked, hey! child; ecod, hold, hold, how could you have the wickedneſs to attempt to deſtroy the connexion?

Mrs Cad. I don't know what you ſay.

Cad. D'ye hear? you are an incendiary, but you have miſs'd your point; the connexion ſhall be only the ſtronger: My dear friend, I beg ten thouſand pardons, I was too haſty; but ecod, Becky's to blame.

Cape. The return of your favour has effaced every other impreſſion.

Cad. There's a good-natured creature!

Cape. But if you have the leaſt doubts remaining, this lady, your ſiſter, I believe, will do me the juſtice to own—

Mrs Cad. Ay, aſk my fellow, if I be a thief.

Cad. What the devil is Becky at now?

Mrs Cad. She's as bad as he.

Cad. Bad as he? hey! how; what the devil, ſhe did not make love to you too? ſtop, hey! hold, hold, hold.

Mrs Cad. Why no, fooliſh, but you are always running on with your riggmonrowles, and won't ſtay to hear a body's ſtory out.

Cad. Well, Beck, come let's have it.

Mrs Cad. Be quiet then; why, as I was telling you, firſt he made love to me, and wanted me to be a hare.

Cad. A hare! hold, ecod, that was whimſical; a hare! hey! oh ecod, that might be becauſe he thought you a little hair-brain'd already: Becky, a damn'd good ſtory. Well, Beck, go on, let's have it out.

Mrs

Mrs Cad. No, I won't tell you no more, ſo I won't.

Cad. Nay, prythee, Beck.

Mrs Cad. Hold your tongue then: And ſo there he was going on with his nonſenſe, and ſo in come our Bell; and ſo——

Cad. Hold, hold, Becky; damn your ſo's; go on, child, but leave out your ſo's; it's a low——hold, hold, vulgar ——but go on.

Mrs Cad. Why, how can I go on, when you ſtop me every minute? well, and then our Bell came in and interrupted him, and methought ſhe looked very frumpiſh and jealous.

Cad. Well.

Mrs Cad. And ſo I went out and liſten'd.

Cad. So, what you ſtaid and liſten'd?

Mrs Cad. No; I tell you upon my ſtaying, ſhe went out; no——upon my going out, ſhe ſtaid.

Cad. This is a damn'd blind ſtory, but go on, Beck.

Mrs Cad. And then at firſt ſhe ſcolded him roundly for making love to me; and then he ſaid as how ſhe adviſed him to it; and then ſhe ſaid no; and then he ſaid——

Cad. Hold, hold; we ſhall never underſtand all theſe he's and ſhe's; this may all be very true, Beck, but, hold, hold; as I hope to be ſaved, thou art the worſt teller of a ſtory——

Mrs Cad. Well, I have but a word more; and then he ſaid as how I was a great fool,

Cad. Not much miſtaken in that. *(Aſide.)*

Mrs Cad. And that he wou'd not have ſtay'd with me a minute, but to pave the way to the poſſeſſion of ſhe.

Cad. Well, Beck, well?

Mrs Cad. And ſo——that's all.

Cad. Make love to her, in order to get poſſeſſion of you?

Mrs Cad. Love to me, in order to get ſhe.

Cad. Hey! Oh, now I begin to underſtand. Hey! what's this true, Bell? hey! hold, hold, hold; ecod, I begin to ſmoke, hey! Mr Cape?

Cape. How ſhall I act?

Rob. Own it, Sir, I have a reaſon.

Cad. Well, what ſay you, Mr Cape? let's have it, without equivocation; or, hold, hold, hold, mental reſervation. Guilty, or not?

Cape,

Cape. Of what, Sir?

Cad. Of what? hold, hold, of making love to Bell.

Cape. Guilty.

Cad. Hey! how? hold, zounds! no, what, not with an intention to marry her?

Cape. With the lady's approbation, and your kind consent.

Cad. Hold, hold, what, my consent to marry you!

Cape. Ay, Sir.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, what our Bell? to mix the blood of the Cadwalladers with the puddle of a poet?

Cape. Sir?

Cad. A petty, paltry, ragged, rhiming——

Spri. But Mr——

Cad. A scribbling, hold, hold, hold——garretteer? that has no more cloaths than backs, no more heads than hats, and no shoes to his feet.

Spri. Nay, but——

Cad. The offspring of a dunghill! born in a cellar, hold, hold, and living in a garret; a fungus, a mushroom.

Cape. Sir, my family——

Cad. Your family! hold, hold, hold; Peter, fetch the pedigree; I'll shew you——your family! a little obscure ——hold, hold, I don't believe you ever had a grandfather.

Enter Peter *with the Pedigree.*

There it is; there; Peter, help me to stretch it out: There's seven yards more of lineals, besides three of collaterals, that I expect next Monday from the Herald's Office; d'ye see, Mr Sprightly?

Spri. Prodigious!

Cad. Nay, but look'e, there's Welch Princes, and Ambassadors, and Kings of Scotland, and Members of Parliament: hold, hold, ecod, I no more mind an Earl or a Lord in my pedigree, hold, hold, than Kouli Khan would a serjeant in the train'd bands.

Spri. An amazing descent!

Cad. Hey, is it not? and for this low, lousy son of a shoemaker, to talk of families—hold, hold, get out of my house.

Rob. Now is your time, Sir.

Cad. Mr Sprightly, turn him out.

Gov. Stop, Sir, I have a secret to disclose, that may make you alter your intentions.

Cad. Hold, hold: how, Mr Interpreter?

Gov.

Gov. You are now to regard that young man in a very different light, and conſider him as my ſon.

Cape. Your ſon, Sir?

Gov. In a moment, George, the myſteries ſhall be explain'd.

Cad. Your ſon? hold, hold; and what then?

Gov. Then! why then he is no longer the ſcribbler, the muſhroom you have deſcribed, but of birth and fortune equal to your own.

Cad. What! the ſon of an interpreter equal to me! a fellow that trudges about, teaching of languages to foreign counts!

Gov. A teacher of languages!

Cad. Stay; ecod, a runner to monſieurs and marquiſſes!

Spri. You are miſtaken, Sir.

Cad. A jack-pudding! that takes fillips on the noſe for ſix-pence a piece! hold, hold, ecod, give me eighteen-penny worth, and change for half a crown.

Gov. Stop, when you are well.

Cad. A ſpunger at other men's tables! that has jallop put into his beer, and his face black'd at Chriſtmas for the diverſion of children!

Gov. I can hold no longer. 'Sdeath, Sir; who is it you dare treat in this manner?

Cad. Hey! zounds, Mr Sprightly, lay hold of him.

Spri. Calm your choler. Indeed, Mr Cadwallader, nothing cou'd excuſe your behaviour to this gentleman but your miſtaking his perſon.

Cad. Hold, hold. Is not he interpreter to—

Spri. No.

Cad. Why, did not you tell——

Spri. That was a miſtake. This gentleman is the Prince's friend; and, by a long reſidence in the Monarch's country, is perfect maſter of the language.

Cad. But who the devil is he then?

Spri. He is Mr Cape, Sir; a man of unblemiſh'd honour, capital fortune, and late governor of one of our moſt conſiderable ſettlements.

Cad. Governor! hold, hold, and how came you father to——hey!——

Gov. By marrying his mother.

Cape. But how am I to regard this?

Gov. As a ſolemn truth; that foreign friend, to whom you

you owe your education, was no other than myſelf; I had my reaſons, perhaps capricious ones, for concealing this; but now they ceaſe, and I am proud to own my ſon.

Cape. Sir; it is not for me *(kneeling)*—but if gratitude, duty filial——

Gov. Riſe, my boy; I have ventured far to fix thy fortune, George; but to find thee worthy of it more than o'erpays my toil; the reſt of my ſtory ſhall be reſerved till we are alone.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, hold; ecod, a good ſenſible old fellow this; but, hark'e, Sprightly, I have made a damn'd blunder here: Hold, hold, Mr Governor, I aſk ten thouſand pardons; but who the devil cou'd have thought that the intrepreter to Prince Potowowſky——

Gov. Oh, Sir, you have in your power ſufficient means to atone for the injuries done us both.

Cad. Hold, how?

Gov. By beſtowing your ſiſter, with, I flatter myſelf, no great violence to her inclinations, here.

Cad. What, marry Bell? hey! hold, hold; zounds, Bell, take him, do; 'ecod, he is a good likely——hey! will you?

Arab. I ſhan't diſobey you, Sir.

Cad. Shan't you? that's right. Who the devil knows but he may come to be a governor himſelf; hey! hold, hold; come here then, give me your hands both *(joins their hands)*; there, there, the buſineſs is done: and now, brother Governor——

Gov. And now, brother Cadwallader.

Cad. Hey, Beck! here's ſomething new for my pedigree; we'll pop in the governor to-morrow.

Mrs Cad. Hark'e, Mr Governor, can you give me a black boy and a monkey?

Cad. Hey! ay, ay, you ſhall have a black boy, and a monkey, and a parrot too, Beck.

Spri. Dear George, I am a little late in my congratulations; but——

Gov. Which if he is in acknowledging your diſintereſted friendſhip, I ſhall be ſorry I ever own'd him. Now, Robin, my cares are over, and my wiſhes full; and if George remains as untained by affluence, as he has been untempted by diſtreſs, I have given the poor a protector, his country an advocate, and the world a friend.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

THE

MAYOR OF GARRAT;

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Major Sturgeon, —	Mr Bannister.
Sir Jacob Jollup,	Mr Waldron.
Bruin, — —	Mr Wright.
Lint, — —	Mr Wrighten.
Roger, —	Mr Holcroft.
Mob,	Meſſ. Helme, Nash, &c.
Snuffle, —	Mr Burton.
Criſpin Heel-Tap, —	Mr Griffiths.
Jerry Sneak,	Mr Dodd.
Mrs Bruin, —	Miſs Simson.
Mrs Sneak, — —	Mrs Wrighten.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE Sir Jacob's *Houſe at* Garrat.

Enter Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. ROGER—

Enter Roger.

Rog. Anan, Sir—

Sir Jac. Sir, ſirrah! and why not Sir Jacob, you raſcal? Is that all your manners? Has his Majeſty dubb'd me a knight for you to make me a miſter? Are the candidates near upon coming?

Rog. Nic Gooſe, the tailor, from Putney, they ſay, will be here in a crack, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Has Margery fetch'd in the linen?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Are the pigs and the poultry lock'd up in the barn?

Rog. Safe, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And the plate and ſpoons in the pantry?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then give me the key; the mob will ſoon be upon us; and all is fiſh that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be ſure there is plenty of muſtard; and, d'ye hear, Roger, do you ſtand yourſelf at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

Rog. I will, Sir Jacob. [*Exit* Rog.

Sir Jac. So, now I believe things are pretty ſecure: but I can't think what makes my daughters ſo late ere they— [*Knocking at the gate.*

Who is that, Roger?

Roger without. Maſter Lint, the potter-carrier, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Let him in. What the deuce can he want?

Enter Lint.

Sir Jac. Well, Maſter Lint, your will?

Lint. Why, I come, Sir Jacob, partly to enquire after your health; and partly, as I may ſay, to ſettle the buſineſs of the day.

Sir Jac. What buſineſs?

Lint. Your Worſhip knoweth, this being the day of election, the rabble may be riotous; in which caſe, maims, bruiſes, contuſions, diſlocations, fractures ſimple and compound, may likely enſue: now your Worſhip need not be told, that I am not only a pharmacopoliſt, or vender of drugs, but likewiſe chirurgeon, or healer of wounds.

Sir Jac. True, Maſter Lint, and equally ſkilful in both.

Lint. It is your Worſhip's pleaſure to ſay ſo, Sir Jacob: Is it your Worſhip's will that I lend a miniſtring hand to the maim'd?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Lint. And to whom muſt I bring in my bill?

Sir Jac. Doubtleſs, the veſtry.

Lint. Your Worſhip knows, that, kill or cure, I have contracted to phyſic the pariſh-poor by the great: but this muſt be a ſeparate charge.

Sir Jac. No, no; all under one: come, Maſter Lint, don't be unreaſonable.

Lint. Indeed, Sir Jacob, I can hardly afford it. What with the dearneſs of drugs, and the number of patients the peace has procured me, I can't get ſalt to my porridge.

Sir Jac. Bad this year, the better the next—We muſt take things rough and ſmooth as they run.

Lint. Indeed I have a very hard bargain.

Sir Jac. No ſuch matter; we are, neighbour Lint, a little better inſtructed. Formerly, indeed, a fit of illneſs was very expenſive; but now, phyſic is cheaper than food.

Lint. Marry, heaven forbid!

Sir Jac. No, no; your eſſences, elixirs, emetics, ſweats, drops, and your paſtes, and your pills, have ſilenced your peſtles and mortars. Why, a fever, that would formerly have coſt you a fortune, you may now cure for twelve penn'orth of powder.

Lint. Or kill, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And then as to your ſcurvies, and gouts, rheumatiſms,

matiſms, conſumptions, coughs, and catarrhs, tar-water and turpentine will make you as ſound as a roach.

Lint. Noſtrums!

Sir Jac. Specifics, ſpecifics, Maſter Lint.

Lint. I am very ſorry to find a man of your Worſhip's ——Sir Jacob, a promoter of puffs; an encourager of quacks, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Regulars, Lint, regulars; look at their names —Roger, bring me the news—not a ſoul of them but is either P.L. or M.D.

Lint. Plaguy liars! Murderous dogs!

Roger *brings the news.*

Sir Jac. Liars! Here, look at the liſt of their cures. The oath of Margery Squab, of Ratcliff-Highway, ſpinſter.

Lint. Perjuries.

Sir Jac. And ſee, here, the churchwardens have ſigned it.

Lint. Fictitious, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Sworn before the worſhipful Mr Juſtice Drowſy, this thirteenth day of——

Lint. Forgery.

Sir Jac. Why, harkye, ſirrah, do you think Mr Juſtice Drowſy would ſet his hand to a forgery?

Lint. I know, Sir Jacob, that woman; ſhe has been cured of fifty diſeaſes in a fortnight, and every one of 'em mortal.

Sir Jac. You impudent—

Lint. Of a dropſy, by Weſt—

Sir Jac. Audacious—

Lint. A cancer, by Cleland—

Sir Jac. Arrogant—

Lint. A palſy, by Walker—

Sir Jac. Impertinent—

Lint. Gout and ſciatic, by Rock—

Sir Jac. Inſolent—

Lint. Conſumption, by Stevens's drops—

Sir Jac. Paltry—

Lint. And ſquinting, by the Chevalier Taylor—

Sir Jac. Pill-gilding puppy!

Lint. And as to the Juſtice, ſo the affidavit brings him a ſhilling——

Sir Jac. Why, harkye, raſcal, how dare you abuſe the commiſſion?

commiſſion?—You blood-letting, tooth-drawing, corn-cutting, worm-killing, bliſtering, gliſtering——

Lint. Bleſs me, Sir Jacob, I did not think to—

Sir Jac. What, ſirrah, do you inſult me in my office? Here, Roger, out with him—turn him out.

Lint. Sir, as I hope to be——

Sir Jac. Away with him. You ſcoundrel, if my clerk was within, I'd ſend you this inſtant to Bridewell. Things are come to a pretty paſs, indeed, if, after all my reading in Wood, and Nelſon, and Burn; if after twenty years attendance at turnpike-meetings, ſeſſions petty and quarter; if after ſettling of rates, licencing ale-houſes, and committing of vagrants—But all reſpect to authority is loſt, and *unus quorum* now-a-days is no more regarded than a petty conſtable. [*Knocking.*] Roger, ſee who is at the gate? Why, the fellow is deaf.

Rog. Juſtice Sturgeon, the fiſhmonger, from Brentford.

Sir Jac. Gad's my life! and Major to the Middleſex militia. Uſher him in, Roger.

Enter Major Sturgeon.

Sir Jac. I could have wiſh'd you had come a little ſooner, Major Sturgeon.

Maj. Why, what has been the matter, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. There has, Major, been here an impudent pill-monger, who has dar'd to ſcandalize the whole body of the bench.

Maj. Inſolent companion! had I been here, I would have mittimus'd the raſcal at once.

Sir Jac. No, no, he wanted the Major more than the Magiſtrate; a few ſmart ſtrokes from your cane would have fully anſwer'd the purpoſe—Well, Major, our wars are done; the rattling drum, and ſqueaking fife, now wound our ears no more.

Maj. True, Sir Jacob, our corps is diſembodied, ſo the French may ſleep in ſecurity.

Sir Jac. But, Major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profeſſion of arms?

Maj. A little aukward in the beginning, Sir Jacob: the great difficulty they had was, to get me to turn out my toes; but uſe, uſe reconciles all them kind of things: why, after my firſt campaign, I no more minded the noiſe of the guns than a flea-bite.

Sir

Sir Jac. No!

Maj. No. There is more made of theſe matters than they merit. For the general good, indeed, I am glad of the peace; but as to my ſingle ſelf—And yet, we have had ſome deſperate duty, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. No doubt.

Maj. Oh! ſuch marchings and counter-marchings, from Brentford to Elin, from Elin to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge; the duſt flying, ſun ſcorching, men ſweating—Why, there was our laſt expedition to Honſlow, that day's work carried off Major Molaſſes. Bunhill-fields never ſaw a braver commander! He was an irreparable loſs to the ſervice.

Sir Jac. How came that about?

Maj. Why, it was partly the Major's own fault; I adviſed him to pull off his ſpurs before he went upon action; but he was reſolute, and would not be rul'd.

Sir Jac. Spirit; zeal for the ſervice.

Maj. Doubtleſs—But to proceed: In order to get our men in good ſpirits, we were quartered at Thiſtleworth the evening before; at day-break, our regiment form'd at Honſlow town's end, as it might be about here. The Major made a fine diſpoſition: on we march'd, the men all in high ſpirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to poſſeſs a pig's ſtye, that we might take the gallows in flank, and, at all events, ſecure a retreat, who ſhould come by but a drove of fat oxen for Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs bark'd in the rear, the oxen ſet up a gallop; on they came thundering upon us, broke through our ranks in an inſtant, and threw the whole corps in confuſion.

Sir Jac. Terrible!

Maj. The Major's horſe took to his heels; away he ſcour'd over the heath. That gallant commander ſtuck both his ſpurs into the flank, and for ſome time held by his mane: but in croſſing a ditch, the horſe threw up his head, gave the Major a dowſe in the chops, and plump'd him into a gravel-pit, juſt by the powder-mills.

Sir Jac. Dreadful!

Maj. Whether from the fall or the fright, the Major mov'd off in a month—Indeed it was an unfortunate day for us all.

Sir

Sir Jac. As how?

Maj. Why, as Captain Cucumber, Lieutenant Pattypan, Enſign Tripe, and myſelf, were returning to town in the Turnham-Green ſtage, we were ſtopp'd near the Hammerſmith turnpike, and robb'd and ſtripp'd by a footpad.

Sir Jac. An unfortunate day, indeed!

Maj. But in ſome meaſure to make me amends, I got the Major's commiſſion.

Sir Jac. You did?

Maj. O yes. I was the only one of the corps that could ride; otherwiſe, we always ſucceeded of courſe; no jumping over heads; no underhand work among us; all men of honour; and I muſt do the regiment the juſtice to ſay, there never was a ſet of more amiable officers.

Sir Jac. Quiet and peaceable.

Maj. As lambs, Sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing bout at the Three Compaſſes in Acton, between Captain Sheers and the Colonel, concerning a game at All-fours, I don't remember a ſingle diſpute.

Sir Jac. Why, that was mere mutiny; the Captain ought to have been broke.

Maj. He was; for the Colonel not only took away his cockade, but his cuſtom; and I don't think Captain Sheers has done a ſtitch for him ſince.

Sir Jac. But you ſoon ſupplied the loſs of Molaſſes?

Maj. In part only: no, Sir Jacob, he had great experience; he was train'd up to arms from his youth: at ſixteen he trail'd a pike in the artillery-ground; at eighteen got a company in the Smithfield pioneers; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to Sir Jeffery Grub, Knight, Alderman, and Colonel of the Yellow.

Sir Jac. A rapid riſe!

Maj. Yes, he had a genius for war; but what I wanted in practice, I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a ſerjeant of marines; ſo after ſhop was ſhut up at night, he us'd to teach me my exerciſe; and he had not to deal with a dunce, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Your progreſs was great.

Maj. Amazing. In a week I could ſhoulder, and reſt, and poiſe, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left; and in leſs than a month I could fire without winking or blinking.

Sir

Sir Jac. A perfect Hannibal !

Maj. Ah, and then I learnt to form lines, and hollows, and ſquares, and evolutions, and revolutions : let me tell you, Sir Jacob, it was lucky that Monſieur kept his myrmidons at home, or we ſhould have pepper'd his flat bottom'd boats.

Sir Jac. Ay, marry, he had a marvellous eſcape.

Maj. We would a taught him what a Briton can do, who is fighting *pro arvis* and *focus*.

Sir Jac. Pray now, Major, which do you look upon as the beſt diſciplin'd troops, the London regiments, or the Middleſex militia ?

Maj. Why, Sir Jacob, it does not become me to ſay ; but lack-a-day, they have never ſeen any ſervice—Holiday ſoldiers ! Why, I don't believe, unleſs indeed upon a Lord Mayor's day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the ſkin in their lives.

Sir Jac. Indeed !

Maj. No ! ſoldiers for ſun-ſhine, cockneys ; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the *Jenny ſequi* that—Oh, could you but ſee me ſalute ! you have never a ſpontoon in the houſe ?

Sir Jac. No ; but we could get you a ſhove-pike.

Maj. No matter. Well, Sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, ſweet Mrs Sneak, and the lovely Mrs Bruin ; is ſhe as lively and as brilliant as ever ?

Sir Jac. Oh, oh, now the murder is out ; this viſit was intended for them : come, own now, Major, did not you expect to meet with them here? You officers are men of ſuch gallantry !

Maj. Why, we do tickle up the ladies, Sir Jacob ; there is no reſiſting a red coat.

Sir Jac. True, true, Major.

Maj. But that is now all over with me. "Farewell to the plumed ſteeds and neighing troops," as the black man ſays in the play ; like the Roman Cenſurer, I ſhall retire to my Savine field, and there cultivate cabbages.

Sir Jac. Under the ſhade of your laurels.

Maj. True ; I have done with the Major, and now return to the Magiſtrate ; *cedunt arma togge.*

Sir Jac. Still in the ſervice of your country.

Maj. True ; man was not made for himſelf ; and ſo, thinking

thinking that this would prove a buſy day in the juſticing way, I am come, Sir Jacob, to lend you a hand.

Sir Jac. Done like a neighbour.

Maj. I have brought, as I ſuppoſe moſt of our buſineſs will be in the battery way, ſome warrants and mittimuſes ready fill'd up, with all but the names of the parties, in order to ſave time.

Sir Jac. A provident magiſtrate.

Maj. Pray, how ſhall we manage as to the article of ſwearing; for I reckon we ſhall have oaths as plenty as hops.

Sir Jac. Why, with regard to that branch of our buſineſs, to-day, I believe, the law muſt be ſuffer'd to ſleep.

Maj. I ſhould think we might pick up ſomething that's pretty that way.

Sir Jac. No, poor raſcals, they would not be able to pay; and as to the ſtocks, we ſhould never find room for their legs.

Maj. Pray, Sir Jacob, is Matthew Marrowbone, the butcher of your town, living or dead?

Sir Jac. Living.

Maj. And ſwears as much as he uſed?

Sir Jac. An alter'd man, Major; not an oath comes out of his mouth.

Maj. You ſurprize me; why, when he frequented our town of a market day, he has taken out a guinea in oaths —and quite chang'd?

Sir Jac. Entirely; they ſay his wife has made him a Methodiſt, and that he preaches at Kennington-Common.

Maj. What a deal of miſchief thoſe raſcals do in the country—Why then we have entirely loſt him?

Sir Jac. In that way; but I got a brace of bind-overs from him laſt week for a couple of baſtards.

Maj. Well done, Maſter Matthew—but pray now, Sir Jacob— [*Mob without huzza!*

Sir Jac. What's the matter now, Roger?

Enter Roger.

Rog. The electors deſire to know, if your Worſhip has any body to recommend?

Sir Jac. By no means; let them be free in their choice: I ſhan't interfere.

Rog. And if your Worſhip has any objection to Criſpin Heeltap the cobler's being returning officer?

Sir

Sir Jac. None, provided the rafcal can keep himfelf fober: Is he there?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob: make way there; ftand farther off from the gate: here is Madam Sneak in a chair, along with her huſband.

Maj. Gad-ſo, you will permit me to convoy her in?

[*Exit Major.*

Sir Jac. Now here is one of the evils of war. This Sturgeon was as pains-taking a Billingſgate broker as any in the bills of mortality. But the fiſh is got out of his element; the ſoldier has quite demoliſhed the citizen.

Enter Mrs Sneak, *handed by the* Major.

Mrs Sneak. Dear Major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a profuſion of trouble; but my huſband is ſuch a gooſe-cap, that I can't get no good out of him at home or abroad—Jerry, Jerry Sneak!—Your bleſſing, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Daughter, you are welcome to Garrat.

Mrs Sneak. Why, Jerry Sneak! I ſay.

Enter Sneak, *with a band-box, a hoop-petticoat under his arm, and cardinal, &c. &c. &c. &c.*

Sneak. Here, lovy.

Mrs Sneak. Here, looby: there, lay theſe things in the hall; and then go and look after the horſe: are you ſure you have got all the things out of the chaiſe?

Sneak. Yes, chuck.

Mrs Sneak. Then give me my fan.

Jerry *drops the things in ſearching his pocket for the fan.*

Mrs Sneak. Did ever mortal ſee ſuch a—I declare, I am quite aſham'd to be ſeen with him abroad: go, get you gone out of my ſight.

Sneak. I go, lovy: good-day to my father-in-law.

Sir Jac. I am glad to ſee you, ſon Sneak: but where is your brother Bruin and his wife?

Sneak. He will be here anon, father Sir Jacob; he did but juſt ſtep into the Alley to gather how tickets were ſold.

Sir Jac. Very well, ſon Sneak. [*Exit Sneak.*

Mrs Sneak. Son! yes, and a pretty ſon you have provided.

Sir Jac. I hope all for the beſt: why, what terrible work there would have been, had you married ſuch a one

as your ſiſter? one houſe could never have contain'd you—now, I thought this meek mate——

Mrs Sneak. Meek! a muſhroom! a milkſop!

Sir Jac. Lookye, Molly, I have married you to a man; take care you don't make him a monſter. [*Exit* Sir Jacob.

Mrs Sneak. Monſter! why, Major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouſe! had my kind ſtars indeed allotted me a military man, I ſhould, doubtleſs, have deported myſelf in a beſeemingly manner.

Maj. Unqueſtionably, Madam.

Mrs Sneak. Nor would the Major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have diſhonoured his cloth.

Maj. I ſhould have been too happy.

Mrs Sneak. Indeed, Sir, I reverence the army; they are all ſo brave, ſo polite, ſo every thing a woman can wiſh—

Maj. Oh! Madam—

Mrs Sneak. So elegant, ſo genteel, ſo obliging: and then the rank; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a Major?

Maj. No man with impunity; that I take freedom to ſay, Madam.

Mrs Sneak. I know it, good Sir: oh! I am no ſtranger to what I have miſs'd.

Maj. Oh, Madam!—let me die, but ſhe has infinite merit. [*Aſide.*

Mrs Sneak. Then to be join'd to a ſneaking ſlovenly cit; a paltry, praying, pitiful pin-maker!

Maj. Melancholy!

Mrs Sneak. To be joſtled and cramm'd with the croud; no reſpect, no place, no precedence; to be choak'd with the ſmoke of the city; no country jaunts but to Iſlington; no balls but at Pewterers-hall.

Maj. Intolerable!

Mrs Sneak. I ſee, Sir, you have a proper ſenſe of my ſufferings.

Maj. And would ſhed my beſt blood to relieve them.

Mrs Sneak. Gallant gentleman!

Maj. The brave muſt favour the fair.

Mrs Sneak. Intrepid Major!

Maj. Divine Mrs Sneak!

Mrs Sneak. Obliging commander!

Maj.

Maj. Might I be permitted the honour—

Mrs Sneak. Sir—

Maj. Juſt to raviſh a kiſs from your hand.

Mrs Sneak. You have a right to all we can grant.

Maj. Courteous, condeſcending, complying—hum—ha!

Enter Sneak.

Sneak. Chuck, my brother and ſiſter Bruin are juſt turning the corner; the Clapham ſtage was quite full, and ſo they came by water.

Mrs Sneak. I wiſh they had all been ſous'd in the Thames—a praying impertinent puppy!

Maj. Next time I will clap a centinel to ſecure the door.

Mrs Sneak. Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment; my dreſs demands a little repair.

Maj. Your ladyſhip's moſt entirely devoted.

Mrs Sneak. Ladyſhip! he is the very Broglio and Belleiſle of the army!

Sneak. Shall I wait upon you, dove?

Mrs Sneak. No, dolt; what, would you leave the Major alone? is that your manners, you mongrel?

Maj. Oh, Madam, I can never be alone; your ſweet idera will be my conſtant companion.

Mrs Sneak. Mark that: I am ſorry, Sir, I am obligated to leave you.

Maj. Madam—

Mrs Sneak. Eſpecially with ſuch a wretched companion.

Maj. Oh, Madam—

Mrs Sneak. But as ſoon as my dreſs is reſtored, I ſhall fly to relieve your diſtreſs.

Maj. For that moment I ſhall wait with the greateſt impatience.

Mrs Sneak. Courteous commander.

Maj. Barragon of women!

Mrs Sneak. Adieu!

Maj. Adieu! [*Exit Mrs* Sneak.

Sneak. Notwithſtanding, Sir, all my chicken has ſaid, I am ſpecial company when ſhe is not by.

Maj. I doubt not, Maſter Sneak.

Sneak. If you would but come one Thurſday night to our club, at the Nag's-head, in the Poultry, you would meet ſome roaring, rare boys, i'faith: there's Jemmy Perkins,

kins, the packer; little Tom Simkins, the grocer; honeſt Maſter Muzzle, the mid-wife—

Maj. A goodly company!

Sneak. Ay, and then ſometimes we have the choice ſpirits from Comus's court, and we crack jokes, and are ſo jolly and funny: I have learnt myſelf to ſing "An old woman clothed in grey." But I durſt not ſing out loud, becauſe my wife would overhear me; and ſhe ſays as how I bawl worſer than the broom-man.

Maj. And you muſt not think of diſobliging your lady.

Sneak. I never does: I never contradicts her, not I.

Maj. That's right: ſhe is a woman of infinite merit.

Sneak. O, a power: and don't you think ſhe is very pretty withal?

Maj. A Venus!

Sneak. Yes, werry like Wenus—mayhap you have known her ſome time?

Maj. Long.

Sneak. Belike before ſhe was married?

Maj. I did Maſter Sneak.

Sneak. Ay, when ſhe was a wirgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance by your kiſſing her hand; for we ben't quite ſo familiar as that—but then, indeed, we han't been married a year.

Maj. The mere honey-moon.

Sneak. Ay, ay, I ſuppoſe we ſhall come to it by degrees.

Bruin. [*within*] Come along, Jane; why you are as purſy and lazy, you jade—

Enter Bruin *and* Wife; Bruin *with a cotton cap on; his Wife with his wig, great-coat, and fiſhing-rod.*

Bruin. Come, Jane, give me my wig; you ſlut, how you have touſled the curls? Maſter Sneak, a good morning to you. Sir I am your humble ſervant, unknown.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Mrs Sneak begs to ſpeak with the Major.

Maj. I will wait on the lady immediately.

Sneak. Don't tarry an inſtant; you can't think how impatient ſhe is. [*Exit* Major.

Sneak. A good morrow to you, brother Bruin; you have had a warm walk acroſs the fields.

Mrs Bruin. Good lord, I am all in a muck—

Bruin.

Bruin. And who may you thank for it, huſſy? If you had got up time enough, you might have ſecur'd the ſtage; but you are a lazy lie-a-bed.

Mrs Bruin. There's Mr Sneak keeps my ſiſter a chay.

Bruin. And ſo he may; but I know better what to do with my money: indeed, if the war had but continued a-while, I don't know what mought ha' been done; but this plaguy peace, with a pox to't, has knock'd up all the trade of the Alley.

Mrs Bruin. For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

Bruin. And how do you know that? who told you as much, Mrs Mixen? I hope I know the world better than to truſt my concerns with a wife: no, no, thank you for that, Mrs Jane.

Mrs Bruin. And pray who is more fitterer to be truſted?

Bruin. Hey-day! why, the wench is bewitch'd: come, come, let's have none of your palaver here—take twelve-pence and pay the waterman.—But firſt ſee if he has broke none of the pipes—and, d'ye hear, Jane, be ſure to lay the fiſhing-rod ſafe. [*Exit* Mrs Bruin.

Sneak. Ods me, how finely ſhe's manag'd! what would I give to have my wife as much under!

Bruin. It is all your own fault, brother Sneak.

Sneak. D'ye think ſo? ſhe is a ſweet pretty creature.

Bruin. A vixen.

Sneak. Why, to ſay the truth, ſhe does now and then hector a little; and, between ourſelves, domineers like the devil: O Lord, I lead the life of a dog: why, ſhe allows me but two ſhillings a week for my pocket.

Bruin. No!

Sneak. No, man; 'tis ſhe that receives and pays all: and then I am forc'd to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, pattens, and prayer-book, for all the world as if I was ſtill a 'prentice.

Bruin. Zounds! I would ſouſe them all in the kennel.

Sneak. I durſt not—And then, at table, I never gets what I loves.

Bruin. The devil!

Sneak. No; ſhe always helps me herſelf to the tough drumſticks of turkies, and the damn'd fat flaps of ſhoulders of mutton; I don't think I have eat a bit of under-cruſt

ſince

ſince we have been married: you ſee, brother Bruin, I am almoſt as thin as a lath.

Bruin. An abſolute ſkeleton!

Sneak. Now, if you think I could carry my point, I would ſo ſwinge and leather my lambkin; God, I would ſo curry and claw her.

Bruin. By the lord Harry, ſhe richly deſerves it.

Sneak. Will you, brother, lend me a lift?

Bruin. Command me at all times.

Sneak. Why then, I will verily pluck up a ſpirit; and the firſt time ſhe offers to—

Mrs Sneak. [*within.*] Jerry, Jerry Sneak!

Sneak. Gad's my life, ſure as a gun that's her voice: look-ye, brother, I don't chuſe to breed a diſturbance in another body's houſe; but as ſoon as ever I get home—

Bruin. Now is your time.

Sneak. No, no; it would not be decent.

Mrs Sneak. [*within.*] Jerry! Jerry!—

Sneak. I come, lovy. But you will be ſure to ſtand by me?

Bruin. Trot, nincompoop.

Sneak. Well, if I don't—I wiſh—

Mrs Sneak. [*within.*] Where is this lazy puppy a-loitering?

Sneak. I come, chuck, as faſt as I can—Good Lord, what a ſad life do I lead! [*Exit* Sneak.

Bruin. Ex quovis linguo: Who can make a ſilk purſe of a ſow's ear?

Enter Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Come, ſon Bruin, we are all ſeated at table, man; we have but juſt time for a ſnack: the candidates are near upon coming.

Bruin. A poor, paltry, mean ſpirited—Damn it, before I would ſubmit to ſuch a—

Sir Jac. Come, come, man; don't be ſo cruſty.

Bruin. I follow, Sir Jacob: Damme, when once a man gives up his prerogative, he might as well give up—But, however, it is no bread and butter of mine—Jerry, Jerry! ——Zounds, I would Jerry and jerk her too. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE *continues.*

Sir Jacob, Major Sturgeon, Mr *and* Mrs Bruin, Mr *and* Mrs Sneak, *diſcovered.*

Mrs Sneak. INDEED, Major, not a grain of curioſity. Can it be thought that we, who have a Lord Mayor's ſhow every year, can take any pleaſure in this?

Maj. In time of war, Madam, theſe meetings are not amiſs; I fancy a man might pick up a good many recruits: but in theſe piping times of peace, I wonder Sir Jacob permits it.

Sir Jac. It would, Major, coſt me my popularity to quaſh it: the common people are as fond of their cuſtoms as the barons were of their *Magna Charta:* beſides, my tenants make ſome little advantage.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Criſpin Heel-Tap, with the electors, are ſet out from the Adam and Eve.

Sir Jac. Gad-ſo, then they will ſoon be upon us: Come, good folks, the balcony will give us the beſt view of the whole. Major, you will take the ladies under protection.

Maj. Sir Jacob, I am upon guard.

Sir Jac. I can tell you, this Heel-Tap is an arch raſcal.—

Sneak. And plays the beſt game at cribbage in the whole corporation of Garrat.

Mrs Sneak. That puppy will always be a-chattering.

Sneak. Nay, I did but—

Mrs Sneak. Hold your tongue, or I'll ſend you home in an inſtant—

Sir Jac. Pr'ythee, daughter!—You may to-day, Major, meet with ſomething that will put you in mind of more important tranſactions.

Maj. Perhaps ſo.

Sir Jac. Lack-a-day, all men are alike; their principles exactly the ſame: for tho' art and education may diſguiſe

or poliſh the manners, the ſame motives and ſprings are univerſally planted.

Maj. Indeed!

Sir Jac. Why, in this mob, this group of plebeians, you will meet with materials to make a Sylla, a Cicero, a Solon, or a Cæſar: let them but change conditions, and the world's great lord had been but the beſt wreſtler on the green.

Maj. Ay, ay, I could have told theſe things formerly; but ſince I have been in the army, I have entirely neglected the claſſes. [*Mob without huzza.*

Sir Jac. But the heroes are at hand, Major.

Sneak. Father Sir Jacob, might not we have a tankard of ſtingo above?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Sneak. D'ye hear, Roger. [*Exeunt into the balcony.*

SCENE, *a Street.*

Enter Mob, *with* Heel-Tap *at their head; ſome crying a* Gooſe; *others a* Mug; *others a* Primmer.

Heel-Tap. Silence, there; ſilence!

1ſt Mob. Hear neighbour Heel-Tap.

2d Mob. Ay, ay, hear Criſpin.

3d Mob. Ay, ay, hear him, hear Criſpin: he will put us into the model of the thing at once.

Heel-Tap. Why then, ſilence! I ſay.

All. Silence.

Heel-Tap. Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confuſion uſual upon theſe occaſions.

1ſt Mob. Ay, ay, there is no doing without that.

All. No, no, no.

Heel-Tap. Silence then, and keep the peace: what, is there no reſpect paid to authority? am not I the returning officer?

All. Ay, ay, ay.

Heel-Tap. Choſen by yourſelves, and approved of by Sir Jacob?

All. True, true.

Heel-Tap. Well then, be ſilent and civil; ſtand back there, that gentleman without a ſhirt, and make room for your betters: Where's Simon Snuffle the ſexton?

Snuffle. Here.

Heel-Tap. Let him come forward; we appoint him our ſecretary: for Simon is a ſcollard, and can read written hand; and ſo let him be reſpected accordingly.

3d Mob. Room for Maſter Snuffle.

Heel-Tap. Here, ſtand by me: and let us, neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing: but firſt, your reverence to the lord of the manor: a long life and a merry one to our landlord Sir Jacob! Huzza!

Mob. Huzza!

Sneak. How fares it, honeſt Criſpin?

Heel-Tap. Servant, Maſter Sneak.—Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which I ſhall do briefly, with all the loquacity poſſible; that is, in a medium way; which, that we may the better do it, let the ſecretary read the names of the candidates, and what they ſay for themſelves; and then we ſhall know what to ſay of them: Maſter Snuffle, begin.

Snuffle. "To the worthy inhabitants of the ancient corporation of Garrat: Gentlemen, your votes and intereſt are humbly requeſted in favour of Timothy Gooſe, to ſucceed your late worthy mayor, Mr Richard Dripping, in the ſaid office, he being"——

Heel-Tap. This Gooſe is but a kind of goſling, a ſort of ſneaking ſcoundrel: who is he?

Snuffle. A journeyman tailor, from Putney.

Heel-Tap. A journeyman tailor! A raſcal, has he the impudence to tranſpire to be mayor? D'ye conſider, neighbours, the weight of this office? Why, it is a burden for the back of a porter; and can you think that this croſs-legg'd cabbage-eating ſon of a cucumber, this whey-fac'd ninny, who is but the ninth part of a man, has ſtrength to ſupport it?

1ſt Mob. No Gooſe! no Gooſe!

2d Mob. A Gooſe!

Heel-Tap. Hold your hiſſing, and proceed to the next.

Snuffle. "Your votes are deſired for Matthew Mug."

1ſt Mob. A Mug! A Mug!

Heel-Tap. Oh, oh, what you are all ready to have a touch of the tankard: but, fair and ſoft, good neighbours, let us taſte this Maſter Mug, before we ſwallow him; and, unleſs I am miſtaken, you will find him a damn'd bitter draught.

1ſt Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

2d Mob. Hear him; hear Maſter Heel-Tap.

1ſt Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

Heel-Tap. Harkye, you fellow, with your mouth full of Mug, let me aſk you a queſtion: bring him forward: pray is not this Matthew Mug a victualler?

3d Mob. I believe he may.

Heel-Tap. And lives at the ſign of the Adam and Eve?

3d Mob. I believe he may.

Heel-Tap. Now anſwer upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the preſent price of a quart of home-brew'd at the Adam and Eve?

3d Mob. I don't know.

Heel-Tap. You lie, ſirrah: an't it a groat?

3d Mob. I believe it may.

Heel-Tap. Oh, may be ſo: now, neighbours, here's a pretty raſcal; this ſame Mug, becauſe, d'ye ſee, ſtate affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale; this ſcoundrel, not contented to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raiſe it a penny.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Heel-Tap. So, I thought I ſhould crack Mr Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

Snuffle. The next upon the liſt is Peter Primmer, the ſchoolmaſter.

Heel-Tap. Ay, neighbours, and a ſufficient man: let me tell you, Maſter Primmer is the man for my money; a man of learning; that can lay down the law; why, adzooks, he is wiſe enough to puzzle the parſon: and then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Ruſſia and Pruſſia: Ecod, George Gage the exciſeman is nothing at all to un.

4th Mob. A Primmer!

Heel-Tap. Ay, if the folks above did but know him; why, lads, he will make us all ſtateſmen in time.

2d Mob. Indeed!

Heel-Tap. Why, he ſwears as how all the miſcarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3d Mob. Indeed!

Heel-Tap. For, ſays Peter, ſays he, if they would but once ſubmit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might riſe.

1ſt Mob. Ay, I wiſh they would.

Sneak. Criſpin, what, is Peter Primmer a candidate?

Heel-Tap.

Heel-Tap. He is, Maſter Sneak.

Sneak. Lord, I know him, mun, as well as my mother: why, I uſed to go to his lectures to Pewterers-hall 'long with Deputy Firkin.

Heel-Tap. Like enough.

Sneak. Odds me, brother Bruin, can you tell what is become of my vife?

Bruin. She is gone off with the Major.

Sneak. Mayhap to take a walk in the garden; I will go and take a peep at what they are doing. [*Exit.* Sneak.

Mob without huzza.

Heel-Tap. Gad-ſo! the candidates are coming. Come, neighbours, range yourſelves to the right and left, that you may be canvaſs'd in order: let us ſee who comes firſt?

1*ſt Mob.* Maſter Mug.

Heel-Tap. Now, neighbours, have a good caution that this Maſter Mug does not cajole you; he is a damn'd palavering fellow.

Enter Matthew Mug.

Mug. Gentlemen, I am the loweſt of your ſlaves: Mr Heel-Tap, have the honour of kiſſing your hand.

Heel-Tap. There, did not I tell you?

Mug. Ah, my very good friend, I hope your father is well?

1*ſt Mob.* He is dead.

Mug. So he is. Mr Grub, if my wiſhes prevail, your very good wife is in health.

2*d Mob.* Wife! I never was married.

Mug. No more you were. Well, neighbours and friends! Ah! what honeſt Dick Bennet.

3*d Mob.* My name is Gregory Gubbins.

Mug. You are right, it is ſo; and how fares it with good Maſter Gubbins?

3*d Mob.* Pretty tight, Maſter Mug.

Mug. I am exceedingly happy to hear it.

4*th Mob.* Harkye, Maſter Mug.

Mug. Your pleaſure, my very dear friend.

4*th Mob.* Why as how, and concerning our young one at home.

Mug. Right; ſhe is a prodigious promiſing girl.

4*th Mob.* Girl! Zooks, why 'tis a boy.

Mug.

Mug. True; a fine boy! I love and honour the child.

4th Mob. Nay, 'tis none ſuch a child; but you promiſed to get un a place.

Mug. A place! what place?

4th Mob. Why, a gentleman's ſervice, you know.

Mug. It is done; it is fix'd; it is ſettled.

4th Mob. And when is the lad to take on?

Mug. He muſt go in a fortnight at fartheſt.

4th Mob. And is it a pretty goodiſh birth, Maſter Mug?

Mug. The beſt in the world; head butler to Lady Barbara Bounce.

4th Mob. A lady!

Mug. The wages are not much, but the vails are amazing.

4th Mob. Barbara Bunch?

Mug. Yes; ſhe has routs on Tueſdays and Sundays, and he gathers the tables; only he finds candles, cards, coffee, and tea.

4th Mob. Is Lady Barbara's work pretty tight?

Mug. As good as a fine-cure; he only writes cards to her company, and dreſſes his miſtreſs's hair.

4th Mob. Hair! Zounds, why Jack was bred to dreſſing of horſes.

Mug. True; but he is ſuffered to do that by deputy.

4th Mob. May be ſo.

Mug. It is ſo. Harkye, dear Heel-Tap, who is this fellow? I ſhould remember his face.

Heel-Tap. And don't you?

Mug. Not I, I profeſs.

Heel-Tap. No!

Mug. No.

Heel-Tap. Well ſaid, Maſter Mug; but come, time wears: have you any thing more to ſay to the corporation?

Mug. Gentlemen of the Corporation of Garrat.

Heel-Tap. Now, twig him; now, mind him: mark how he hawls his muſcles about.

Mug. The honour I this day ſolicit, will be to me the moſt honourable honour that can be conferr'd; and, ſhould I ſucceed, you, gentlemen, may depend on my uſing my utmoſt endeavours to promote the good of the borough; for which purpoſe, the encouragement of your trade and manufactories will moſt principally tend. Garrat, it muſt be

be own'd, is an inland town, and has not, like Wandſworth, and Fulham, and Putney, the glorious advantage of a port; but what nature has denied, induſtry may ſupply: cabbage, carrots, and colly-flowers, may be deemed, at preſent, your ſtaple commodities; but why ſhould not your commerce be extended? Were I, gentlemen, worthy to adviſe, I ſhould recommend the opening a new branch of trade; ſparagraſs, gentlemen, the manufacturing of ſparagraſs: Batterſea, I own, gentlemen, bears, at preſent, the belle; but where lies the fault? In ourſelves, gentlemen: let us, gentlemen, but exert our natural ſtrength, and I will take upon me to ſay, that a hundred of graſs from the Corporation of Garrat, will in a ſhort time, at the London market, be held, at leaſt, as an equivalent to a Batterſea bundle.

Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

Heel-Tap. Damn the fellow, what a tongue he has! God, I muſt ſtep in, or he will carry the day. Harkye, Maſter Mug!

Mug. Your pleaſure, my very good friend?

Heel-Tap. No flummering me: I tell thee, Matthew, 'twon't do: why, as to this article of ale here, how comes it about that you have rais'd it a penny a quart?

Mug. A word in your ear, Criſpin; you and your friends ſhall have it at three pence.

Heel-Tap. What, ſirrah, d'ye offer a bribe! D'ye dare to corrupt me, you ſcoundrel!

Mug. Gentlemen——

Heel-Tap. Here, neighbours; the fellow has offer'd to bate a penny a quart, if ſo be as how I would be conſenting to impoſe upon you.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Mug. Neighbours, friends——

Mob. No Mug!

Mug. I believe this is the firſt borough that ever was loſt by the returning officer's refuſing a bribe. [*Exit* Mug.

1d Mob. Let us go and pull down his ſign.

Heel-Tap. Hold, hold, no riot: but that we may not give Mug time to pervert the votes and carry the day, let us proceed to the election.

Mob. Agreed! agreed! [*Exit* Heel-Tap *and* Mob.

Sir

Sir Jacob, Bruin, *and* Wife, *come from the balcony.*

Sir Jac. Well, ſon Bruin, how d'ye reliſh the Corporation of Garrat?

Bruin. Why, lookye, Sir Jacob, my way is always to ſpeak what I think: I don't approve on't at all.

Mrs Bruin. No!

Sir Jac. And what's your objection?

Bruin. Why, I was never over-fond of your May-games: beſides, corporations are too ſerious things; they are edge-tools, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant: but I never heard much of their edge.

Mrs Bruin. Well now, I proteſt, I am pleas'd with it mightily.

Bruin. And who the devil doubts it?—You women folks are eaſily pleas'd.

Mrs Bruin. Well, I like it ſo well, that I hope to ſee one every year.

Bruin. Do you? Why then you will be damnably bit; you may take your leave I can tell you, for this is the laſt you ſhall ſee.

Sir Jac. Fye, Mr Bruin, how can you be ſuch a bear: is that a manner of treating your wife?

Bruin. What, I ſuppoſe you would have me ſuch a ſniveling ſot as your ſon-in-law Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to—

Enter Sneak, *in a violent hurry.*

Sneak. Where's brother Bruin? O Lord! brother, I have ſuch a diſmal ſtory to tell you—

Bruin. What's the matter?

Sneak. Why, you know I went into the garden to look for my vife and the Major, and there I hunted and hunted as ſharp as if it had been for one of my own minikens; but the deuce a Major or Madam could I ſee: at laſt, a thought came into my head to look for them up in the ſummer-houſe.

Bruin. And there you found them?

Sneak. I'll tell you, the door was lock'd; and then I look'd thro' the key-hole: and, there, Lord a mercy upon us! [*Whiſpers*] as ſure as a gun.

Bruin.

Bruin. Indeed! Zounds, why did not you break open the door?

Sneak. I durſt not: what, would you have me ſet my wit to a ſoldier? I warrant, the Major would have knock'd me down with one of his boots; for I could ſee they were both of them off.

Bruin. Very well! pretty doings! You ſee, Sir Jacob, theſe are the fruits of indulgence: you may call me bear, but your daughter ſhall never make me a beaſt.

Mob *huzzas.*

Sir Jac. Hey-day! What, is the election over already?

Enter Criſpin, *&c.*

Heel-Tap. Where is Maſter Sneak?

Sneak. Here, Criſpin.

Heel-Tap. The ancient Corporation of Garat, in conſideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of reſpect to their landlord, Sir Jacob, have unanimouſly choſen you mayor.

Sneak. Me! huzza! good Lord, who would have thought it: but how came Maſter Primmer to loſe it?

Heel-Tap. Why, Phill Fleam had told the electors, that Maſter Primmer was an Iriſhman; and ſo they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

Sneak. So then, I have it for certain: Huzza! Now, brother Bruin, you ſhall ſee how I'll manage my madam: Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of authority; ſhe ſhan't think to bullock and domineer over me.

Bruin. Now for it, Sneak; the enemy's at hand.

Sneak. You promiſe to ſtand by me, brother Bruin.

Bruin. Tooth and nail.

Sneak. Then now for it; I am ready, let her come when ſhe will.

Enter Mrs Sneak.

Mrs Sneak. Where is the puppy?

Sneak. Yes, yes, ſhe is axing for me.

Mrs Sneak. So, ſot; what, is this true that I hear?

Sneak. May be 'tis, may be 'tan't: I don't chuſe to truſt my affairs with a voman. Is that right, brother Bruin?

Bruin. Fine! don't bate her an inch.

Sneak. Stand by me.

Mrs

Mrs Sneak. Hey-day! I am amaz'd! Why, what is the meaning of this?

Sneak. The meaning is plain, that I am grown a man, and vil do what I pleaſe, without being accountable to nobody.

Mrs Sneak. Why, the fellow is ſurely bewitch'd.

Sneak. No, I am unwitch'd, and that you ſhall know to your coſt; and ſince you provoke me, I will tell you a bit of my mind: what, I am the huſband, I hope?

Bruin. That's right: at her again.

Sneak. Yes; and you ſhan't think to hector and domineer over me as you have done; for I'll go to the club when I pleaſe, and ſtay out as late as I liſt, and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays, and wiſit my friends at Vitſontide, and keep the key of the till, and help myſelf at table to vhat vittles I like, and I'll have a bit of the brown.

Bruin. Bravo, brother! Sneak, the day's your own.

Sneak. An't it! vhy, I did not think it vas in me: ſhall I tell her all I know?

Bruin. Every thing; you ſee ſhe is ſtruck dumb.

Sneak. As an oyſter: beſides, Madam, I have ſomething furder to tell you: ecod, if ſome folks go into gardens with Majors, mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids.—There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin.

Mrs Sneak. Why, doodle! jackanapes! harkye, who am I?

Sneak. Come, don't go to call names: am I? vhy my vife, and I am your maſter.

Mrs Sneak. My maſter! you paltry, puddling puppy; you ſneaking, ſhabby, ſcrubby, ſniveling whelp!

Sneak. Brother Bruin, don't let her come near me.

Mrs Sneak. Have I, ſirrah, demean'd myſelf to wed ſuch a thing, ſuch a reptile as thee! Have I not made myſelf a bye-word to all my acquaintance! Don't all the world cry, Lord, who would have thought it! Miſs Molly Jollup to be married to Sneak! to take up at laſt with ſuch a noodle as he!

Sneak. Ay, and glad enough you could catch me: you know, you was pretty near your laſt legs.

Mrs Sneak. Was there ever ſuch a confident cur? My laſt legs! Why, all the country knows, I could have pick'd and chus'd where I would: did not I refuſe 'Squire Ap-Griffith from Wales? did not Counſellor Crab come a-courting

a-courting a twelvemonth? did not Mr Wort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I ſhould keep my poſt chay?

Sneak. Nay, brother Bruin, ſhe has had wery good proffers, that is certain.

Mrs Sneak. My laſt legs!—but I can rein my paſſion no longer; let me get at the villain.

Bruin. O fye, ſiſter Sneak.

Sneak. Hold her faſt.

Mrs Sneak. Mr Bruin, unhand me: what, it is you that have ſtirred up theſe coals then; he is ſet on by you to abuſe me.

Bruin. Not I; I would only have a man behave like a man.

Mrs Sneak. What, and are you to teach him, I warrant—but here comes the Major.

Enter Major Sturgeon.

Oh Major! ſuch a riot and rumpus! Like a man indeed! I wiſh people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with matters that does not concern them: but all in good time; I ſhall one day catch him alone, when he has not his bullies to back him.

Sneak. Adod, that's true, brother Bruin; what ſhall I do when ſhe has me at home, and nobody by but ourſelves?

Bruin. If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

Major. Look ye, Maſter Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may ſuit with a citizen; but, were you an officer, and Major Sturgeon upon your court-martial—

Bruin. What then?

Major. Then! why then you would be broke.

Bruin. Broke! and for what?

Major. What! read the articles of war: but theſe things are out of your ſpear; points of honour are for the ſons of the ſword.

Sneak. Honour! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my vife in the garden?

Major. Now, Sir Jacob, this is the curſe of our cloth: all ſuſpected for the faults of a few.

Sneak. Ay, and not without reaſon; I heard of your tricks at the King of Bohemy, when you was campaining

about, I did: father Sir Jacob, he is as wicious as an old ram.

Major. Stop whilſt you are ſafe, Maſter Sneak; for the ſake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is paſt—But for you—

Bruin. Well.

Major. Dread the whole force of my fury.

Bruin. Why, lookye, Major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers and ſharps, becauſe why, they are out of my way; but if you will doff with your boots, and box a couple of bouts—

Major. Box! box! blades! bullets! Bagſhot!

Mrs Sneak. Not for the world, my dear Major! oh, riſk not ſo precious a life. Ungrateful wretches! and is this the reward for all the great feats he has done? After all his marchings, his ſouſings, his ſweatings, his ſwimmings; muſt his dear blood be ſpilt by a broker!

Major. Be ſatisfy'd, ſweet Mrs Sneak; theſe little fracaſes we ſoldiers are ſubject to; trifles, bagatailes, Mrs Sneak: But that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant.

Mrs Sneak. Major, Sir Jacob; what, are you all leagu'd againſt his dear—A man! yes, a very manly action indeed to ſet married people a quarrelling, and ferment a difference between huſband and wife: if you were a man, you would not ſtand by and ſee a poor woman beat and abus'd by a brute, you would not.

Sneak. Oh Lord, I can hold out no longer! why, brother Bruin, you have ſet her a veeping: my life, my lovy, don't veep: did I ever think I ſhould have made my Molly to veep?

Mrs Sneak. Laſt legs! you lubberly— [*Strikes him.*

Sir Jac. Oh, fye! Molly.

Mrs Sneak. What, are you leagu'd againſt me, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Prithee, don't expoſe yourſelf before the whole pariſh: but what has been the occaſion of this?

Mrs Sneak. Why, has not he gone and made himſelf the fool of the fair? Mayor of Garrat indeed! ecod, I could trample him under my feet.

Sneak. Nay, why ſhould you grudge me my purfarment?

Mrs

Mrs Sneak. Did you ever hear ſuch an oaf? why, thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goeſt: lookye, Jerry, mind what I ſay; go, get 'em to chuſe ſomebody elſe, or never come near me again.

Sneak. What ſhall I do, father Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too ſerious a light; my honeſt neighbours thought to compliment me: but come, we'll ſettle the buſineſs at once. Neighbours, my ſon Sneak being ſeldom amongſt us, the duty will never be done, ſo we will get our honeſt friend Heel-Tap to execute the office; he is, I think, every way qualified.

Mob. A Heel-Tap!

Heel-Tap. What d'ye mean, as Maſter Jeremy's deputy?

Sir Jac. Ay, ay, his *locum tenens*.

Sneak. Do, Criſpin; do be my *locum tenens*.

Heel-Tap. Give me your hand, Maſter Sneak, and to oblige you I will be the *locum tenens*.

Sir Jac. So, that is ſettled; but now to heal the other breach: come, Major, the gentlemen of your cloth ſeldom bear malice; let me interpoſe between you and my ſon.

Major. Your ſon-in-law, Sir Jacob, does deſerve a caſtigation; but, on recollection, a cit would but ſully my arms. I forgive him.

Sir Jac. That's right: as a token of amity, and to celebrate our feaſt, let us call in the fiddles. Now if the Major had but his ſhoes, he might join in a country-dance.

Major. Sir Jacob, no ſhoes, a Major muſt be never out of his boots; always ready for action. Mrs Sneak will find me lightſome enough.

Sneak. What are all the vomen engaged? why then my *locum tenens* and I will jig together. Forget and forgive, Major.

Major. Freely.

Nor be it ſaid, that, after all my toil,
I ſtain'd my regimentals by a broil.
To you I dedicate boots, ſword, and ſhield,
Sir Jac. As harmleſs in the chamber as the field.

THE

THE

ORATORS;

A COMEDY,

OF

THREE ACTS.

LECTURER, — Mr Foote.

PUPILS, &c.

- Mr Weston.
- Mr Pynn.
- Mr Quick.
- Mr Bannister.
- Mr Davis.
- Mr Loveman.
- Mr Castle.
- Mr Palmer.
- Mr Strange.
- Mr Smith.
- Mr Pearce.
- Mr Keen.
- Mr Gardiner.
- Mr Newton.
- Mr Shuter.

ACT I.

Enter Will Tirehack, *and* Harry Scamper, ***booted, with whips in their hands, into a ſide-box.***

Scamper. PSHAW! zounds! prithee, Will, let us go; what ſignifies our ſtaying here?

Tirehack. Nay, but tarry a little; beſides, you know we promiſed to give Poll Bayliſs and Bett Skinner the meeting.

Scamper. No matter, we ſhall be ſure to find them at three at the Shakſpeare.

Tirehack. But as we are here, Harry, let us know a little what it's about?

Scamper. About! Why lectures, you fool! Have not you read the bills? and we have plenty of them at Oxford you know!

Tirehack. Well, but for all that, there may be fun.

Scamper. Why then, ſtay and enjoy it yourſelf; and I'll ſtep to the Bull and Gate, and call upon Jerry Lack-Latin, and my horſe. We ſhall ſee you at three. [*Riſing.*

Tirehack. Nay, but prithee, ſtay.

Scamper. Rot me if I do. [*Going out of the box.*

Tirehack. Halloo, Harry! Harry—

Scamper. Well, what's the matter now? [*Returning.*

Tirehack. Here's Poll Bayliſs come into the gallery.

Scamper. No——

Tirehack. She is, by—

Scamper. [*looking.*] Yes faith! It is ſhe ſure enough.—How goes it, Poll?

Tirehack. Well now, we ſhall have you, I hope?

Scamper. Ay, if I thought we ſhould get any fun.

Tirehack. I'll make an enquiry. Halloo! ſnuffers, ſnuffers!

Enter Candle-ſnuffer.

Your pleaſure, Sir?

Tirehack. What is all this buſineſs about here?

Snuffer. Can't ſay, Sir.

Scamper. Well but you could if you would, let us into the ſecret.

Snuffer.

Snuffer. Not I, upon my honour!

Tirehack. Your honour, you ſon of a whore! D'ye hear, bid your maſter come hither, we want to aſk him a queſtion.

Snuffer. I will— [*Exit.*

Tirehack. Scamper, will you aſk him, or ſhall I?

Scamper. Let me alone to him—

Enter Foote.

Tirehack. O! here he is—

Foote. Your commands with me, gentlemen?

Scamper. Why, you muſt know Will and I here are upon a ſcheme from Oxford; and becauſe caſh begins to run low—How much have you, Will?

Tirehack. Three and twenty ſhillings, beſides the crown I paid at the door.

Scamper. And I eighteen, now, as this will laſt us but to-night, we are willing to huſband our time; let us ſee, Will, how are we engaged?

Tirehack. Why at three, with Bett and Poll, there, at the Shakſpeare; after that to the coronation; for you know we have ſeen it but nine times—

Scamper. And then back to the Shakſpeare again; where we ſup, and take horſe at the door.

Tirehack. So there's no time to be loſt, you ſee; we deſire, therefore, to know what ſort of a thing this affair here of yours is? What, is it damn'd funny and comical?

Foote. Have you ſeen the bills?

Scamper. What, about the lectures? ay, but that's all ſlang, I ſuppoſe; no, no. No tricks upon travellers; no, we know better—What, are there any more of you; or do you do it all yourſelf?

Foote. If I was in want of comedians, you, gentlemen, are kind enough to lend me a lift; but upon my word, my intentions, as the bill will inform you, are ſerious——

Tirehack. Are they? then I'll have my money again. What, do you think we come to London to learn any thing?—Come Will. [*Going.*

Foote. Hold, gentlemen, I would detain you if poſſible. What is it you expect?

Scamper. To be jolly, and laugh, to be ſure—

Foote. At what?

Tirehack.

Tirebach. At what —— damme, I don't know—at you, and your frolicks and fancies—

Foote. If that is all you deſire, why, perhaps we ſhan't diſappoint you—

Scamper. Shan't you?—why, that is an honeſt fellow—come, begin—

Foote. But you'll be ſo kind as not to interrupt me?

Scamper. Never fear——

Foote. Ladies and gentlemen—

[Suds *from the oppoſite box calls to* Foote, *and ſtops him ſhort.*

Suds. Stop a minute; may I be permitted to ſpeak?

Foote. Doubtleſs, Sir.

Suds. Why the affair is this: My wife Alice—for you muſt know my name is Ephraim Suds, I am a ſoap-boiler in the city,—took it into her head, and nothing would ſerve her turn, but that I muſt be a common-council man this year; for, ſays Alice, *ſays ſhe*, it is the *onlieſt* way to riſe in the world.

Foote. A juſt obſervation—you ſucceeded?

Suds. Oh! there was no danger of that—yes, yes, I got it all hollow; but now to come to the marrow of the buſineſs. Well, Alice, ſays I, now I am choſen, what's next to be done? "Why now, ſays Alice, *ſays ſhe*, thee muſt learn to make ſpeeches; why doſt not ſee what purferment neighbour Grogram has got; why man, 'tis all brought about by his *ſpeechifying*. I tell thee what, Ephraim, if thee can'ſt but once learn to lay down the law, there's no knowing to what thee may'ſt riſe.——"

Foote. Your lady had reaſon.

Suds. Why I thought ſo too; and, as good luck would have it, who ſhould come into the city, in the very nick of time, but Maſter Profeſſor along with his lectures—Adod, away, in a hurry, Alice and I danced to Pewterers-hall.

Foote. You improved, I hope?

Suds. O Lud! it is unknown what knowledge we got; we can read—Oh! we never ſtop to ſpell a word now—and then he told us ſuch things about verbs, and nouns, and adverbs, that never entered our heads before, and emphaſis, and accent; heaven bleſs us, I did not think there had been ſuch things in the world.

Foote. And have you *ſpeechified* yet?

Suds. Soft; ſoft and fair; we muſt walk before we can

run—I think I have laid a pretty foundation. The man-ſion-houſe was not built in a day, Maſter Foote. But to go on with my tale, my dame one day looking over the papers, came running to me; now, Ephraim, ſays ſhe, thy buſineſs is done; rare news, lad; here is a man at the other end of the town, that will make thee a *ſpeecher* at once, and out ſhe pull'd your propoſals. Ah, Alice, ſays I, thee be'ſt but a fool, why I know that man, he is all upon his fun; he lecture—why, 'tis all but a bam—Well, 'tis but ſeeing ſays ſhe, ſo, *wolens nolens*, ſhe would have me come hither; now, if ſo be you be ſerious, I ſhall think my money wiſely beſtowed; but if it be only your comical works, I can tell you, you ſhall ſee me no more.

Foote. Sir, I ſhould be extremely ſorry to loſe; if I knew but what would content you?

Suds. Why, I want to be made an orator *on*; and to ſpeak ſpeeches, as I tell you, at our meetings, about politics, and peace, and addreſſes, and the new bridge, and all *them* kind of things.

Foote. Why with your happy talents I ſhould think much might be done.

Suds. I am proud to hear you ſay ſo. Indeed I am. I did *ſpeechify* once at a veſtry concerning new lettering the church buckets, and came off cutely enough; and, to ſay the truth, that was the thing that provoked me to go to Pewterers-hall. [*Sits down again.*

Foote. Well, Sir, I flatter myſelf, that in proportion to the difference of abilities in your two inſtructors, you will here make a tolerable progreſs. But now, Sir, with your favour, we will proceed to explain the nature of onr deſign, and I hope, in the proceſs, you gentlemen, will find entertainment, and you, Sir, information.

Mr Foote *then proceeded in his lecture.*

My plan, gentlemen, is to be conſidered as a ſuperſtructure on that admirable foundation laid by the modern profeſſor of Engliſh, both our labours tending to the ſame general end, the perfectioning of our countrymen in a moſt eſſential article, the right uſe of their native language.

But what he has happily begun, I have the vanity to think I have as happily finiſhed; he has, it is true, introduced you into the body of the church, but I conduct you into the choir of the cathedral: or, to explain myſelf by

a more familiar alluſion, though he is the Poitier who teaches you the ſtep and the grounds; yet I am the Gallini who gives you the air, and the grace of the minuet.

His aim is propriety alone; mine, propriety with elegance.

For though reading, ſo ſhamefully neglected, not only by thoſe of tender years, but the adult; not only by children, but even by grown men and women; not only in our private ſeminaries, but in our public univerſities; is allowed to be a neceſſary ingredient towards the formation of an orator; yet, a great many other rules, a great many other precepts are requiſite to obtain this perfection.

Nay, perhaps we might, to ſupport an argument without the danger of a defeat, at leaſt if we may truſt obſervation, that of all the profeſſions that require a verbal intercourſe with the public, there is no one to which reading is of ſo little utility as that of oratory.

I need not inſiſt upon this head, as I believe every gentleman's experience will furniſh him with inſtances of men eminent in oratory, who, from an early vivacity have neglected, or the indulgence of their parents have been emancipated from the attention and application neceſſary, it is true, to acquire this rugged art, but at the ſame time ſo ill-ſuited to their tender years, and ſo oppoſite to thoſe innocent amuſements in which children are known univerſally to delight. *Thwart not a child, for you ſpoil his temper*—is, or at leaſt ought to be, an Engliſh proverb, as it is an univerſal practice.

I would not here be underſtood to depreciate the uſefulneſs of reading, or to detract from the exceeding merit of the profeſſor's plan; no, my meaning is only juſt to drop a hint that I may occaſionally uſe him as a walking ſtick; a kind of an *elegantly clouded Mocoa*, or an *airy Anamaboo*; yet, that it is by no means my intention to depend upon him as a *ſupport*, or lean upon him as a *crutch*; in a word, he will be rather ornamental than neceſſary to me.

But uſeleſs as is his plan to me, I ſincerely wiſh it ſucceſs for the ſake of the public; and if my influence was equal to my inclination, I would have a law enacted, upon the plan of the militia bill, that annually, or biennially, draughts ſhould be made from every pariſh of two, three, or more, as in that act of able-bodied, ſo in this of intelligent perſons, who at the expence of the ſeveral counties, ſhould be ſent to the capital, and there compelled to go through

through as many courſes of the profeſſor's lectures as he ſhall deem ſufficient: thus, by thoſe periodical rural detachments, the whole nation will, in a few years, be completely ſerved, and a ſtock of learning laid in, that will laſt till time ſhall be no more.

Would our rulers but adopt this ſcheme! how ſuperior would England be even to the moſt illuſtrious periods of Greece and Rome! what an unrivalled happineſs for us, what an eternal fund of fame for them! Ye Solons, ye Lycurgus's, ye Numa's, hide your diminiſhed heads; ſee what a revolution two laws in a few years have produced; ſee a whole people, ſunk in more than Gothic ignorance, accuſtomed to no other iron implements than the pacific plough-ſhare, or the harmleſs ſpade, ſtart out at once profound ſcholars and veteran ſoldiers: if at this happy period, a Frenchman, thinking any thing out of his own country worthy his attention, ſhould condeſcend to pay this kingdom a viſit, methinks, I anticipate the account he will give of us at his return (like his countryman of old, who, at the taking of Rome, burſting into the Capitol, and there finding the ſenate fixed and immovable in their ſeats, declared them an aſſembly of kings), ſo will he at once pronounce the whole Britiſh nation to be an army of generals, and one congregation of doctors. Happy country! where the *Arma & Toga* are ſo fortunately blended as to prevent all contention for the pre-eminence.

I know but one objection that can be made to this plan, and that merely a temporary one; that the culture of our lands will ſuſtain an infinite injury, if ſuch a number of peaſants were to deparochiate, there being already ſcarce hands ſufficient, from the recruits conſtantly made for Germany, &c. &c. &c. to carry on the common buſineſs of huſbandry.

But what are riches, periſhable commodities, glittering, tranſitory, fallacious goods, when compared to the ſubſtantial, incorruptible endowments of the mind! this truth is indeed happily inculcated by an old Engliſh adage;

> "*When lands and goods are gone and ſpent,*
> "*Then learning is moſt excellent.*"

This ſenſible and poetical diſtich, I would recommend to Mr Profeſſor, as a motto for his intended treatiſe; but I ſuppoſe he is already well provided with an apt *Latin*,

if

if not a *Greek* one, to either of which I muſt yield the preference.

But to wave this ethical argument; I can eaſily foil the force of this objection, by a natural and obvious *ſuccedaneum*. Suppoſe a clauſe was to be added to the bill for the importation of tallow, raw hides, and live cattle from Ireland, that, during this literary emigration, a ſufficient number of inhabitants of that country may be tranſported hither to ſupply the vacancy: but here it muſt be obſerved, that for this purpoſe an act of parliament is indiſpenſably neceſſary; for though it would be difficult, if not impoſſible, for us, in our preſent condition, to get in even our harveſts, without the aid of hands annually exported for that purpoſe from Ireland; yet this is at beſt but an illicit trade, and the men themſelves are to be conſidered under the article of ſmuggled goods; a very heavy penalty being laid by ſtatute on all maſters of veſſels, who ſhall venture to import any of the above-cited commodity into this realm, without ſpecial licence; to this purpoſe I recollect a caſe in point, the fifth of William and Mary, Ban. Reg. The King contra Oflaarty. Vide V. Rep. vol. iii. chap. 9. page 4.

But if this ſhould be thought by the people in power too great an indulgence to the Iriſh, as we have never been remarkably profuſe in our favours to our loyal and affectionate ſiſter, I ſee no other method of redreſſing the imaginary evil, than by exempting from this ſervice all the males till a general peace, and accepting, in their room, a ſuitable number of diſcreet middle-aged females; and theſe, when they have been properly perfected in the myſteries of our language, may be returned to their ſeveral pariſhes, and there form little infantine communities of literati, which will be a ſtock for the ſucceeding generation; and, indeed, upon conſideration, I don't know whether this won't prove the beſt method for the introduction and univerſal propagation of the plan.

For the Engliſh common people, naturally ſullen and obſtinate, and religiouſly attached to their old cuſtoms, might be ſhocked and ſcandalized to ſee, at one bold ſtroke, the veſcues and faſces, which have been, from time immemorial, conſigned to one, or more matron in every village, raviſhed at once from their hands, and delivered over to the adminiſtration of the oppoſite ſex.

But

But to return to my own ſubject, from which my zeal for Mr Profeſſor's ſucceſs has tempted me to make rather too long a digreſſion:

When I ventured to affirm that the profeſſion of an orator might exiſt independently of an accurate knowledge of the arrangement, and different combinations of the four-and-twenty letters, ſo far as *(in the words of the profeſſor)* they relate to their being the arbitrary marks of meaning upon paper; yet, I would not be underſtood to aſſert this generally, as to every ſpecies of oratory, but to confine myſelf to thoſe particular branches only, where the orator's own mind ſuggeſts the matter that his own mouth diſcharges: for inſtance, now, as when affairs of ſtate are weighed at a common-council, religious points militated at the Robin-Hood, the arts and ſciences handled in the Strand, or politics debated near Weſtminſter-abbey; here the arguments and words given are ſuppoſed to ariſe from the immediate impulſe of the giver; but where they are concurrent agents, as in the oratory peculiar to the pulpit and the ſtage, where one individual furniſhes the matter, and another adminiſters the manner, the caſe is widely different.

In the firſt inſtance, a tolerable proficiency in reading is indiſpenſably requiſite, as ſcarce any memory but the late Mr Heydegger's could retain, to any degree of certainty, the various parts of the Liturgy, the Old and New Teſtament, briefs, faculties, excommunications, &c. &c. &c. and a lapſe on thoſe ſolemn occaſions might be attended with very aukward circumſtances; nor would I here be ſuppoſed to inſinuate, that the pieces of oratory delivered from the pulpit are not the compoſition of the deliverer; no—This is ſo far from being generally the caſe, that I have often heard complaints made againſt particular agents, that they have forced upon their congregations their own crude and inſipid productions, when, at the ſame time, their native language would furniſh them with ſo extenſive and noble a collection of admirable materials. But here the auditor, unleſs he be well read in theology, may be led into a miſtake; for there are ſome men, who, by a particular happineſs in their manner, have the addreſs to make the works of other men ſo abſolutely their own, that there is no diſtinguiſhing the difference; at this the poet hints in his *Male dum recitat*, &c. For theſe various reaſons, I think a warm application to the art of reading cannot

cannot be too ſtrongly recommended to the profeſſors of this kind of oratory.

With regard to the profeſſors of the ſtage, though reading is undoubtedly uſeful, yet, as the performer is to repeat, and not to read, the deficiency may be ſupplied by the introduction of a third agent, viz. a perſon to read to him till the words are rooted in his memory. This expedient, though tedious, I have known frequently practiſed with good ſucceſs: little blunders will now and then unavoidably ariſe, either from the miſapprehenſion of the ſecond agent, or the ignorance or waggery of the third; but theſe ſlips are generally unobſerved, or, through inattention or indulgence, overlooked by an audience. But to return to the conſideration of my own plan, from which no temptation ſhall, for the future, ſeduce me to digreſs:

We will firſt, then, conſider the utility of oratory.

Secondly, the diſtinct and various kinds, or ſpecies, of that ſcience, as they are practiſed at this day in this kingdom.

Thirdly, we will demonſtrate, that every branch of Engliſh oratory is peculiarly our own, owes its riſe, progreſs, and perfection to this country, and was not only unknown to the ancients, but is entirely repugnant to all thoſe principles they have endeavoured to eſtabliſh.

Fourthly, that any rhetorical ſyſtem now exiſting, inſtead of a croſs in the hands, with letters to direct you on your road, will prove only but a Will in the Wiſp, to confound, perplex, and bewilder you.

Fifthly, from hence will reſult a neceſſity for the immediate eſtabliſhment of an academy, for the promulgation and inculcation of modern oratory.

To which academy, the author of theſe propoſals does hope, ſixthly, that he ſhall be appointed perpetual profeſſor.

Perhaps it may not be impertinent here to obſerve, that the author has induſtriouſly avoided, and will, in the courſe of this treatiſe, avoid all poetical alluſion, all grandeur of expreſſion, all ſplendour of diction; in ſhort, renounce every rhetorical prop, as knowing that, on didactic ſubjects, order, ſimplicity, and perſpicuity, are the means to gain his end, which is not to gratify the imagination, but to improve and poliſh the underſtanding of my countrymen.

Firſt, then, we are to demonſtrate the utility of oratory: and this, we flatter ourſelves, will, in a great meaſure, be

be evident from the conſideration of its univerſality, and the diſtinctions it procures, both lucrative and honourable, to any man eminent in the art.

There is, by the conſtitution of this kingdom, an aſſembly of many individuals, who, as the ſeventh ſon of a ſeventh ſon is born a phyſician, are orators by hereditary right; that is, by birth they are enabled to give their opinions and ſentiments on all ſubjects, where the intereſt of their country is concerned: To this we are to add another aſſembly, conſiſting of 558 individuals, where, though the ſame privilege is enjoyed as in the firſt inſtance, yet this advantage is not poſſeſſed in virtue of any inherent natural right, but is obtained in conſequence of an annual, triennial, or ſeptennial deputation from the whole body of the people; if then we add to this liſt the number of all thoſe candidates who are ambitious of this honour, with the infinite variety of changes that a revolution of twenty years will produce, we cannot eſtimate thoſe funds of national orators, in *eſſe*, *poſſe*, and *velle*, to a ſmaller quantity than 20,000; and this, I believe, by the diſciples of Demoivre, will be thought a very moderate computation.

The two orders of the long robe next demand our attention; and as the pre-eminence is unqueſtionably due to the prieſthood, let us conſider what number of perſons is neceſſary to ſupply that ſervice? England is divided into nine thouſand nine hundred and thirteen pariſhes: now, if we ſuppoſe two paſtors for every pariſh, this learned body will be found to conſiſt of nineteen thouſand eight hundred and twenty-ſix individuals: but as the moſt ſacred characters are no more exempted from that fatal ſtroke that puts a temporary period to our exiſtence, than the profane, it is neceſſary that a proviſion ſhould be made of fit and able perſons; ſo that at all events there be no lack of labourers in this plentiful vineyard: nor has the policy of this nation been ſo blinded as not to guard againſt this poſſible contingency, by erecting ſchools, ſeminaries, and univerſities, in which a convenient quantity of our youth are properly trained, in order to fill up chaſms which may be occaſionally made by the inſatiable ſcythe of death. If then we eſtimate this corps de reſerve at the half only of the ſtanding force, we ſhall find the army entire amount to 29,739.

I foreſee that an objection will be made to this calculation,

tion, viz. That two paſtors to every pariſh is a moſt exorbitant and improbable charge; for that many pariſhes, from impropriations, appropriations, and other accidents, inſtead of two, are ſcarce able to ſupport one paſtor; and that this complaint is almoſt general throughout the whole principality of Wales, where many individuals of this reſpectable order, to the great damage of their dignity, are obliged to have recourſe to very unclerical profeſſions for the ſupport of themſelves and families.

This objection we will allow its full force; but then if it be conſidered that, in our original eſtimate, we omitted all deans, canons, prebends, heads and fellows of colleges, chaplains to ſhips, regiments, and private families, together with the whole body of diſſenting miniſters of all denominations, field-preachers, and pariſh clerks, I believe we ſhall be thought rather to have diminiſhed than exaggerated the real quantity.

As I have not been able to get admittance to the archives of the ſeveral inns of court in this metropolis, I am afraid we ſhall not be able to determine, with the ſame degree of certainty, the exact number of thoſe who have devoted their lives and labours to the explanation and due execution of our municipal laws: I am, therefore, obliged to depend on circumſtantial evidence, which, in ſome caſes is admitted, even in our courts, to have equal force with proof poſitive.

And here the reaſon of the law (as the law is the perfection of reaſon) is extremely clear. To illuſtrate this by an inſtance:

A ſwears a robbery againſt *B*; *A* may lie, or at leaſt be miſtaken; but if the goods ſtolen from *A*, and previouſly deſcribed by him, are found, with their mark, in the poſſeſſion of *B*, *B* not being able to account for ſuch poſſeſſion, that circumſtance ſhall be deemed of at leaſt equal weight againſt *B*, as if *A* was to ſwear poſitively to the perſonal identity of *B*. This being the practice of the courts we ſhall proceed, with all poſſible expedition (which, indeed, is not the practice of the courts), to produce our proofs circumſtantial. As in the former inſtance we have grounded our calculation on the number of pariſhes, we ſhall in this derive our computation from the number of houſes in the kingdom.

To any man tolerably acquainted with the country of England, it is unneceſſary to obſerve, that not only in

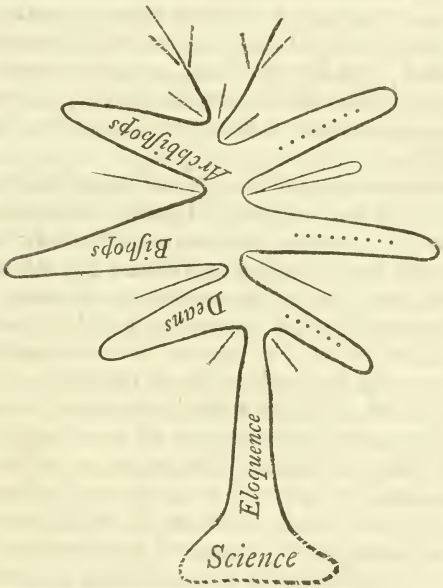
every town, but almoſt in every hamlet through which he travels, his eyes are conſtantly caught by the appearance of a ſmart houſe, prefaced with white rails, and prologued by a red door, with a braſs knocker; when you deſire to be acquainted with the name and quality of the owner of this manſion, you are always told that it belongs to lawyer ſuch a one: now, if a hamlet containing thirty houſes, with perhaps an environ of an equal number, where labour and the fruits of the earth are the only ſources of wealth, can ſupport one attorney in this rural magnificence, what an infinite number of lawyers can a commercial capital ſuſtain? But becauſe I would rather retrench than exceed, I will only quarter one attorney upon fifty houſes. The number of houſes in the reign of George the Firſt (ſince which time the quantity has been conſiderably encreaſed), was computed at 1,175,951. The number of attorneys then will be 23,518; and, if we reckon one barriſter to twenty attorneys, the ſum total is 24,693.

I know it will be here objected, that but one ſmall part of this numerous body can be benefited by my plan, the privilege of ſpeaking publicly being permitted to the ſuperior order, the barriſters alone: but this criticiſm is confined to the obſervation of what paſſes merely in Weſtminſter-hall, without conſidering that, at every quarter and petty ſeſſion at all county courts, courts-leet, courts-baron, &c. &c. &c. full power of pleading is permitted to every practitioner of the law.

As the number of thoſe who incorporate themſelves to promote, not only with their caſh, but their counſel, the progreſs of the arts and ſciences, is unlimited, it will be impoſſible for any fixed period to aſcertain their quantity: nor can we, with any certainty, as the Court Regiſter has been ſilent to the members of common-council, determine the amount of the city orators; beſides, as what has been already offered is more than ſufficient to prove the utility of our ſcheme from its univerſality, we ſhall not trouble our readers nor ourſelves with any further calculations; for though they are replete with great depth of knowledge, are the reſult of intenſe application, and the vehicles of mathematical truths, yet to the million the diſquiſition is but dry and tedious, and our purpoſe always was, and is, to mix with our inſtruction a proper portion of delectation.

We will, therefore, for theſe reaſons, haſten to the conſideration of the ſecond point propoſed, viz. An inquiry into

to the various kinds of oratory now exiſting in this country. And we ſhall not, on this occaſion, trouble ourſelves with the inveſtigation of all the ſmaller branches of this art; but, like the profeſſors in anatomy, contenting ourſelves with the diſſection of the noble parts, remit the examination of the ignoble ones to the care of ſubaltern artiſts. Leaving, then, to the minute philoſophers of the age all the orators of veſtries, clubs, and coffee-houſes, *Paulo majora canamus;* and for the better illuſtration of this head, permit me, reader, to be a little fanciful. We will ſuppoſe oratory to be one large tree, of which tree ſcience is the *radix*; eloquence the trunk; from which trunk ſprout nine diſtinct ramifications; from which ramifications depends a fruit peculiar to each. But to make this clearer, we will preſent thee with the tree itſelf, not enigmatically hieroglyfied, but plainly and palpably pourtrayed.



But here, reader, let me not arrogate to myſelf the merit of this happy explication; I own the hint was firſt given me with my grammar. The ingenious, profound Lilly,

Lilly, after he has led his pupils through the various and almoſt impervious provinces of nouns, pronouns, verbs, participles, and adverbs, conducts them to the foot of that arduous and ſtupendous mountain *Qui mihi:* here, dreading leſt their youthful ardour might be damped with the ſteep aſcent, he reanimates their ſlackened nerves with the myſtic picture of an apple-tree, the acceſs of whoſe boughs, though tedious and difficult, will yet be amply rewarded by leave to revel uncontrouled through the whole region of pippins. May the luſcious fruit ſprouting from the apex of each of my ramifications prove an equal ſpur to every beardleſs orator!

I don't know whether the mentioning another order of orators, as they are not at preſent exiſting in this kingdom, may not be deemed an impropriety. But as I am a ſincere lover of my country, I can't help recommending an immediate importation of ſome of thoſe uſeful and able artiſts. Sir William Temple, in his Eſſay on Poetry, has recorded their virtues; and as the race was not extinguiſhed in his time, it is to be hoped that it ſtill remains.

In Ireland, ſays Sir William, the great men of their ſepts, among many officers of their family, had not only a phyſician, a huntſman, a ſmith, and ſuch like, but a poet and tale-teller.

The firſt recorded and ſung the actions of their anceſtors, and entertained the company at feaſts; the latter amuſed them with tales, when they were melancholy and could not ſleep: and a very gallant gentleman has told me, of his own experience, that in his wolf-hunting there, when he uſed to be abroad in the mountains two or three days together, and lie very ill at nights, ſo as he could not well ſleep, they would bring one of thoſe tale-tellers, that when he lay down would begin a ſtory of a king, or a giant, a dwarf and a damſel, and continue all night long in ſuch an even tone that you heard him going on whenever you awakened; and he believed nothing any phyſicians could give had ſo good and ſo innocent an effect to make men ſleep in any pains or diſtempers of body or mind. Theſe are Sir William Temple's words, which contain an amazing inſtance of the power of thoſe orators over the paſſions, it requiring full as much art and addreſs to aſſuage and quell, as to blow up and excite a tumult in the mind.

In a bill not long ſince depending in Parliament, for the better

better regulating the city watch, a clauſe was recommended, by a late reſpectable magiſtrate, that, to prevent the watchmen from ſleeping at nights on bulks (the ſource of many diſorders), the ſaid watchmen ſhould be compelled to ſleep ſix hours in the day; an arch member ſeconded the motion, and begged to be included in this clauſe; for that being grievouſly afflicted with the gout, he could not for many days ſleep a ſingle wink; now if he could be compelled to take a ſix hours ſleep every day, he apprehended that his fits would be of a much ſhorter duration. Upon this dry comment, the motion was raſhly rejected; but if the houſe had received the leaſt intimation of the aſtoniſhing abilities of the *rockers* (for by that appellation I chuſe to diſtinguiſh this order of orators), I am convinced that the above clauſe would not only have been received, but that proper encouragement would have been given, by Parliament, for the introduction and eſtabliſhment of this uſeful oratorical ſect.

Nor, indeed, conſidering the vaſt addition to our cuſtomary cares, from the unaccountable fluctuation of our funds, the cauſe of concern to many thouſand individuals, do I think a viſit from a convenient quantity of thoſe artiſts would be now out of ſeaſon; but how this honour is to be obtained, whether any of theſe great men are now reſiding amongſt us, under the diſguiſe of chairmen and hackney coachmen; or whether it would not be more adviſeable to employ thoſe gentlemen who have ſo lately and ſucceſsfully rummaged the Highlands of Scotland and Ireland for the remains of Runic poetry in ſearch of the ableſt profeſſors; is ſubmitted to the ſociety for the encouragement of arts.

I am aware that, on this occaſion, ſome arch wag, poſſeſſed of the ſame ſpirit with the above ſenator, will object to my ſcheme of importation, by alleging, that we have of our own growth an ample proviſion of rockers, and refer us for proof to our ſeveral churches and chapels, during the hours of eleven and two on a Sunday, where the ſleep-compelling power will be experimentally demonſtrated to exiſt in its full force againſt us; but not to derogate from the abilities of my countrymen, ſurely the ſhortneſs of the time, the cauſe of the nap, rarely continuing above fifteen or ſixteen minutes, will not admit of a proper experiment: beſides, how can one orator ſupply

ply a whole pariſh, unleſs, indeed, our churches were to be converted into dormitories, which I can't think will happen, as this would be attended with inconveniencies too obvious to need a recital.

Abſtracted from this laſt order, the Engliſh orators are to be divided into four diſtinct claſſes, the pulpit, the ſenate, the bar, and the ſtage; with the firſt of theſe branches, the pulpit, I ſhan't interfere, and, indeed, ſo few people now of conſequence and conſideration frequent the churches, that the art is ſcarce worth cultivation. The bar—

Scamper. Pſhaw! there's enough of this dull proſing; come, give us a little of ſomething that's funny; you talked about pupils. Could not we ſee them?

Foote. Rather too precipitate, Sir; but, however, in ſome meaſure to ſatisfy you, and demonſtrate the ſucceſs of our ſcheme; give me leave to introduce to you a moſt extraordinary inſtance, in the perſon of a young Highlander. It is not altogether a year ſince this aſtoniſhing ſubject ſpoke nothing but Erſe. Encouraged by the prodigies of my brother profeſſor's ſkill, whoſe fame, like the Chevalier Taylor's, pierces the remoteſt regions, his relations were tempted to ſend this young genius to Edinburgh; where he went through a regular courſe of the profeſſor's lectures to finiſh his ſtudies; he has been about ſix weeks under my care, and, conſidering the time, I think you will be amazed at his progreſs. Donald!—

Enter Donald.

What's yer wull, Sir?

Foote. Will you give theſe ladies and gentlemen a proof of your ſkill?

Donald. Ah, ye wad ha' a ſpecimen of my oratorical art.

Foote. If you pleaſe.

Donald. In gude troth on ye ſal; wol ye gi' me a topic?

Foote. O! chuſe for yourſelf.

Donald. Its aw one to Donald.

Foote. What think you of a ſhort panegyric on the ſcience we are treating of?

Donald. On oratory? wi' aw my heart.

Foote. Mind your action; let that accompany your words—

Donald.

Donald. Dunna heed, mon—the topic I preſum to haundle, is the miraculous gifts of an orator, wha' by the bare power of his words, he leads men, women, and bairns as he liſts—

Scamper. And who?

Donald. [*tartly.*] Men, women, and bairns.

Scamper. Bairns; who are they?

Foote. Oh! children—his meaning is obvious enough.

Donald. Ay, ay; men, women, and bairns, wherever he liſts; and firſt for the antiquity of the art—Ken ye, my lads, wha was the firſt orator?—Mayhap, ye think it was Tully the Latineſt; ye are wide o' the mark; or Demoſthenes the Greek? In gude troth, ye're as far off as before—Wha was it then? It was e'en that arch-chiel, the Deevil himſel—

Scamper. [*Haſtily.*] The devil it was; how do you prove that?

Donald. Guds zounds, mon, ye brake the thrid of my harang; an ye'll but ha'd yer tongue, I'ſe prove it as plain as a pike-ſtaff.

Tireback. Be quiet, Will, and let him go on.

Donald. I ſay it was that arch-chiel, the Deevil himſel. Ye ken weel, my lads, how Adam and Eve were planted in Eden, wi' plenty o' bannocks and cail, and aw that they wiſhed, but were prohibited the eating of pippins—

Scamper. Apples—

Donald. Weel, weel, and are' na pippins and apples aw the ſame thing?

Foote. Nay, pray, gentlemen, hear him out. Go on with your pippins—

Donald. Prohibited the eating of pippins; upon which what does me the orator Satan, but he whiſpers a ſaft ſpeech in her lug; egad our grannum fell to in an inſtant, and eat a pippin without ſtaying to pare it—(*Addreſſes himſelf to the Oxonians.*) Ken ye, lads, wha was the firſt orator, now?

Tireback. [*to Scamper.*] What ſay you to that?

Scamper. By my ſoul, the fellow's right—

Donald. Ay, but ye wan'na ha' patience—ye wan'na ha' patience, lads—

Tireback. Hold your jaw, and go on—

Donald. Now, we come to the definition of an orator; and it is from the Latin words *oro, orare,* to entreat, or perſwad;

perfwad; and how? by the means o' elocution, or argument, which argument conſiſts o' letters, which letters joined mak ſyllables, which ſyllables compounded mak words, which words combined mak ſentences, or periods, or which aw together mak an orator, ſo the firſt gift of an orator is words—

Scamper. Here, Donald, you are out.

Donald. How ſo?

Scamper. Words, the firſt gift of an orator! no, Donald, no, at ſchool I learned better than that: do'ſt not remember, Will, what is the firſt perfection of an orator? Action. The ſecond, action. The third, action.

Tireback. Right, right, Harry, as right as my nail; there, Donald, I think he has given you a doſe—

Donald. An ye ſtay me, i' the midſt o' my argument—

Scamper. Why don't you ſtick to truth?

Donald. I tell ye, I can *logically*.

Tireback Damn your logic—

Donald. Mighty weel—Maiſter Foote, how ca' ye this uſage?

Foote. Oh! never mind them—proceed.

Donald. In gude troth, I'ſe nat ſay ane word mare.

Foote. Finiſh, finiſh, Donald—

Donald. Ah! they have jumbled aw my ideas together; but an they will enter into a fair argumentation, I'ſe convince 'em that Donald Macgregor is mare than a match.

Scamper. You be—

Donald. Very weel—

Foote. Nay, but my dear Donald—

Donald. Hands aff, Maiſter Foote—I ha' finiſhed my tale, the De'el a word mare ſal ye get out o' Donald—yer ſervant, Sir. [*Exit.*

Foote. You ſee, gentlemen, what your impatience has loſt us.

Scamper. Rot him, let him go; but is this fellow one of your *pupils?* why, what a damnable twang he has got, with his men, women, and bairns!—

Foote. His pronunciation is, I own, a little irregular; but then conſider he is but merely a novice; why, even in his preſent condition, he makes no bad figure for his five minutes at the *Robin Hood*; and in a month or two, we ſhan't be aſhamed to ſtart him in a more *reſpectable place*.

But

But now, gentlemen, we are to deſcend to the peculiar eſſential qualities of each diſtinct ſpecies of oratory; and firſt for the bar—but as no didactic rules can ſo well convey, or words make a proper impreſſion, we will have recourſe to more palpable means, and endeavour, by a lively imitation, to demonſtrate the extent of our art. We muſt, for this end, employ the aid of our pupils; but as ſome preparation is neceſſary, we hope you will indulge us in a ſhort interruption.

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Hall of Juſtice.*

Enter Foote.

THE firſt ſpecies of oratory we are to demonſtrate our ſkill in is that of the bar; and, in order to give our lecture an air of reality, you are to ſuppoſe this a court of juſtice, furniſhed with proper miniſters to diſcharge the neceſſary functions. But, to ſupply theſe gentlemen with buſineſs, we muſt likewiſe inſtitute an imaginary cauſe; and, that the whole may be ideal, let it be the proſecution of an imaginary being; I mean the phantom of Cock-lane, a phænomenon that has puzzled the brains, and terrified the minds of many of our fellow-ſubjects.

You are to conſider, ladies and gentlemen, that the language of the bar is a ſpecies of oratory diſtinct from every other. It has been obſerved, that the ornaments of this profeſſion have not ſhone with equal luſtre in an aſſembly near their own hall; the reaſon aſſigned, though a pleaſant, is not the true *one*. It has been hinted, that theſe gentlemen were in want of their briefs; but was that the diſeaſe, the remedy would be eaſy enough: they need only have recourſe to the *artifice* ſucceſsfully practiſed by ſome of their colleagues; inſtead of having their briefs in their hands, to hide them at the bottom of their hats.

[*Calls to his pupils, who enter dreſſed as a juſtice, a clerk, a ſerjeant at law, and a counſellor.*]

You will remember, gentlemen, your proper pauſes, repetitions, hums, ha's, and interjections: now ſeat yourſelves, and you the counſel remember to be mighty dull,

and you the juſtice to fall aſleep. I muſt prepare to appear in this cauſe as a witneſs. [*Exit.*

Juſtice. Clerk, read the indictment.

Clerk *reads.*

Middleſex, to wit.

Fanny Phantom, you are indicted, that on or before the firſt day of January 1762, you the ſaid Fanny did, in a certain houſe, in a certain ſtreet, called Cock-lane, in the county of Middleſex, maliciouſly, treacherouſly, wickedly, and wilfully, by certain thumpings, knockings, ſcratchings, and flutterings againſt doors, walls, wainſcots, bedſteads, and bedpoſts, diſturb, annoy, aſſault, and terrify divers innocent, inoffenſive, harmleſs, quiet, ſimple people, reſiding in, at, near or about the ſaid Cock-lane, and elſewhere, in the ſaid county of Middleſex, to the great prejudice of ſaid people in ſaid county. How ſay you, guilty, or—

Counſellor *ſtops the Clerk ſhort.*

May it pleaſe your Worſhip—hem—I am counſel in this cauſe for the ghoſt—hem—and before I can permit her to plead, I have an objection to make, that is—hem—I ſhall object to her pleading at all.—Hem—it is the ſtanding law of this country—hem—and has—hem—always been ſo allowed, deemed, and practiſed, that—hem—all criminals ſhould be tried *par pares*, by their equals—hem—that is—hem—by a jury of equal rank with themſelves. Now, if this be the caſe, as the caſe it is; I—hem—I ſhould be glad to know how my client can be tried in this here manner. And firſt, who is my client? ſhe is in the indictment called a phantom, a ghoſt; what is a ghoſt? a ſpirit. What is a ſpirit? a ſpirit is a thing that exiſts independently of, and is ſuperior to fleſh and blood. And can any man go for to think, that I can adviſe my client to ſubmit to be tried by people of an inferior rank to herſelf? certainly no—I therefore, humbly move to ſquaſh this indictment, unleſs a jury of ghoſts be firſt had and obtained; unleſs a jury of ghoſts be firſt had and obtained. [*Sits down.*

Serjeant. I am, in this cauſe, counſel againſt Fanny Phantom the ghoſt;—eh—and notwithſtanding the rule laid down by Mr Profequi, be—eh—right in the main, yet here it can't avail his client a whit. We allow—eh—we do allow, pleaſe your Worſhip, that Fanny *quoad* Phantom,

Phantom,—eh—had originally a right to a jury of ghoſts; but—eh—if ſhe did, by any act of her own, forfeit this right, her plea cannot be admitted. Now, we can prove, pleaſe your Worſhip, prove by a cloud of witneſſes, that ſaid Fanny did, as ſpecified in the indictment, ſcratch, knock, and flutter;—eh—which ſaid ſcratchings, knockings, and flutterings—eh—being operations, merely peculiar to fleſh, blood, and body—eh—we do humbly apprehend—eh—that by condeſcending to execute the aforeſaid operations, ſhe has waved her privilege as a ghoſt, and may be tried in the ordinary form, according to the ſtatute ſo made and provided in the reign of, &c. &c. &c.

Your Worſhip's opinion.

Tireback. Smoke the juſtice, he is as faſt as a church.

Scamper. I fancy he has touched the tankard too much this morning; he'll know a good deal of what they have been ſaying.

Juſtice. [*Is awaked by the Clerk, who tells him they have pleaded.*] Why the objection—oh—brought by Mr Proſequi, is (*whiſpers the clerk*) doubtleſs proviſionally a valid objection; but then, if the culprit has, by an act of her own, defeated her privilege, as aſſerted in Mr Serjeant's replication; we conceive ſhe may be legally tried—oh,—beſides—oh,—beſides, I, I, I can't well ſee how we could impannel a jury of ghoſts; or—oh—how twelve ſpirits, who have no body at all, can be ſaid to take a corporal oath, as required by law—unleſs, indeed, as in caſe of the peerage, the priſoner may be tried on their honour.

Counſellor. Your Worſhip's diſtinction is juſt; knockings, ſcratchings, &c. as aſſerted by Mr Serjeant—

Serjeant. Aſſerted—Sir, do you doubt my inſtructions?

Counſellor. No interruptions, if you pleaſe, Mr Serjeant; I ſay as aſſerted, but can aſſertions be admitted as proofs? certainly no—

Serjeant. Our evidence is ready—

Counſellor. To that we object, to that we object, as it will anticipate the merits—your Worſhip—

Serjeant. Your Worſhip—

Juſtice. Why, as you impeach the ghoſt's privilege, you muſt produce proofs of her ſcratchings.

Serjeant. Call Shadrach Bodkin.

Clerk. Shadrach Bodkin, come into court.

Enter

Enter Bodkin.

Serjeant. Pray, Mr Bodkin, where do you live?

Bodkin. I ſojourn in Lukener's-lane.

Serjeant. What is your profeſſion.

Bodkin. I am a *teacher* of the *word*, and a *tailor*.

Scamper. Zounds, Will, it is a methodiſt.

Tirehack. No, ſure!

Scamper. By the lord Harry, it is.

Clerk. Silence.

Serjeant. Do you know any thing of Fanny the Phantom?

Bodkin. Yea—I do.

Serjeant. Can you give any account of her thumpings, ſcratchings, and flutterings?

Bodkin. Yea—manifold have been the ſcratchings and knockings that I have heard.

Serjeant. Name the times.

Bodkin. I have attended the ſpirit *Fanny* from the firſt day of her flutterings, even to the laſt ſcratch ſhe gave.

Serjeant. How long may that be?

Bodkin. Five weeks did ſhe flutter, and ſix weeks did ſhe ſcratch.

Scamper. Six weeks—damn it, I wonder ſhe did not wear out her nails.

Clerk. Silence.

Serjeant. I hope the court is convinced.

Counſellor. Hold, Maſter Bodkin, you and I muſt have a little diſcourſe. A tailor, you ſay. Do you work at your buſineſs?

Bodkin. No—

Counſellor. Look upon me, look upon the court—then your preſent trade is your teaching?

Bodkin. It is no trade.

Counſellor. What is it then, a calling?

Bodkin. No, it is no calling—it is rather—as I may ſay —a *forcing*—a *compelling*—

Counſellor. By whom?

Bodkin. By the ſpirit that is within me—

Scamper. It is an evil ſpirit, I believe; and needs muſt when the devil drives, you know, Will.

Tirehack. Right, Harry—

Counſellor.

Counſellor. When did you firſt feel theſe ſpiritual motions?

Bodkin. In the town of Norwich, where I was born;—One day as I was ſitting croſs-legged on my ſhop-board, new-ſeating a cloth pair of breeches of Mr Alderman Crape's—I felt the ſpirit within me, moving upwards and downwards, and this way and that way, and tumbling and jumbling—at firſt I thought it was the cholic—

Counſellor. And how are you certain it was not?

Bodkin. At laſt I heard a voice whiſpering within me, crying, Shadrach, Shadrach, Shadrach, caſt away the things that belong to thee, thy thimble and ſheers, and do the things that I bid thee.

Counſellor. And you did?

Bodkin. Yea, verily.

Counſellor. I think I have heard a little of you, Maſter Bodkin; and ſo you quitted your buſineſs, your wife, and your children?

Bodkin. I did.

Counſellor. You did—But then you communed with other mens wives?

Bodkin. Yea, and with widows, and with maidens.

Counſellor. How came that about, Shadrach?

Bodkin. I was moved thereunto by the ſpirit.

Counſellor. I ſhould rather think by the fleſh—I have been told, friend Bodkin, that twelve became pregnant—

Bodkin. Thou art deceived—They were barely but nine.

Counſellor. Why, this was an active ſpirit.

Serjeant. But to the point, Mr Proſequi.

Counſellor. Well, then—you ſay you have heard thoſe ſcratchings and knockings?

Bodkin. Yea——

Counſellor. But why did you think they came from a ſpirit?

Bodkin. Becauſe the very ſame thumps, ſcratches, and knocks, I have felt on my breaſt-bone from the ſpirit within me——

Counſellor. And theſe noiſes you are ſure you heard on the firſt of January?

Bodkin. Certain—

Serjeant. But to what do all thoſe interrogatories tend?

Counſellor. To a moſt material purpoſe; your Worſhip obſerves,

obſerves, that Bodkin is poſitive as to the noiſes made on the firſt day of January by Fanny the Phantom: now if we can prove an *alibi*, that is, that, on that very day, at that very time, the ſaid Fanny was ſcratching and fluttering any where elſe, we apprehend that we deſtroy the credit of this witneſs—Call Peter Paragraph.

Clerk. Peter Paragraph, come into court.

Counſellor. This gentleman is an eminent printer, and has collected, for the public information, every particular relative to this remarkable ſtory; but as he has the misfortune to have but one leg, your Worſhip will indulge him in the uſe of a chair.

Clerk. Peter Paragraph, come into court.

Enter Paragraph.

Counſellor. Pray, Mr Paragraph, where was you born?

Paragraph. Sir, I am a native of Ireland, and born and bred in the city of Dublin.

Counſellor. When did you arrive in the city of London?

Paragraph. About the laſt autumnal equinox; and now I recollect, my Journal makes mention of my departure for England in the Beſborough packet, Friday, October the tenth, N. S. or new ſtile.

Counſellor. Oh! then the Journal is yours?

Paragraph. Pleaſe your Worſhip, it is; and relating thereto I believe I can give you a pleaſant conceit—Laſt week I went to viſit a Peer, for I know Peers, and Peers know me. Quoth his Lordſhip to me, Mr Paragraph, with reſpect to your Journal, I would wiſh that your paper was whiter, or your ink blacker. Quoth I to the Peer by way of *reply*, I hope you will own there is enough for the money; his Lordſhip was pleaſed to laugh. It was ſuch a pretty repartee, he, he, he, he——

Juſtice. Pray, Mr Paragraph, what might be your buſineſs in England?

Paragraph. Hem——a little love affair, pleaſe your Worſhip.

Counſellor. A wife, I ſuppoſe—

Paragraph. Something tending that way; even ſo long ago as January 1739–40, there paſt ſome amorous glances between us; ſhe is the daughter of old Vamp of the Turnſtile;

ſtile: but at that time I ſtifled my paſſion, Mrs Paragraph being then in the land of the living.

Counſellor. She is now dead?

Paragraph. Three years and three quarters, pleaſe your Worſhip: We were exceeding happy together; ſhe was, indeed, a little apt to be jealous.

Counſellor. No wonder—

Paragraph. Yes: they can't help it, poor ſouls; but notwithſtanding, at her death, I gave her a prodigious good character in my Journal.

Counſellor. And how proceeds the preſent affair?

Paragraph. Juſt now, we are quite at a ſtand—

Counſellor. How ſo?

Paragraph. The old ſcoundrel her father has played me a ſlippery trick.

Counſellor. Indeed!

Paragraph. As he could give no money in hand, I agreed to take her *fortune* in *copies;* I was to have the Wits *Vade Mecum* entire; four hundred of News from the inviſible world, in ſheets; all that remained of Glanvil upon Witches; Hill's Bees, Bardana, Brewing, and Balſam of Honey, and three eighths of Robinſon Cruſoe.

Counſellor. A pretty fortune!

Paragraph. Yes; they are things that ſtir in the trade; but you muſt know that we agreed to go halves in Fanny the Phantom. But whilſt I and two authors, whom I had hired to aſk queſtions, at nine ſhillings a-night, were taking notice of the knockings at the houſe of Mr Parſons himſelf, that old raſcal Vamp had privately printed off a thouſand eighteenpenny ſcratchings, purchaſed of two Methodiſt preachers, at the public houſe over the way—

Counſellor. Now we come to the point—look upon this evidence; was he preſent at Mr Parſons' knockings?

Paragraph. Never; this is one of the raſcally Methodiſts—Harkee, fellow, how could you be ſuch a ſcoundrel to ſell for genuine your counterfeit ſcratchings to Vamp?

Bodkin. My ſcratchings were the true ſcratchings—

Paragraph. Why, you lying ſon of a whore, did not I buy all my materials from the girl's father himſelf?

Bodkin. What the ſpirit commanded, that did I.

Paragraph. What ſpirit?

Bodkin. The ſpirit within me—

Paragraph. If I could but get at you, I would ſoon try what

what ſort of a ſpirit it is—ſtop, you villain.—[*Exit* Bodkin.]—The rogue has made his eſcape—but I will dog him, to find out his haunts, and then return for a warrant—His ſcratchings! a ſcoundrel; I will have juſtice, or I'll turn his tabernacle into a pigſtye. [*Exit* Paragraph.

Counſellor. I hope, pleaſe your Worſhip, we have ſufficiently eſtabliſhed our *alibi.*

Juſtice. You are unqueſtionably entitled to a jury of ghoſts.

Counſellor. Mr Serjeant, you will provide us a liſt?

Serjeant. Let us ſee—you have no objection to Sir George Villars; the evil genius of Brutus; the ghoſt of Banquo; Mrs Veal.

Counſellor. We object to a woman—your Worſhip—

Juſtice. Why, it is not the practice: this, it muſt be owned, is an extraordinary caſe. But, however, if, on conviction, the Phantom ſhould plead pregnancy, Mrs Veal will be admitted into the jury of matrons.

Serjeant. I thank your Worſhip: then the court is adjourned.

Terence *and* Dermot *in an upper box.*

Terence. By my ſhoul but I will ſpake.

Dermot. Arrah, be quiet, Terence.

Terence. Dibble burn me but I will; hut, hut, not ſpake, what ſhould ail me? harkee you, Mr Juſtice—

Scamper Halloo, what's the matter now, Will?

Dermot. Leave off, honey Terence, now you are well—

Terence. Dermot, be eaſy—

Scamper. Hear him—

Tireback. Hear him—

Terence. Ay, hear him, hear him; why the matter is this, Mr Juſtice, that little hopping fellow there, that Dublin Journal man, is as great a liar as ever was born—

Tireback. How ſo?

Terence. Ay, prithee, don't bodder me; what, d'ye learn no more manners at Oxford College, than to ſtop a gentleman in the midſt of his ſpeech before he begins? oh, for ſhame of yourſelf—Why, the matter is this, Mr Juſtice, that there what the debble d'ye call him, Pra-Praragraf, but by my ſhoul, that is none of his name neither, I know the little baſtard as well as myſelf; as to Fanny the Phantom, long

long life to the poor gentlewoman, he knows no more of her than the mother that bore her—

Suds. Indeed! good Lord, you ſurpriſe me!

Terence. Arrah, now honey Suds, ſpake when you are ſpoke to; you arn't upon the jury, my jewel, now; by my ſhoul you are a little too fat for a ghoſt.

Tireback. Prithee, friend Ephraim, let him go on; let's hear a little what he would be at—

Terence. I ſay, he knows nothing about the caſe that is litigated here, d'ye ſee, at all, at all; becauſe why, I han't ha been from Dublin above four weeks, or a month; and I ſaw him in his ſhop every day; ſo how could he be here and there too? unleſs, indeed, he uſed to fly backwards and forwards, and that you ſee is impoſſible, becauſe why, he has got a wooden leg.

Scamper. What the devil is the fellow about?

Tireback. I ſmoke him—harkee, Terence, who do you take that lame man to be?

Terence. Oh, my jewel, I know him well enough ſure by his parſon, for all he thought to conceal himſelf by changing his name—

Scamper. Why, it is Foote, you fool.

Terence. Arrah, who?

Tireback. Foote.

Terence. Fot, what the lecture-man? Pa—

Tireback. Yes.

Terence. Arrah, be eaſy, honey—

Scamper. Nay, enquire of Suds.

Suds. Truly I am minded 'twas he.

Terence. Your humble ſervant yourſelf, Mr Suds; by my ſhoul, I'll wager you three thirteens to a rap, that it is no ſuch matter at all, at all.

Scamper. Done—and be judged by the company.

Terence. Done—I'll aſk the orator himſelf—here he comes;

Enter Foote.

harkee, honey Fot, was it yourſelf that was happing about here but now!

Foote. I have heard your debate, and muſt give judgment againſt you—

Terence. What, yourſelf, yourſelf!

Foote. It was—

Terence. Then, faith, I have loſt my thirteens—Arrah, but Fot, my jewel, why are you after playing ſuch pranks to bring an honeſt jontleman into company where he is nat—But what is this ſelling of lectures a thriving profeſſion?

Foote. I can't determine as yet; the public have been very indulgent; I have not long opened.

Terence. By my ſhoul, if it anſwers, will you be my pupil and learn me the trade?

Foote. Willingly—

Terence. That's an honeſt fellow, long life to you, lad. [*Sits down.*

Enter M'George.

M'George. Here is Doctor Friſcano without.

Foote. Friſcano—who is he?

M'George. The German phyſician from James-ſtreet.

Foote. Well; what is his buſineſs with me?

M'Goerge. He is in danger of loſing his trade.

Foote. How ſo?

M'George. He ſays, laſt ſummer, things went on glibly enough, for then he had the market all to himſelf; but this year there is an Italian fellow ſtarted up in the garden, that with his face and grimace has taken all his patients away.

Foote. That's hard.

M'George. Dreadful—if you was to hear the poor man's terrible tale, you would really be moved to compaſſion: he ſays that his bleeding won't find him in bread; and as to the tooth trade, excepting two ſtumps, for ſixpence a piece, 'tis a month ſince he looked in a mouth—

Foote. How can I help him?

M'George. Why, he thinks oratory will do all with the Engliſh; and if you would but teach him to talk, he ſhould get all his cuſtom again—

Foote. Can he read?

M'George. Oh Lord! poor man, no.

Foote. Well let him attend here on—

M'George. He hopes that you will quickly diſpatch him, for if he finds he can't do as a doctor, he intends to return to the curing of horſes again.

Foote. Well, tell him he may reſt aſſured, he ſhall either bleed or ſhoe in a fortnight. [*Exit* M'George.

Foote. Having thus completed our lecture on the elo-

quence

quence peculiar to the bar, we ſhall produce one great group of orators, in which will be exhibited ſpecimens of every branch of the art. You will have at one view, the choleric, the placid, the voluble, the frigid, the frothy, the turgid, the calm, and the clamorous; and as a proof of our exquiſite ſkill, our ſubjects are not ſuch as a regular education has prepared for the reception of this ſublime ſcience, but a ſet of illiterate mechanics, whom you are to ſuppoſe aſſembled at the Robin-Hood in the Butcher-row, in order to diſcuſs and adjuſt the various ſyſtems of Europe; but particularly to determine the ſeparate intereſt of their own mother country.

ACT III.

SCENE, *The Robin-Hood.*

The PRESIDENT.

Dermot O'Droheda, *a chairman*; Tim Twiſt, *a tailor*; Strap, *a ſhoemaker*; Anvil, *a ſmith*; Sam Slaughter, *a butcher*; Catchpole, *a bailiff*. *All with pewter pots before them.*

Preſ. SILENCE, gentlemen; are your pots repleniſhed with porter?

All. Full, Mr Preſident.

Preſ. We will then proceed to the buſineſs of the day; and let me beg, gentlemen, that you will, in your debates, preſerve that decency and decorum that is due to the importance of your deliberations, and the dignity of this illuſtrious aſſembly—[*Gets up, pulls off his hat, and reads the motion.*]—Motion made laſt Monday to be debated today, "That, for the future, inſtead of that vulgar potation called porter, the honourable members may be ſupplied with a proper quantity of Iriſh uſquebagh.

"Dermot O'Droheda † his mark."

O'Droheda. [*Gets up.*] That's I myſelf.

Preſ. Mr O'Droheda.

O'Droheda. Mr Preſident, the caſe is this; it is not becaſe I am any great lover of that ſame uſquebagh that I have ſet my mark to the motion; but becaſe I did not think it was decent for a number of gontlemen that were, d'ye

d'ye ſee, met to ſettle the affairs of the nation, to be guzzling a pot of porter; to be ſure the liquor is a pretty ſort of a liquor enough when a man is hot with trotting between a couple of poles; but this is another gueſs matter; becaſe why, the head is concerned; and if it was not for the malt and the haps, dibble burn me but I would as ſoon take a drink from the Thames as your porter. But as to uſquebagh; ah, long life to the liquor—it is an exhilirator of the bowels, and a ſtomatic to the head; I ſay, Mr Preſident, it invigorates, it ſtimulates, it—in ſhort it is the onlieſt liquor of life, and no man alive will die whilſt he drinks it.

[*Sits down.* Twiſt *gets up, having a piece of paper, containing the heads of what he ſays, in his hat.*

Preſ. Mr Timothy Twiſt.

Tim Twiſt. Mr Preſident, I ſecond Mr O'Droheda's motion; and, Sir, give me leave—I ſay, Mr Preſident—[*looks in his hat*]—give me leave to obſerve, that, Sir, though it is impoſſible to add any force to what has been advanced by my honourable friend in the ſtraps; yet, Sir,—[*looks in his hat again*]—it may, Sir, I ſay, be neceſſary to obviate ſome objections that may be made to the motion; and firſt, it may be thought—I ſay, Sir, ſome gentleman may think, that this may prove pernicious to our manufacture—[*looks in his hat*]—and the duty doubtleſs it is of every member of this illuſtrious aſſembly to have a particular eye unto that; but, Mr Preſident—Sir—[*looks in his hat, is confuſed, and ſits down.*]

Preſ. Mr Twiſt, O pray finiſh, Mr Twiſt.

Twiſt. [*Gets up.*] I ſay, Mr Preſident, that, Sir, if, Sir, it be conſidered that—as—I ſay—[*looks in his hat*]—I have nothing farther to ſay. [*Sits down, and* Strap *gets up.*

Preſ. Mr Strap.

Strap. Mr Preſident, it was not my intention to trouble the aſſembly upon this occaſion, but when I hear inſinuations thrown out by gentlemen, where the intereſt of this country is ſo deeply concerned, I own I cannot ſit ſilent; and give me leave to ſay, Sir, there never came before this aſſembly a point of more importance than this; it ſtrikes, Sir, at the very root of your conſtitution; for, Sir, what does this motion imply? It implies that porter, a wholeſome, domeſtic manufacture, is to be prohibited at once. And for what, Sir? for a foreign pernicious commodity. I had, Sir, formerly the honour, in conjunction with my learned

learned friend in the leather apron, to expel ſherbet from amongſt us, as I looked upon lemons as a fatal and foreign fruit; and can it be thought, Sir, that I will ſit ſilent to this? No, Sir, I will put my ſhoulders ſtrongly againſt it; I will oppoſe it *manibus totibus*. For ſhould this propoſal prevail, it will not end here: fatal, give me leave to ſay, will, I foreſee, be the iſſue; and I ſhan't be ſurpriſed, in a few days, to hear from the ſame quarter, a motion for the expulſion of gin, and a premium for the importation of whiſky.

[*A hum of approbation, with ſignificant nods and winks from the other members. He ſits down; and* Anvil *and another member get up together; ſome cry* Anvil, *others* Jacobs.

Preſ. Mr Anvil.

Anvil. Mr Preſident, Sir—

[*The members all blow their noſes, and cough;* Anvil *talks all the while, but is not heard.*

Preſ. Silence, gentlemen; pray, gentlemen. A worthy member is up.

Anvil. I ſay, Mr Preſident, that if we conſider this caſe in its utmoſt extent—[*All the members cough, and blow their noſes again*]—I ſay, Sir, I will. Nay, I inſiſt on being heard. If any gentleman has any thing to ſay any where elſe, I'll hear him.

[*Members all laugh, and* Anvil *ſits down in a paſſion, and* Slaughter *gets up.*

Preſ. Mr Samuel Slaughter.

Slaughter. Sir, I declare it, at the bare hearing of this here motion, I am all over in a ſweat; for my part, I can't think what gentlemen mean by talking in that there manner; not but I likes that every man ſhould deliver his mind; I does mine; it has been ever my way; and when a member oppoſes me, I like him the better for it; it's right; I am pleaſed; he can't pleaſe me more; it is as it ſhould be; and though I differ from the honourable gentleman in the flannel night-cap, over the way, yet I am pleaſed to hear him ſay what he thinks; for, Sir, as I ſaid, it is always my rule to ſay what I think, right or wrong—[*a loud laugh*]—ay, ay, gentlemen may laugh, with all my heart, I am uſed to it, I don't mind it a farthing; but, Sir, with regard to that there motion, I entirely agree with my worthy friend with the pewter-pot at his mouth. Now,

Now, Sir, I would fain aſk any gentleman this here queſtion; can any thing in nature be more natural for an Engliſhman, than porter? I declare, Mr Preſident, I think it the moſt wholeſomeſt liquor in the world. But if it muſt be a change, let us change it for rum, a wholeſome palatable liquor, a liquor that—in ſhort, Mr Preſident, I don't know ſuch a liquor. Ay, gentlemen may ſtare; I ſay, and I ſay it upon my conſcience, I don't know ſuch a liquor. Beſides, I think there is in this here affair a point of law, which I ſhall leave to the conſideration of the learned, and for that there reaſon, I ſhall take up no more of your time.

[*He ſits down,* Catchpole *gets up.*

Pref. Mr Catchpole.

Catchpole. I get up to the point of law. And though, Sir, I am bred to the buſineſs, I can't ſay I am prepared for this queſtion. But though this uſquebagh, as a dram, may not (by name) be ſubject to a duty, yet, it is my opinion, or rather belief, it will be conſidered, as in the caſe of horſes, to come under the article of dried goods—but I move that another day this point be debated.

Slaughter. I ſecond the motion.

[Catchpole *gives a paper to the Preſident, who reads it.*

Pref. Hear your motion.

"That it be debated next Thurſday, whether the dram uſquebagh is ſubject to a particular duty; or, as in the caſe of horſes, to be conſidered under the article of dried goods."

All. Agreed, agreed.

Foote. And, now, ladies and gentlemen, having produced to you glaring proofs of our great ability in every ſpecies of oratory, having manifeſted, in the perſons of our pupils, our infinite addreſs in conveying our knowledge to others, we ſhall cloſe our morning's lecture, inſtituted for public good, with a propoſal for the particular improvement of individuals. We are ready to give private inſtructions to any reverend gentleman in his probationary ſermon for a lectureſhip; to young barriſters who have cauſes to open, or motions to make; to all candidates of the ſock or buſkin; or to the new members of any of thoſe oratorical ſocieties with which this metropolis is at preſent ſo plentifully ſtocked. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

THE

MINOR;

A COMEDY,

OF

THREE ACTS.

PERSONS IN THE INTRODUCTION.

FOOTE.

CANKER.

SMART.

PEARSE.

IN THE COMEDY.

Sir William Wealthy, —	Mr BADDELEY.
Mr Richard Wealthy,	Mr WRIGHTEN.
Sir George Wealthy, —	Mr AICKIN.
Shift, — —	Mr BANNISTER.
Loader, —	Mr BRANSBY.
Dick, — —	Mr BURTON.
Transfer, —	Mr PARSONS.
Smirk, — —	Mr BANNISTER.
The Baron, aſſumed,	Mr BADDELEY.
Mrs Cole, —	Mr BANNISTER.
Lucy, — —	Miſs HOPKINS.

TO HIS GRACE

WILLIAM DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,

LORD CHAMBERLAIN OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD.

My Lord,

THE Minor, who is indebted for his appearance on the ſtage to your Grace's indulgence, begs leave to deſire your further protection, at his entering into the world.

Though the allegiance due from the whole dramatic people to your Grace's ſtation, might place this addreſs in the light of a natural tribute; yet, my Lord, I ſhould not have taken that liberty with the Duke of Devonſhire, if I could not at the ſame time plead ſome little utility in the deſign of my piece; and add, that the public approbation has ſtamped a value on the execution.

The law, which threw the ſtage under the abſolute government of a Lord Chamberlain, could not fail to fill the minds of all the objects of that power with very gloomy apprehenſions; they found themſelves (through their own licentiouſneſs, it muſt be confeſs'd) in a more precarious dependent ſtate than any other of his Majeſty's ſubjects. But when their direction was lodged in the hands of a nobleman whoſe anceſtors had ſo ſucceſsfully ſtruggled for national liberty, they ceaſed to fear for their own. It was not from a patron of the liberal arts they were to expect an oppreſſor; it was not from the friend of freedom, and of man, they were to dread partial monopolies, or the eſtabliſhment of petty tyrannies.

Their warmeſt wiſhes are accompliſhed; none of their rights have been invaded, except what, without the firſt poetic authority, I ſhould not venture to call a right, the *jus nocendi*.

Your tenderneſs, my Lord, for all the followers of the Muſes, has been in no inſtance more conſpicuous, than in your late favour to me, the meaneſt of their train; your Grace has thrown open (for thoſe who are denied admittance into the palaces of Parnaſſus) a cottage on its borders, where the unhappy migrants may be, if not magnificently, at leaſt hoſpitably, entertained.

I ſhall detain your Grace no longer, than juſt to echo the public voice, that, for the honour, progreſs, and perfection of letters,

your Grace may long continue their candid Cenſor, who have always been their generous protector.

I have the honour, my Lord, to be, with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful,

moſt obliged,

and obedient ſervant,

Elleſtre, July 8. 1760.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

INTRODUCTION.

INTRODUCTION.

Enter Canker *and* Smart.

Smart. BUT are you ſure he has leave?

Cank. Certain.

Smart. I'm damn'd glad on't. For now we ſhall have a laugh either with him, or at him, it does not ſignify which.

Cank. Not a farthing.

Smart. D'you know his ſcheme?

Cank. Not I. But is not the door of the Little Theatre open?

Smart. Yes. Who is that fellow that ſeems to ſtand centry there?

Cank. By his tatter'd garb and meagre viſage, he muſt be one of the troop.

Smart. I'll call him. Holo, Mr ——

Enter Pearſe.

What, is there any thing going on over the way?

Pear. A rehearſal.

Smart. Of what?

Pear. A new piece.

Smart. Foote's?

Pear. Yes.

Cank. Is he there?

Pear. He is.

Smart. Zounds, let's go and ſee what he is about.

Cank. With all my heart.

Smart. Come along then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Foote *and an* Actor.

Foote. Sir, this will never do; you muſt get rid of your high notes, and country cant. Oh, 'tis the true ſtrolling.

Enter Smart *and* Canker.

Smart. Ha, ha, ha! what, hard at it, my boy!—Here's your old friend Canker and I come for a peep. Well, and hey, what is your plan?

Foote. Plan?

Smart.

Smart. Ay, what are your characters? Give us your groupe; how is your cloth fill'd?

Foote. Characters!

Smart. Ay.—Come, come, communicate. What, man, we will lend thee a lift. I have a damn'd fine original for thee, an aunt of my own, juſt come from the North, with the true Newcaſtle bur in her throat; and a noſe and a chin. I am afraid ſhe is not well enough known; but I have a remedy for that. I'll bring her the firſt night of your piece, place her in a conſpicuous ſtation, and whiſper the ſecret to the whole houſe. That will be damn'd fine, won't it?

Foote. Oh, delicious!

Smart. But don't name me. For if ſhe ſmokes me for the author, I ſhall be daſh'd out of her codicil in a hurry.

Foote. Oh, never fear me. But I ſhou'd think your uncle Tom a better character.

Smart. What, the politician?

Foote. Aye; that every day, after dinner, as ſoon as the cloth is remov'd, fights the battle of Minden, batters the French with cherry ſtones, and purſues 'em to the banks of the Rhine in a ſtream of ſpilt port.

Smart. Oh, damn it, he'll do.

Foote. Or what ſay you to your father-in-law, Sir Timothy? who, though as broken-winded as a Hounſlow poſt-horſe, is eternally chaunting Venetian ballads. *Kata tore cara higlia.*

Smart. Admirable! by heavens!—Have you got 'em?

Foote. No.

Smart. Then in with 'em my boy.

Foote. Not one.

Smart. Pr'ythee why not?

Foote. Why, look'e, Smart, though you are, in the language of the world, my friend, yet there is one thing you, I am ſure, love better than any body.

Smart. What's that?

Foote. Miſchief.

Smart. No, pr'ythee——

Foote. How now am I ſure that you, who ſo readily give up your relations, may not have ſome deſign upon me?

Smart. I don't underſtand you.

Foote. Why, as ſoon as my characters begin to circulate a little ſucceſsfully, my mouth is ſtopp'd in a minute, by the

the clamour of your relations,—Oh, damme,—'tis a ſhame, —it ſhould not be,—people of diſtinction brought upon the ſtage. And ſo out of compliment to your couſins, I am to be beggar'd for treating the public with the follies of your family, at your own requeſt.

Smart. How can you think I would be ſuch a dog? What the devil, then, are we to have nothing perſonal? Give us the actors however.

Foote. Oh, that's ſtale. Beſides, I think they have, of all men, the beſt right to complain.

Smart. How ſo?

Foote. Becauſe, by rendering them ridiculous in their profeſſion, you, at the ſame time, injure their pockets. Now, as to the other gentry, they have providentially ſomething beſides their underſtanding to rely on; and the only injury they can receive is, that the whole town is then diverted with what before was only the amuſement of private parties.

Cank. Give us then a national portrait: a Scotchman or an Iriſhman.

Foote. If you mean merely the dialect of the two countries, I can't think it either a ſubject of ſatire or humour; it is an accidental unhappineſs, for which a man is no more accountable than the colour of his hair. Now affectation I take to be the true comic object. If, indeed, a North Briton, ſtruck with a ſcheme of reformation, ſhould advance from the banks of the Tweed, to teach the Engliſh the true pronunciation of their own language, he would, I think, merit your laughter: nor would a Dublin mechanic, who, from heading the liberty-boys in a ſkirmiſh on Ormond Quay, ſhould think he had a right to preſcribe military laws to the firſt commander in Europe, be a leſs ridiculous object.

Smart. Are there ſuch?

Foote. If you mean that the blunders of a few peaſants, or the partial principles of a ſingle ſcoundrel, are to ſtand as characteriſtical marks of a whole country; your pride may produce a laugh, but, believe me, it is at the expence of your underſtanding.

Cank. Heydey, what a ſyſtem is here! Laws for laughing! And pray, ſage Sir, inſtruct us when we may laugh with propriety?

Foote. At an old beau, a ſuperannuated beauty, a military

litary coward, a ſtuttering orator, or a gouty dancer. In ſhort, whoever affects to be what he is not, or ſtrives to be what he cannot, is an object worthy the poet's pen, and your mirth.

Smart. Pſha, I don't know what you mean by your is nots and cannots—damn'd abſtruſe jargon. Ha, Canker!

Cank. Well, but if you will not give us perſons, let us have things. Treat us with a modern amour, and a ſtate intrigue, or a——

Foote. And ſo amuſe the public ear at the expence of private peace. You muſt excuſe me.

Cank. And with theſe principles you expect to thrive on this ſpot?

Smart. No, no, it won't do. I tell thee the plain roaſt and boil'd of the theatres will never do at this table. We muſt have high ſeaſoned ragouts and rich ſauces.

Foote. Why, perhaps, by way of deſert, I may produce ſomething that may hit your palate.

Smart. Your bill of fare?

Foote. What think you of one of thoſe itinerant field orators, who, though at declar'd enmity with common ſenſe, have the addreſs to poiſon the principles, and at the ſame time pick the pockets of half our induſtrious fellow ſubjects?

Cank. Have a care. Dangerous ground. *Ludere cum ſacris*, you know.

Foote. Now I look upon it in a different manner. I conſider theſe gentlemen in the light of public performers, like myſelf; and whether we exhibit at Tottenham-court, or the Hay-market, our purpoſe is the ſame, and the place is immaterial.

Cank. Why, indeed, if it be conſidered—

Foote. Nay, more, I muſt beg leave to aſſert, that ridicule is the only antidote againſt this pernicious poiſon. This is a madneſs that argument can never cure: and ſhould a little wholeſome ſeverity be applied, perſecution would be the immediate cry: where then can we have recourſe, but to the comic Muſe? Perhaps, the archneſs and ſeverity of her ſmile may redreſs an evil, that the laws cannot reach, or reaſon reclaim.

Cank. Why, if it does not cure thoſe already diſtemper'd, it may be a means to ſtop the infection.

Smart,

Smart. But how is your ſcheme conducted?

Foote. Of that you may judge. We are juſt going upon a repetition of the piece. I ſhould be glad to have your opinion.

Smart. We will give it you.

Foote. One indulgence: as you are Engliſhmen, I think, I need not beg, that as from neceſſity moſt of my performers are new, you will allow for their inexperience, and encourage their timidity.

Smart. But reaſonable.

Foote. Come, then, prompter, begin.

Pear. Lord, Sir, we are all at a ſtand.

Foote. What's the matter?

Pear. Mrs O-Schohneſy has return'd the part of the baw'd; ſhe ſays ſhe is a gentlewoman, and it would be a reflection on her family to do any ſuch thing!

Foote. Indeed!

Pear. If it had been only a whore, ſays ſhe, I ſhould not have minded it; becauſe no lady need be aſhamed of doing that.

Foote. Well, there is no help for it; but theſe gentlemen muſt not be diſappointed. Well, I'll do the character myſelf.

ACT I.

Sir William Wealthy, *and* Mr Richard Wealthy.

Sir Will. COME, come, brother, I know the world. People who have their attention eternally fixed upon one object, can't help being a little narrow in their notions.

R. Weal. A ſagacious remark that, and highly probable, that we merchants, who maintain a conſtant correſpondence with the four quarters of the world, ſhould know leſs of it than your faſhionable fellows, whoſe whole experience is bounded by Weſtminſter bridge.

Sir Will. Nay, brother, as a proof that I am not blind to the benefit of travelling, George, you know, has been in Germany theſe four years.

R. Weal. Where he is well grounded in gaming and gluttony;

gluttony; France has furniſhed him with fawning and flattery; Italy equip'd him with capriols and cantatas: and thus accompliſh'd, my young gentleman is return'd with a cargo of whores, cooks, valets de chambre, and fiddleſticks, a moſt valuable member of the Britiſh commonwealth.

Sir Will. You diſlike then my ſyſtem of education?

R. Weal. Moſt ſincerely.

Sir Will. The whole?

R. Weal. Every particular.

Sir Will. The early part, I ſhould imagine, might merit your approbation.

R. Weal. Leaſt of all. What, I ſuppoſe, becauſe he has run the gauntlet through a public ſchool, where, at ſixteen, he had practiſed more vices than he would otherwiſe have heard of at ſixty.

Sir Will. Ha, ha, prejudice!

R. Weal. Then, indeed, you remov'd him to the univerſity; where, leſt his morals ſhould be mended, and his underſtanding improv'd, you fairly ſet him free from the reſtraint of the one, and the drudgery of the other, by the privileg'd diſtinction of a ſilk gown and a velvet cap.

Sir Will. And all theſe evils, you think, a city education would have prevented?

R. Weal. Doubtleſs.—Proverbs, proverbs, brother William, convey wholeſome inſtruction. Idleneſs is the root of all evil. Regular hours, conſtant employment, and good example, can't fail to form the mind.

Sir Will. Why truly, brother, had you ſtuck to your old civic vices, hypocriſy, couzenage, and avarice, I don't know whether I might not have committed George to your care; but you cockneys now beat us ſuburbians at our own weapons. What, old boy, times are chang'd ſince the date of thy indentures; when the ſleek, crop-eared 'prentice us'd to dangle after his miſtreſs, with the great Bible under his arm, to St Bride's, on a Sunday; bring home the text, repeat the diviſions of the diſcourſe, dine at twelve, and regale, upon a gaudy day, with buns and beer at Iſlington, or Mile-End.

R. Weal. Wonderfully facetious!

Sir Will. Our modern lads are of a different metal. They have their gaming clubs in the Garden, their little lodgings, the ſnug depoſitories of their ruſty ſwords, and occaſionally bag-wigs; their horſes for the turf; ay, and their

their commiſſions of bankruptcy too, before they are well out of their time.

R. Weal. Infamous aſperſion!

Sir Will. But the laſt meeting at Newmarket, Lord Lofty receiv'd at the hazard-table, the identical note from the individual tailor to whom he had paid it but the day before for a new ſet of liveries.

R. Weal. Invention!

Sir Will. Theſe are anecdotes you will never meet with in your weekly travels from Cateaton-ſtreet to your boarded box in Clapham, brother.

R. Weal. And yet that boarded box, as your prodigal ſpendthrift proceeds, will ſoon be the only ſeat of the family.

Sir Will. May be not. Who knows what a reformation our project may produce!

R. Weal. I do. None at all.

Sir Will. Why ſo?

R. Weal. Becauſe your means are ill-proportion'd to their end. Were he my ſon, I would ſerve him——

Sir Will. As you have done your daughter. Diſcard him. But conſider, I have but one.

R. Weal. That would weigh nothing with me: for, was Charlotte to ſet up a will of her own, and reject the man of my choice, ſhe muſt expect to ſhare the fate of her ſiſter. I conſider families as a ſmaller kind of kingdoms, and would have diſobedience in the one as ſeverely puniſhed as rebellion in the other. Both cut off from their reſpective ſocieties.

Sir Will. Poor Lucy! But ſurely you begin to relent. Mayn't I intercede?

R. Weal. Look'e, brother, you know my mind. I will be abſolute. If I meddle with the management of your ſon, it is at your own requeſt; but if, directly or indirectly, you interfere with my baniſhment of that wilful, headſtrong, diſobedient huſſy, all ties between us are broke; and I ſhall no more remember you as a brother, than I do her as a child.

Sir Will. I have done. But to return. You think there is a probability in my plan?

R. Weal. I ſhall attend the iſſue.

Sir Will. You will lend your aid, however?

R. Weal. We ſhall ſee how you go on.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A letter, Sir.

Sir Will. Oh, from Capias, my attorney. Who brought it?

Serv. The perſon is without, Sir.

Sir Will. Bid him wait. [*Reads.*] [*Exit* Serv.

" Worthy Sir,

" The bearer is the perſon I promis'd to procure. I thought it was proper for you to examine him in *viva voce*. So if you adminiſter a few interrogatories, you will find, by croſs-queſtioning him, whether he is a competent perſon to proſecute the cauſe you wot of. I wiſh you a ſpeedy iſſue: and as there can be no default in your judgment, am of opinion it ſhould be carried into immediate execution. I am, Worthy Sir, &c.

TIMOTHY CAPIAS."

" P.S. The party's name is Samuel Shift. He is an admirable mime, or mimic, and moſt delectable company; as we experience every Tueſday night at our club, the Magpye and Horſe-ſhoe, Fetter-lane."

Very methodical indeed, Mr Capias! John.

Enter Servant.

Bid the perſon who brought this letter walk in. [*Exit* Serv.] Have you any curioſity, brother?

R. Weal. Not a jot. I muſt to the 'Change. In the evening you may find me in the counting-houſe, or at Jonathan's. [*Exit* R. Wealthy.

Sir Will. You ſhall hear from me.

Enter Shift *and* Servant.

Shut the door, John, and remember, I am not at home. [*Exit* Serv.] You came from Mr Capias?

Shift. I did, Sir.

Sir Will. Your name, I think, is Shift?

Shift. It is, Sir.

Sir Will. Did Mr Capias drop any hint of my bus'neſs with you?

Shift. None. He only ſaid, with his ſpectacles on his noſe, and his hand upon his chin, Sir William Wealthy is a reſpectable perſonage, and my client; he wants to retain you

you in a certain affair, and will open the caſe, and give you your brief himſelf: if you adhere to his inſtructions, and carry your cauſe, he is generous, and will diſcharge your bill without taxation.

Sir Will. Ha! ha! my friend Capias to a hair! Well, Sir, this is no bad ſpecimen of your abilities. But ſee that the door is faſt. Now, Sir, you are to——

Shift. A moment's pauſe, if you pleaſe. You muſt know, Sir William, I am a prodigious admirer of forms. Now Mr Capias tells me, that it is always the rule, to adminiſter a retaining fee before you enter upon the merits.

Sir Will. Oh, Sir, I beg your pardon!

Shift. Not that I queſtion'd your generoſity; but forms, you know——

Sir Will. No apology, I beg. But as we are to have a cloſer connection, it may not be amiſs, by way of introduction, to underſtand one another a little. Pray, Sir, where was you born?

Shift. At my father's.

Sir Will. Hum!——And what was he?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Will. What was you bred?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Will. How do you live?

Shift. Like a gentleman.

Sir Will. Cou'd nothing induce you to unboſom yourſelf?

Shift. Look'e, Sir William, there is a kind of ſomething in your countenance, a certain openneſs and generoſity, a *je ne ſcai quoi* in your manner, that I will unlock: You ſhall ſee me all.

Sir Will. You will oblige me.

Shift. You muſt know then, that Fortune, which frequently delights to raiſe the nobleſt ſtructures from the ſimpleſt foundations; who from a tailor made a pope, from a gin-ſhop an empreſs, and many a prime miniſter from nothing at all, has thought fit to raiſe me to my preſent height from the humble employment of Light your Honour——A link boy.

Sir Will. A pleaſant fellow.——Who were your parents?

Shift. I was produced, Sir, by a left-handed marriage, in the language of the news-papers, between an illuſtrious lamp-lighter

lamp-lighter and an eminent itinerant cat and dog butcher.—Cat's meat, and dog's meat.——I dare ſay, you have heard my mother, Sir. But as to this happy pair I owe little beſides my being, I ſhall drop them where they dropt me——in the ſtreet.

Sir Will. Proceed.

Shift. My firſt knowledge of the world I owe to a ſchool, which has produced many a great man; the avenues of the play-houſe. There, Sir, leaning on my extinguiſh'd link, I learn'd dexterity from pick-pockets, connivance from conſtables, politics and faſhions from footmen, and the art of making and breaking a promiſe, from their maſters. Here, ſirrah, light me a-croſs the kennel.——I hope your Honour will remember poor Jack.——You ragged raſcal, I have no half-pence——I'll pay you the next time I ſee you——But, lack-a-day, Sir, that time I ſaw as ſeldom as his tradeſmen.

Sir Will. Very well.

Shift. To theſe accompliſhments from without the theatre, I muſt add one that I obtain'd within.

Sir Will. How did you gain admittance there?

Shift. My merit, Sir, that, like my link, threw a radiance round me.——A detachment from the head-quarters here, took poſſeſſion, in the ſummer, of a country corporation, where I did the honours of the barn, by ſweeping the ſtage, and clipping the candles. There my ſkill and addreſs was ſo conſpicuous, that it procur'd me the ſame office the enſuing winter, at Drury-Lane, where I acquir'd intrepidity; the crown of all my virtues.

Sir Will. How did you obtain that?

Shift. By my poſt. For I think, Sir, he that dares ſtand the ſhot of the gallery in lighting, ſnuffing, and ſweeping, the firſt night of a new play, may bid defiance to the pillory, with all its cuſtomary compliments.

Sir Will. Some truth in that.

Shift. But an unlucky crab-apple, apply'd to my right eye, by a patriot gingerbread-baker from the Borough, who would not ſuffer three dancers from Switzerland, becauſe he hated the French, forced me to a precipitate retreat.

Sir Will. Poor devil!

Shift. Broglio and Contades have done the ſame. But as it happen'd, like a tennis-ball, I roſe higher than the rebound.

Sir

Sir Will. How ſo?

Shift. My misfortune, Sir, mov'd the compaſſion of one of our performers, a whimſical man, he took me into his ſervice. To him I owe, what I believe, will make me uſeful to you.

Sir Will. Explain.

Shift. Why, Sir, my maſter was remarkably happy in an art, which, however diſeſteem'd at preſent, is, by Tully, reckon'd amongſt the perfections of an orator; mimicry.

Sir Will. Why, you are deeply read, Mr Shift!

Shift. A ſmattering—But as I was ſaying, Sir, nothing came amiſs to my maſter. Bipeds, or quadrupeds; rationals, or animals; from the clamour of the bar, to the cackle of the barn-door; from the ſoporific twang of the tabernacle of Tottenham-Court, to the melodious bray of their long-ear'd brethren in Bunhill-Fields; all were objects of his imitation, and my attention. In a word, Sir, for two whole years, under this profeſſor, I ſtudy'd and ſtarv'd, impoveriſh'd my body, and pamper'd my mind; till thinking myſelf pretty near equal to my maſter, I made him one of his own bows, and ſet up for myſelf.

Sir Will. You have been ſucceſsful, I hope.

Shift. Pretty well, I can't complain. My art, Sir, is a *paſs-par-tout*. I ſeldom want employment. Let's ſee how ſtand my engagements. [*Pulls out a pocket-book.*] Hum, —hum, Oh! Wedneſday at Mrs Gammut's near Hanover-ſquare; there, there, I ſhall make a meal upon the Mingotti; for her ladyſhip is in the opera intereſt; but, however, I ſhall revenge her cauſe upon her rival Mattei. Sunday evening at Lady Suſtinuto's concert. Thurſday I dine upon the actors, with ten Templars, at the Mitre in Fleet-ſtreet. Friday I am to give the amorous parly of two intriguing cats in a gutter, with the diſturbing of a hen-rooſt, at Mr Deputy Sugarſops, near the Monument. So, Sir, you ſee my hands are full. In ſhort, Sir William, there is not a buck or turtle devoured within the bills of mortality, but there I may, if I pleaſe, ſtick a napkin under my chin.

Sir Will. I'm afraid, Mr Shift, I muſt break in a little upon your engagements; but you ſhall be no loſer by the bargain.

Shift. Command me.

Sir Will. You can be ſecret as well as ſerviceable?

Shift.

Shift. Mute as a mackrel.

Sir Will. Come hither then. If you betray me to my ſon———

Shift. Scalp me.

Sir Will. Enough.—You muſt know, then, the hopes of our family are, Mr Shift, center'd in one boy.

Shift. And I warrant, he is a hopeful one.

Sir Will. No interruption, I beg. George has been abroad theſe four years, and from his late behaviour, I have reaſon to believe, that had a certain event happened, which I am afraid he wiſhed,—my death———

Shift. Yes; that's natural enough.

Sir Will. Nay, pray,—there wou'd ſoon be an end to an ancient and honourable family.

Shift. Very melancholy indeed. But families, like beſoms, will wear to the ſtumps, and finally fret out, as you ſay.

Sir Will. Pr'ythee peace for five minutes.

Shift. I am tongue-ty'd.

Sir Will. Now I have projected a ſcheme to prevent this calamity.

Shift. Ay, I ſhould be glad to hear that.

Sir Will. I am going to tell it you.

Shift. Proceed.

Sir Will. George, as I have contriv'd it, ſhall experience all the miſery of real ruin, without running the leaſt riſque.

Shift. Ay, that will be a *coup de maitre.*

Sir Will. I have prevail'd upon his uncle, a wealthy citizen———

Shift. I don't like a city plot.

Sir Will. I tell thee it is my own.

Shift. I beg pardon.

Sir Will. My brother, I ſay, ſome time ſince wrote him a circumſtantial account of my death; upon which he is returned, in full expectation of ſucceeding to my eſtate.

Shift. Immediately.

Sir Will. No; when at age. In about three months.

Shift. I underſtand you.

Sir Will. Now, Sir, gueſſing into what hands my heedleſs boy would naturally fall on his return, I have, in a feign'd character, aſſociated myſelf with a ſet of raſcals, who will ſpread every bait that can flatter folly, inflame extravagance,

extravagance, allure inexperience, or catch credulity.—And when, by their means, he thinks himſelf reduc'd to the laſt extremity; loſt even to the moſt diſtant hope——

Shift. What then?

Sir Will. Then will I ſtep in, like his guardian-angel, and ſnatch him from perdition. If mortify'd by miſery, he becomes conſcious of his errors, I have ſav'd my ſon; but if, on the other hand, gratitude can't bind, nor ruin reclaim him, I will caſt him out, as an alien to my blood, and truſt for the ſupport of my name and family to a remoter branch.

Shift. Bravely reſolv'd. But what part am I to ſuſtain in this drama?

Sir Will. Why, George, you are to know, is already ſtript of what money he could command by two ſharpers: but as I never truſt them out of my ſight, they can't deceive me.

Shift. Out of your ſight!

Sir Will. Why, I tell thee, I am one of the knot: an adept in their ſcience, can ſlip, ſhuffle, cog, or cut with the beſt of 'em.

Shift. How do you eſcape your ſon's notice?

Sir Will. His firm perſuaſion of my death, with the extravagance of my diſguiſe.——Why, I wou'd engage to elude your penetration, when I am beau'd out for the baron. But of that by and by. He has recourſe, after his ill ſucceſs, to the cent. per cent. gentry, the uſurers, for a further ſupply.

Shift. Natural enough.

Sir Will. Pray do you know,—I forgot his name,—a wrinkled old fellow, in a thread-bare coat? He ſits every morning, from twelve till two, in the left corner of Lloyd's coffee-houſe; and every evening, from five till eight, under the clock, at the Temple-exchange.

Shift. What, little Transfer the broker!

Sir Will. The ſame. Do you know him?

Shift. Know him! Ay, rot him. It was but laſt Eaſter Tueſday, he had me turn'd out at a feaſt, in Leatherſeller's Hall, for ſinging Room for Cuckold's, like a parrot; and vow'd it meant a reflection upon the whole body corporate.

Sir Will. You have reaſon to remember him.

Shift. Yes, yes, I recommended a minor to him myſelf, for

for the loan only of fifty pounds; and wou'd you believe it, as I hope to be ſav'd, we din'd, ſupp'd, and wetted five-and-thirty guineas upon tick, in meetings at the Croſs-keys, in order to ſettle the terms; and after all, the ſcoundrel would not lend us a ſtiver.

Sir Will. Cou'd you perſonate him?

Shift. Him! Oh, you ſhall ſee me ſhift into his ſhamble in a minute: and, with a wither'd face, a bit of a purple noſe, a cautionary ſtammer, and a ſleek ſilver head, I would undertake to deceive even his banker. But to ſpeak the truth, I have a friend that can do this inimitably well. Have not you ſomething of more conſequence for me?

Sir Will. I have. Cou'd not you, Maſter Shift, aſſume another ſhape? You have attended auctions?

Shift. Auctions! a conſtant puff. Deep in the myſtery; a profeſſed connoiſſeur, from a Niger to a nautilus, from the Apollo Belvidere to a butterfly.

Sir Will. One of theſe inſinuating, oily orators I will get you to perſonate: for we muſt have the plate and jewels in our poſſeſſion, or they will ſoon fall into other hands.

Shift. I will do it.

Sir Will. Within I'll give you farther inſtructions.

Shift. I'll follow you.

Sir Will. [*Going, returns.*] You will want materials.

Shift. Oh, my dreſs I can be furniſh'd with in five minutes. [*Exit* Sir Will.] A whimſical old blade this. I ſhall laugh if this ſcheme miſcarries. I have a ſtrange mind to lend it a lift—never had a greater—Pho, a damn'd unnatural connection this of mine! What have I to do with fathers and guardians! a parcel of preaching, prudent, careful, curmudgeonly—dead to pleaſures themſelves, and the blaſters of it in others——Mere dogs in a manger—No, no, I'll veer, tack about, open my budget to the boy, and join in a counter-plot. But hold, hold, friend Stephen, ſee firſt how the land lies. Who knows whether this Germaniz'd genius has parts to comprehend, or ſpirit to reward thy merit. There's danger in that, ay, marry is there. 'Egad before I ſhift the helm, I'll firſt examine the coaſt; and then if there be but a bold ſhore, and a good bottom, have a care, old Square Toes, you will meet with your match. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Sir George, Loader, *and* Servant.

Sir Geo. Let the Martin pannels for the vis-a-vis be carried to Long-Acre, and the pye-balls ſent to Hall's to be bitted——You will give me leave to be in your debt till the evening, Mr Loader. I have juſt enough left to diſcharge the baron; and we muſt, you know, be punctual with him, for the credit of the country.

Load. Fire him, a ſnub-nos'd ſon of a bitch. Levant me, but he got enough laſt night to purchaſe a principality amongſt his countrymen, the High-dutchians and Huſſarians.

Sir Geo. You had your ſhare, Mr Loader.

Load. Who, I! Lurch me at four, but I was mark'd to the top of your trick, by the baron, my dear. What, I am no cinque and quarter man. Come, ſhall we have a dip in the hiſtory of the Four Kings this morning?

Sir Geo. Rather too early. Beſides, it is the rule abroad, never to engage a-freſh, till our old ſcores are diſcharg'd.

Load. Capot me, but thoſe lads abroad are pretty fellows, let 'em ſay what they will. Here, Sir, they will vowel you, from father to ſon, to the twentieth generation. They wou'd as ſoon now-a-days pay a tradeſman's bill, as a play debt. All ſenſe of honour is gone, not a ſtiver ſtirring. They cou'd as ſoon raiſe the dead as two pounds two; nick me, but I have a great mind to tie up, and ruin the raſcals—What, has Transfer been here this morning?

Enter Dick.

Sir Geo. Any body here this morning, Dick?

Dick. No body, your Honour.

Load. Repique the raſcal. He promis'd to be here before me.

Dick. I beg your Honour's pardon. Mrs Cole from the Piazza was here, between ſeven and eight.

Sir Geo. An early hour for a lady of her calling.

Dick. Mercy on me! The poor gentlewoman is mortally altered ſince we us'd to lodge there, in our jaunts from Oxford: wrapt up in flannels: all over the rheumatiſe.

Load. Ay, ay, old Moll is at her laſt ſtake.

Dick. She bade me ſay, ſhe juſt ſtopt in her way to the Tabernacle; after the exhortation, ſhe ſays, ſhe'll call again.

Sir Geo. Exhortation! Oh, I recollect. Well, whilſt they only make proſelytes from that profeſſion, they are heartily welcome to them. She does not mean to make me a convert?

Dick. I believe ſhe has ſome ſuch deſign upon me; for ſhe offer'd me a book of hymns, a ſhilling, and a dram, to go along with her.

Sir Geo. No bad ſcheme, Dick. Thou haſt a fine ſober pſalm-ſinging countenance; and when thou haſt been ſome time in their trammels, may'ſt make as able a teacher as the beſt of 'em.

Dick. Laud, Sir, I want learning.

Sir Geo. Oh, the ſpirit, the ſpirit will ſupply all that, Dick, never fear.

Enter Sir William *as a German baron.*

My dear baron, what news from the Haymarket? What ſays the Florenza? Does ſhe yield? Shall I be happy? Say yes, and command my fortune.

Sir Will. I was never did ſee ſo fine a woman ſince I was leave Hamburgh; dere was all de colour, all red and white, dat was quite natural; point d'artifice. Then ſhe was dance and ſing—I vow to heaven, I was never ſee de like!

Sir Geo. But how did ſhe receive my embaſſy? What hopes?

Sir Will. Why dere was, Monſieur le Chevalier, when I firſt enter, dree or four damn'd queer people? ah, ah, dought I, by gad I gueſs your buſineſs. Dere was one fat big woman's, dat I know long time: le valet de chambre was tell me dat ſhe came from a grand merchand; ha, ha, dought I, by your leave, ſtick to your ſhop; or, if you muſt have de pritty girl, dere is de play-hous, dat do very well for you; but for de opera, pardonnez, by gar dat is meat for your maſter.

Sir Geo. Inſolent mechanic!—but ſhe deſpis'd him?

Sir Will. Ah, may foy, he is damn'd rich, has beaucoup de guineas; but after de fat woman was go, I was tell the ſignora, Madam, der is one certain Chevalier of dis country, who has travell'd, ſee de world, bien fait, well made, beaucoup d'eſprit, a great deal of monies, who

who beg, by gar, to have de honour to drow himſelf at your feet.

Sir Geo. Well, well, baron.

Sir Will. She aſka your name; as ſoon as I tell her, aha, by gar, dans an inſtant, ſhe melt like de lomp of ſugar: ſhe run to her bureau, and, in de minute, return wid de paper.

Sir Geo. Give it me. [*Reads.*

Les preliminaires d'une traite entre le Chevalier Wealthy, and la Signor Diamenti.

A bagatelle, a trifle: ſhe ſhall have it.

Load. Hark'e, knight, what is all that there outlandiſh ſtuff?

Sir Geo. Read, read! The eloquence of angels, my dear baron!

Load. Slam me, but the man's mad! I don't underſtand their gibberiſh—What is it in Engliſh?

Sir Geo. The preliminaries of a ſubſidy treaty, between Sir G. Wealthy, and Signora Florenza; that the ſaid Signora will reſign the poſſeſſion of her perſon to the ſaid Sir George, on the payment of three hundred guineas monthly for equipage, table, domeſtics, dreſs, dogs, and diamonds; her debts to be duly diſcharged, and a note advanced of five hundred by way of entrance.

Load. Zounds, what a cormorant! She muſt be deviliſh handſome.

Sir Geo. I am told ſo.

Load. Told ſo! Why, did you never ſee her?

Sir Geo. No; and poſſibly never may, but from my box at the opera.

Load. Hey-day! Why, what the devil—

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, you ſtare, I don't wonder at it. This is an elegant refinement, unknown to the groſs voluptuaries of this part of the world. This is, Mr Loader, what may be called a debt to your dignity: for an opera girl is as eſſential a piece of equipage for a man of faſhion as his coach.

Load. The devil!

Sir Geo. 'Tis for the vulgar only to enjoy what they poſſeſs: the diſtinction of ranks and conditions are, to have hounds, and never hunt; cooks, and dine at taverns; houſes you never inhabit; miſtreſſes you never enjoy—

Load.

Load. And debts you never pay. Egad, I am not ſurpriz'd at it; if this be your trade, no wonder that you want money for neceſſaries, when you give ſuch a damn'd deal for nothing at all.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mrs Cole, to wait upon your Honour.

Sir Geo. My dear baron, run, diſpatch my affair, conclude my treaty, and thank her for the very reaſonable conditions.

Sir Will. I fall.

Sir Geo. Mr Loader, ſhall I trouble you to introduce the Lady? She is, I think, your acquaintance.

Load. Who, old Moll? Ay, ay, ſhe's your market-woman. I wou'd not give ſixpence for your Signoras. One armful of good wholeſome Britiſh beauty, is worth a ſhip-load of their trapſing, tawdry trollops. But hark'e, baron, how much for the table? Why, ſhe muſt have a deviliſh large family, or a monſtrous ſtomach.

Sir Will. Ay, ay, dere is her moder, la complaiſante to walk in de park, and to go to de play; two broders, deux valets, dree Spaniſh lap-dogs, and de monkey.

Load. Strip me, if I wou'd ſet five ſhillings againſt the whole gang. May my partner renounce with the game in his hand, if I were you, knight, if I would not——

[*Exit.* Bar.

Sir Geo. But the Lady waits. [*Exit.* Load.] A ſtrange fellow this! What a whimſical jargon he talks! Not an idea abſtracted from play! To ſay truth, I am ſincerely ſick of my acquaintance: But, however, I have the firſt people in the kingdom to keep me in countenance. Death and the dice level all diſtinctions.

Enter Mrs Cole, *ſupported by* Loader *and* Dick.

Mrs Cole. Gently, gently, good Mr Loader.

Load. Come along, old Moll. Why, you jade, you look as roſy this morning, I muſt have a ſmack at your muns. Here, taſte her, ſhe is as good as old hock to get you a ſtomach.

Mrs Cole. Fye, Mr Loader, I thought you had forgot me.

Load. I forget you! I would as ſoon forget what is trumps.

Mrs

Mrs Cole. Softly, ſoftly, young man. There, there, mighty well. And how does your Honour do? I han't ſeen your Honour, I can't tell the—Oh! mercy on me, there's a twinge—

Sir Geo. What is the matter, Mrs Cole?

Mrs Cole. My old diſorder, the rheumatiſe; I han't been able to get a wink of——Oh la! what, you have been in town theſe two days?

Sir Geo. Since Wedneſday.

Mrs Cole. And never once call'd upon old Cole. No, no, I am worn out, thrown by and forgotten, like a tatter'd garment, as Mr Squintum ſays. Oh, he is a dear man! But for him I had been a loſt ſheep; never known the comforts of the new birth; no,—There's your old friend, Kitty Carrot, at home ſtill. What, ſhall we ſee you this evening? I have kept the green room for you ever ſince I heard you were in town.

Load. What, ſhall we take a ſnap at old Moll's. Hey, beldam, have you a good batch of burgundy abroach?

Mrs Cole. Bright as a ruby; and for flavour! You know the Colonel—He and Jenny Cummins drank three flaſks, hand to fiſt, laſt night.

Load. What, and bilk thee of thy ſhare?

Mrs Cole. Ah, don't mention it, Mr Loader. No, that's all over with me. The time has been, when I cou'd have earn'd thirty ſhillings a-day by my own drinking, and the next morning was neither ſick nor ſorry: But now, O laud, a thimbleful turns me topſy-turvy.

Load. Poor old girl!

Mrs Cole. Ay, I have done with theſe idle vanities; my thoughts are fix'd upon a better place. What, I ſuppoſe, Mr Loader, you will be for your old friend the black-ey'd girl, from Roſemary-lane. Ha, ha! Well, 'tis a merry little tit. A thouſand pities ſhe's ſuch a reprobate! —But ſhe'll mend; her time is not come: all ſhall have their call, as Mr Squintum ſays, ſooner or later; regeneration is not the work of a day. No, no, no,—Oh!

Sir Geo. Not worſe, I hope.

Mrs Cole. Rack, rack, gnaw, gnaw, never eaſy, a-bed or up, all's one. Pray, honeſt friend, have you any clary or mint-water in the houſe?

Dick. A caſe of French drams.

Mrs

Mrs Cole. Heaven defend me! I would not touch a dram for the world.

Sir Geo. They are but cordials, Mrs Cole. Fetch 'em you blockhead. [*Exit* Dick.

Mrs Cole. Ay, I am a going; a waſting and a waſting, Sir George. What will become of the houſe when I am gone, Heaven knows.—No.—When people are miſs'd, then they are mourned. Sixteen years have I liv'd in the Garden, comfortably and creditably; and, though I ſay it, could have got bail any hour of the day: Reputable tradeſmen, Sir George, neighbours, Mr Loader knows; no knock-me-down doings in my houſe. A ſet of regular, ſedate, ſober cuſtomers. No rioters. Sixteen did I ſay—Ay, eighteen years I have paid ſcot and lot in the pariſh of St Paul's, and during the whole time, no body have ſaid, Mrs Cole, why do you ſo? Unleſs twice that I was before Sir Thomas De Val, and three times in the Round Houſe.

Sir Geo. Nay, don't weep, Mrs Cole.

Load. May I loſe deal, with an honour at bottom, if old Moll does not bring tears into my eyes.

Mrs Cole. However, it is a comfort after all, to think one has paſt through the world with credit and character. Ay, a good name, as Mr Squintum ſays, is better than a gallipot of ointment.

Enter Dick *with a dram.*

Load. Come, haſte, Dick, haſte; ſorrow is dry. Here, Moll, ſhall I fill thee a bumper?

Mrs Cole. Hold, hold, Mr Loader? Heaven help you, I could as ſoon ſwallow the Thames. Only a ſip, to keep the gout out of my ſtomach.

Load. Why, then, here's to thee. Levant me, but it is ſupernaculum. Speak when you have enough.

Mrs Cole. I won't trouble you for the glaſs; my hands do ſo tremble and ſhake, I ſhall but ſpill the good creature.

Load. Well pull'd. But now to buſineſs. Pr'ythee, Moll, did not I ſee a tight young wench in a linen gown, knock at your door this morning?

Mrs Cole. Ay; a young thing from the country.

Load. Could we not get a peep at her this evening?

Mrs Cole. Impoſſible! ſhe is engag'd to Sir Timothy Totter. I have taken earneſt for her theſe three months.

Load.

Load. Pho, what ſignifies ſuch a fellow as that! tip him an old trader, and give her to the knight.

Mrs Cole. Tip him an old trader!—mercy on us, where do you expect to go when you die, Mr Loader?

Load. Crop me, but this Squintum has turn'd her brains.

Sir Geo. Nay, Mr Loader, I think the gentleman has wrought a moſt happy reformation.

Mrs Cole. Oh, it was a wonderful work. There had I been toſſing in a ſea of ſin, without rudder or compaſs. And had not the good gentleman piloted me into the harbour of grace, I muſt have ſtruck againſt the rocks of reprobation, and have been quite ſwallow'd up in the whirlpool of deſpair. He was the precious inſtrument of my ſpiritual ſprinkling. But however, Sir George, if your mind be ſet upon a young country thing, to-morrow night I believe, I can furniſh you.

Load. As how?

Mrs Cole. I have advertis'd this morning, in the regiſter-office, for ſervants under ſeventeen; and ten to one but I light on ſomething that will do.

Load. Pillory me, but it has a face.

Mrs Cole. Truly, conſiſtently with my conſcience, I wou'd do any thing for your Honour.

Sir Geo. Right, Mrs Cole, never loſe ſight of that monitor. But pray how long has this heavenly change been wrought in you?

Mrs Cole. Ever ſince my laſt viſitation of the gout.—Upon my firſt fit, ſeven years ago, I began to have my doubts, and my waverings; but I was loſt in a labyrinth, and no body to ſhew me the road. One time, I thought of dying a Roman, which is truly a comfortable communion enough for one of us: but it wou'd not do.

Sir Geo. Why not?

Mrs Cole. I went one ſummer over to Boulogne to repent; and, wou'd you believe it, the bare-footed, bald-pate beggars would not give me abſolution, without I quitted my buſineſs—did you ever hear of ſuch a ſet of ſcabby—Beſides, I cou'd not bear their barbarity. Would you believe it, Mr Loader, they lock up for their lives, in a nunnery, the prettieſt, ſweeteſt, tender, young things!—Oh, ſix of them, for a ſeaſon, would finiſh my buſineſs here,

here, and then I ſhou'd have nothing to do but to think of hereafter.

Load. Brand me, what a country!

Sir Geo. Oh, ſcandalous!

Mrs Cole. O no, it would not do. So, in my laſt illneſs, I was wiſh'd to Mr Squintum, who ſtept in with his ſaving grace, got me with the new birth, and I became, as you ſee, regenerate, and another creature.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Mr Transfer, Sir, has ſent to know if your Honour be at home.

Sir Geo. Mrs Cole, I am mortify'd to part with you. But bus'neſs, you know—

Mrs Cole. True, Sir George. Mr Loader, your arm—gently, oh, oh!

Sir Geo. Wou'd you take another thimbleful, Mrs Cole?

Mrs Cole. Not a drop—I ſhall ſee you this evening?

Sir Geo. Depend upon me.

Mrs Cole. To-morrow I hope to ſuit you—we are to have, at the Tabernacle, an occaſional hymn, with a thankſgiving ſermon for my recovery. After which I ſhall call at the regiſter office, and ſee what goods my advertiſement has brought in.

Sir Geo. Extremely obliged to you, Mrs Cole.

Mrs Cole. Or if that ſhould not do, I have a tid bit at home, will ſuit your ſtomach. Never bruſh'd by a beard. Well, heaven bleſs you—ſoftly, have a care, Mr Loader—Richard, you may as well give me the bottle into the chair, for fear I ſhould be taken ill on the road. Gently—ſo, ſo!

[*Exit* Mrs Cole *and* Loader.

Sir Geo. Dick, ſhew Mr Transfer in—ha, ha, what a hodge podge! how the jade has jumbled together the carnal and the ſpiritual; with what eaſe ſhe reconciles her new birth to her old calling!—No wonder theſe preachers have plenty of proſelytes, whilſt they have the addreſs ſo comfortably to blend the hitherto jarring intereſts of the two worlds.

Enter Loader.

Well, knight I have hous'd her; but they want you within, Sir.

Sir Geo. I'll go to them immediately.

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Dick, *introducing* Transfer.

Dick. MY maſter will come to you preſently.

Enter Sir George.

Sir Geo. Mr Transfer, your ſervant.

Tranſ. Your Honour's very humble. I thought to have found Mr Loader here.

Sir Geo. He will return immediately. Well, Mr Tranſfer—but take a chair—you have had a long walk. Mr Loader, I preſume, open'd to you the urgency of my bus'neſs.

Tranſ. Ay, ay, the general cry, money, money? I don't know, for my part, where all the money is flown to. Formerly a note, with a tolerable endorſement, was as current as caſh. If your uncle Richard now wou'd join in this ſecurity—

Sir Geo. Impoſſible.

Tranſ. Ay, like enough. I wiſh you were of age.

Sir Geo. So do I. But as that will be conſider'd in the premium—

Tranſ. True, true,—I ſee you underſtand bus'neſs—and what ſum does your Honour lack at preſent?

Sir Geo. Lack!—how much have you brought?

Tranſ. Who, I? dear me! none.

Sir Geo. Zounds, none!

Tranſ. Lack-a-day, none to be had, I think. All the morning have I been upon the hunt. There, Ephraim Barebones the tallow chandler, in Thames-ſtreet, us'd to be a never-failing chap; not a guinea to be got there. Then I totter'd away to Nebuchadnezzar Zebulon, in the Old Jewry, but it happen'd to be Saturday; and they never touch on the Sabbath, you know.

Sir Geo. Why what the devil can I do?

Tranſ. Good me, I did not know your Honour had been ſo preſs'd.

Sir Geo. My honour preſs'd! yes, my honour is not only

preſs'd, but ruin'd, unleſs I can raiſe money to redeem it. That blockhead Loader, to depend upon this old doating—

Tranſ. Well, well, now I declare, I am quite ſorry to ſee your Honour in ſuch a taking.

Sir Geo. Damn your ſorrow.

Tranſ. But come, don't be caſt down: tho' money is not to be had, money's worth may, and that's the ſame thing.

Sir Geo. How, dear Transfer?

Tranſ. Why I have, at my warehouſe in the city, ten caſks of whale-blubber, a large cargo of Dantzick dowlas, with a curious aſſortment of Birmingham hafts, and Whitney blankets for exportation.

Sir Geo. Hey!

Tranſ. And ſtay, ſtay, then, again, at my country-houſe, the bottom of Gray's-inn-Lane, there's a hundred tun of fine old hay, only damag'd a little laſt winter, for want of thatching; with forty load of flint ſtones.

Sir Geo. Well.

Tranſ. Your Honour may have all theſe for a reaſonable profit, and convert them into caſh.

Sir Geo. Blubber and blankets? Why, you old raſcal, do you banter me?

Tranſ. Who I? O law, marry heaven forbid.

Sir Geo. Get out of my—you ſtuttering ſcoundrel.

Tranſ. If your Honour wou'd but hear me—

Sir Geo. Troop, I ſay, unleſs you have a mind to go a ſhorter way than you came. [*Exit* Tranſ.] And yet there is ſomething ſo uncommonly ridiculous in his propoſal, that were my mind more at eaſe.—[*Enter* Loader.] So, Sir, you have recommended me to a fine fellow.

Load. What's the matter?

Sir Geo. He can't ſupply me with a ſhilling! and wants, beſides, to make me a dealer in dowlas.

Load. Ay, and a very good commodity too. People that are upon ways and means, muſt not be nice, knight. A pretty piece of work you have made here! thrown up the cards, with the game in your hands.

Sir Geo. Why, pr'ythee, of what uſe wou'd his—

Load. Uſe! of every uſe. Procure you the ſpankers, my boy. I have a broker, that, in a twinkling, ſhall take off your bargain.

Sir Geo. Indeed!

Load. Indeed! ay, indeed. You ſit down to hazard and not

not know the chances! I'll call him back. Holo, Tranſfer. A pretty little, buſy, buſtling—you may travel miles, before you will meet with his match. If there is one pound in the city, he will get it. He creeps, like a ferret, into their bags, and makes the yellow boys bolt again.

Enter Transfer.

Come hither, little Transfer; what, man, our Minor was a little too haſty; he did not underſtand trap: knows nothing of the game, my dear.

Tranſ. What I ſaid, was to ſerve Sir George; as he ſeem'd—

Load. I told him ſo; well, well, we will take thy commodities, were they as many more. But try, pr'ythee, if thou cou'dſt not procure us ſome of the ready, for preſent ſpending.

Tranſ. Let me conſider.

Load. Ay, do, come: ſhuffle thy brains; never fear the baronet. To let a lord of lands want ſhiners; 'tis a ſhame.

Tranſ. I do recollect, in this quarter of the town, an old friend, that us'd to do things in this way.

Load. Who?

Tranſ. Statute, the ſcrivener.

Load. Slam me, but he has nick'd the chance.

Tranſ. A hard man, Maſter Loader!

Sir Geo. No matter.

Tranſ. His demands are exorbitant.

Sir Geo. That is no fault of ours.

Load. Well ſaid, knight!

Tranſ. But to ſave time, I had better mention his terms.

Load. Unneceſſary.

Tranſ. Five per cent. legal intereſt.

Sir Geo. He ſhall have it.

Tranſ. Ten, the premium.

Sir Geo. No more words.

Tranſ. Then, as you are not of age, five more for enſuring your life.

Load. We will give it.

Tranſ. As for what he will demand for the riſque——

Sir Geo. He ſhall be ſatisfy'd.

Tranſ. You pay the attorney.

Sir Geo. Amply, amply; Loader, diſpatch him.

Load.

Load. There, there, little Transfer; now every thing is ſettled. All terms ſhall be comply'd with, reaſonable or unreaſonable. What, our principal is a man of honour. [*Exit* Transfer.] Hey, my knight, this is doing buſineſs. This pinch is a ſure card.

Re-enter Transfer.

Tranſ. I had forgot one thing. I am not the principal; you pay the brokerage.

Load. Ay, ay; and a handſome preſent into the bargain, never fear.

Tranſ. Enough, enough.

Load. Hark'e, Transfer, we'll take the Birmingham hafts and Whitney wares.

Tranſ. They ſhall be forthcoming.——You would not have the hay, with the flints?

Load. Every pebble of 'em. The magiſtrates of the Baronet's borough are infirm and gouty. He ſhall deal them as new pavement. [*Exit* Transfer.] So, that's ſettled. I believe, knight, I can lend you a helping hand as to the laſt article. I know ſome traders that will truck: fellows with finery. Not commodities of ſuch clumſy conveyance as old Transfer's.

Sir Geo. You are obliging.

Load. I'll do it, boy; and get you, into the bargain, a bonny auctioneer, that ſhall diſpoſe of 'em all in a crack. [*Exit.*

Enter Dick.

Dick. Your uncle, Sir, has been waiting ſome time.

Sir Geo. He comes in a lucky hour. Shew him in.—[*Exit* Dick.] Now for a lecture. My ſituation ſha'n't ſink my ſpirits, however. Here comes the muſty trader, running over with remonſtrances. I muſt banter the cit.

Enter Richard Wealthy.

R. Weal. So, Sir, what, I ſuppoſe, this is a ſpice of your foreign breeding, to let your uncle kick his heels in your hall, whilſt your preſence chamber is crouded with pimps, bawds, and gameſters.

Sir Geo. Oh, a proof of my reſpect dear nuncle. Would it have been decent now, nuncle, to have introduced you into ſuch company?

R. Weal.

R. Weal. Wonderfully conſiderate! Well, young man, and what do you think will be the end of all this? Here I have received, by the laſt mail, a quire of your draughts from abroad. I ſee you are determin'd our neighbours ſhould taſte of your magnificence.

Sir Geo. Yes, I think I did ſome credit to my country.

R. Weal. And how are all theſe to be paid?

Sir Geo. That I ſubmit to you, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. From me!——Not a ſouſe to keep you from the Counter.

Sir Geo. Why then let the ſcoundrels ſtay. It is their duty. I have other demands, debts of honour, which muſt be diſcharg'd.

R. Weal. Here's a diabolical diſtinction! Here's a proſtitution of words!—Honour! 'ſdeath, that a raſcal, who has pick'd your pocket, ſhall have his crime gilded with the moſt ſacred diſtinction, and his plunder punctually paid, whilſt the induſtrious mechanic, who miniſters to your very wants, ſhall have his debt delay'd, and his demand treated as inſolent.

Sir Geo. Oh! a truce to this thread-bare trumpery, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. I confeſs my folly; but make yourſelf eaſy; you won't be troubled with many more of my viſits. I own I was weak enough to deſign a ſhort expoſtulation with you; but as we in the city know the true value of time, I ſhall take care not to ſquander away any more of it upon you.

Sir Geo. A prudent reſolution.

R. Weal. One commiſſion, however, I can't diſpenſe with myſelf from executing——It was agreed between your father and me, that as he had but one ſon, and I one daughter——

Sir Geo. Your gettings ſhould be added to his eſtate, and my couſin Margery and I ſquat down together in the comfortable ſtate of matrimony.

R. Weal. Puppy! Such was our intention. Now his laſt will claims this contract.

Sir Geo. Diſpatch, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. Why then, in a word, ſee me here demand the execution.

Sir Geo. What d'ye mean? For me to marry Margery?

R. Weal. I do.

Sir Geo.

Sir Geo. What, moi-me?

R. Weal. You, you——Your anſwer, ay or no?

Sir Geo. Why then conciſely and briefly, without evaſion, equivocation, or further circumlocution,—No.

R. Weal. I am glad of it.

Sir Geo. So am I.

R. Weal. But pray, if it wou'd not be too great a favour, what objections can you have to my daughter? Not that I want to remove 'em, but merely out of curioſity. What objections?

Sir Geo. None. I neither know her, have ſeen her, enquir'd after her, or ever intend it.

R. Weal. What, perhaps, I am the ſtumbling block?

Sir Geo. You have hit it.

R. Weal. Ay, now we come to the point. Well, and pray——

Sir Geo. Why it is not ſo much a diſlike to your perſon, though that is exceptionable enough, but your profeſſion, dear nuncle, is an inſuperable obſtacle.

R. Weal. Good lack! And what harm has that done, pray?

Sir Geo. Done! So ſtain'd, polluted, and tainted the whole maſs of your blood, thrown ſuch a blot on your 'ſcutcheon, as ten regular ſucceſſions can hardly efface.

R. Weal. The duce!

Sir Geo. And cou'd you now, conſiſtently with your duty as a faithful guardian, recommend my union with the daughter of a trader?

R. Weal. Why, indeed, I aſk pardon; I am afraid I did not weigh the matter as maturely as I ought.

Sir Geo. Oh, a horrid, barbarous ſcheme!

R. Weal. But then I thought her having the honour to partake of the ſame fleſh and blood with yourſelf, might prove in ſome meaſure a kind of fullers-earth, to ſcour out the dirty ſpots contracted by commerce.

Sir Geo. Impoſſible!

R. Weal. Beſides, here it has been the practice even of peers.

Sir Geo. Don't mention the unnatural intercourſe!—Thank heav'n, Mr Richard Wealthy, my education has been in another country, where I have been too well inſtructed in the value of nobility, to think of intermixing it with the

the offspring of a Bourgeois. Why, what apology cou'd I make to my children, for giving them ſuch a mother?

R. Weal. I did not think of that. Then I muſt deſpair, I am afraid.

Sir Geo. I can afford but little hopes. Though, upon recollection——Is the griſſette pretty?

R. Weal. A parent may be partial. She is thought ſo.

Sir Geo. Ah la jolie petite Bourgeoiſe! Poor girl, I ſincerely pity her. And I ſuppoſe, to procure her emerſion from the mercantile mud, no conſideration wou'd be ſpar'd.

R. Weal. Why, to be ſure, for ſuch an honour one wou'd ſtrain a point.

Sir Geo. Why, then, not totally to deſtroy your hopes, I do recollect an edict in favour of Brittany; that when a man of diſtinction engages in commerce, his nobility is ſuffer'd to ſleep.

R. Weal. Indeed!

Sir Geo. And upon his quitting the contagious connection, he is permitted to reſume his rank.

R. Weal. That's fortunate.

Sir Geo. So, nuncle Richard, if you will ſell out of the ſtocks, ſhut up your counting-houſe, and quit St Mary Ax for Groſvenor-ſquare——

R. Weal. What then?

Sir Geo. Why, when your rank has had time to rouſe itſelf, for I think your nobility, nuncle, has had a pretty long nap, if the girl's perſon is pleaſing, and the purchaſe-money is adequate to the honour, I may in time be prevail'd upon to reſtore her to the right of her family.

R. Weal. Amazing condeſcenſion!

Sir Geo. Good nature is my foible. But, upon my ſoul, I wou'd not have gone ſo far for any body elſe.

R. Weal. I can contain no longer. Hear me, ſpendthrift, prodigal, do you know that, in ten days, your whole revenue won't purchaſe you a feather to adorn your empty head?——

Sir Geo. Hey dey, what's the matter now?

R. Weal. And that you derive every acre of your boaſted patrimony from your great uncle, a ſoap-boiler!

Sir Geo. Infamous aſperſion!

R. Weal. It was his bags, the fruits of his honeſt induſtry, that preſerv'd your lazy, beggarly nobility. His

wealth

wealth repair'd your tottering hall, from the ruins of which even the rats had run.

Sir Geo. Better our name had periſh'd! Inſupportable! ſoap-boiling, uncle!

R. Weal. Traduce a trader in a country of commerce! It is treaſon againſt the community; and, for your puniſhment, I wou'd have you reſtor'd to the ſordid condition from whence we drew you, and, like your predeceſſors, the Picts, ſtript, painted, and fed upon hips, haws, and blackberries.

Sir Geo. A truce, dear haberdaſher.

R. Weal. One pleaſure I have, that to this goal you are upon the gallop; but have a care, the ſword hangs but by a thread. When next we meet, know me for the maſter of your fate. [*Exit.*

Sir Geo. Inſolent mechanic! But that his Bourgeois blood wou'd have foil'd my ſword—

Enter Baron *and* Loader.

Sir Will. What is de matter?

Sir Geo. A fellow here, upon the credit of a little affinity, has dar'd to upbraid me with being ſprung from a ſoap-boiler.

Sir Will. Vat, you from the boiler of ſoap!

Sir Geo. Me.

Sir Will. Aha, begar, dat is anoder ting—And harka you, miſter monſieur, ha—how dare a you have d'affrontary—

Sir Geo. How!

Sir Will. De impertinence to ſit down, play wid me?

Sir Geo. What is this?

Sir Will. A beggarly Bourgeois vis-a-vis, a baron of twenty deſcents.

Load. But, baron——

Sir Will. Bygar, I am almoſt aſham'd to win of ſuch a low, dirty—Give me my monies, and let me never ſee your face.

Load. Why, but baron, you miſtake this thing, I know the old buck this fellow prates about.

Sir Will. May be.

Load. Pigeon me, as true a gentleman as the grand ſignior. He was, indeed, a good-natur'd, obliging, friendly fellow; and being a great judge of ſoap, tar, and train-oil, he

he us'd to have it home to his houſe, and ſell it to his acquaintance for ready money, to ſerve them.

Sir Will. Was dat all?

Load. Upon my honour.

Sir Will. Oh, dat, dat is anoder ting. Bygar I was afraid he was negotiant.

Load. Nothing like it.

Enter Dick.

Dick. A gentleman to enquire for Mr Loader.

Load. I come—A pretty ſon of a bitch, this baron! pimps for the man, picks his pocket, and then wants to kick him out of company, becauſe his uncle was an oilman. [*Exit.*

Sir Will. I beg pardon, chevalier, I was miſtake.

Sir Geo. Oh, don't mention it; had the ſlam been fact, your behaviour was natural enough.

Enter Loader.

Load. Mr Smirk, the auctioneer.

Sir Geo. Shew him in, by all means. [*Exit* Loader.

Sir Will. You have affair.

Sir Geo. If you'll walk into the next room, they will be finiſhed in five minutes.

Enter Loader, *with* Shift *as* Smirk.

Load. Here, Maſter Smirk, this is the gentleman.—Hark'e, knight, did I not tell you, old Moll was your mark? Here ſhe has brought a pretty piece of man's meat already; as ſweet as a noſegay, and as ripe as a cherry, you rogue. Diſpatch him, mean time we'll manage the girl. [*Exit.*

Smirk. You are the principal.

Sir Geo. Even ſo. I have, Mr Smirk, ſome things of a conſiderable value, which I want to diſpoſe of immediately.

Smirk. You have?

Sir Geo. Could you aſſiſt me?

Smirk. Doubtleſs.

Sir Geo. But directly?

Smirk. We have an auction at twelve. I'll add your cargo to the catalogue.

Sir Geo. Can that be done?

Smirk. Every day's practice: it is for the credit of the ſale. Laſt week, amongſt the valuable effects of a gentleman going abroad, I ſold a choice collection of china, with a curious ſervice of plate; though the real party was never maſter of above two Delft diſhes, and a dozen of pewter, in all his life.

Sir Geo. Very artificial. But this muſt be conceal'd.

Smirk. Bury'd here. Oh, many an aigrette and ſolitaire have I ſold, to diſcharge a lady's play-debt. But then we muſt know the parties; otherwiſe it might be knockt down to the huſband himſelf. Ha, ha—Hey ho!

Sir Geo. True. Upon my word, your profeſſion requires parts.

Smirk. No body's more. Did you ever hear, Sir George, what firſt brought me into the buſineſs?

Sir Geo. Never.

Smirk. Quite an accident, as I may ſay. You muſt have known my predeceſſor, Mr Prig, the greateſt man in the world, in his way, ay, or that ever was, or ever will be; quite a jewel of a man; he would touch you up a lot; there was no reſiſting him. He wou'd force you to bid whether you wou'd or no. I ſhall never ſee his equal.

Sir Geo. You are modeſt, Mr Smirk.

Smirk. No, no, but his ſhadow. Far be it from me to vie with great men. But as I was ſaying, my predeceſſor, Mr Prig, was to have a ſale as it might be on a Saturday. On Friday, at noon, I ſhall never forget the day, he was ſuddenly ſeiz'd with a violent cholic. He ſent for me to his bed-ſide, ſqueez'd me by the hand; Dear Smirk, ſaid he, what an accident! You know what is to-morrow; the greateſt ſhew this ſeaſon; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes; all the world will be there; lady Dy Joſs, Mrs Nankyn, the Ducheſs of Dupe, and every body at all: You ſee my ſtate, it will be impoſſible for me to mount. What can I do?—It was not for me, you know, to adviſe that great man.

Sir Geo. No, no.

Smirk. At laſt, looking wiſhfully at me, Smirk, ſays he, d'you love me?—Mr Prig, can you doubt it?——I'll put it to the teſt, ſays he; ſupply my place to-morrow.—I, eager to ſhew my love, raſhly and rapidly replied, I will.

Sir Geo. That was bold.

Smirk. Abſolute madneſs. But I had gone too far to recede.

recede. Then the point was, to prepare for the aweful occaſion. The firſt want that occurred to me was a wig; but this was too material an article to depend on my own judgment. I reſolved to conſult my friends. I told them the affair——You hear, gentlemen, what has happen'd; Mr Prig, one of the greateſt men in his way the world ever ſaw, or ever will, quite a jewel of a man, taken with a violent fit of the cholic; to-morrow, the greateſt ſhew this ſeaſon; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes; every body in the world to be there; Lady Dy Joſs, Mrs Nankyn, Ducheſs of Dupe, and all mankind; it being impoſſible he ſhould mount, I have conſented to ſell——They ſtar'd—It is true, gentlemen. Now I ſhould be glad to have your opinions as to a wig. They were divided: ſome recommended a tye, others a bag: one mention'd a bob, but was ſoon over-rul'd. Now, for my part, I own, I rather inclin'd to the bag; but to avoid the imputation of raſhneſs, I reſolv'd to take Mrs Smirk's judgment, my wife, a dear good woman, fine in figure, high in taſte, a ſuperior genius, and knows old china like a Nabob.

Sir Geo. What was her deciſion?

Smirk. I told her the caſe—My dear, you know what has happen'd. My good friend, Mr Prig, the greateſt man in the world, in his way, that ever was, or ever will be, quite a jewel of a man, a violent fit of the cholic——the greateſt ſhew this ſeaſon, to-morrow, pictures, and every thing in the world; all the world will be there: now, as it is impoſſible he ſhould, I mount in his ſtead. You know the importance of a wig; I have aſk'd my friends—ſome recommended a tye, others a bag—what is your opinion? Why, to deal freely, Mr Smirk, ſays ſhe, a tye for your round, regular, ſmiling face would be rather too formal, and a bag too boyiſh, deficient in dignity for the ſolemn occaſion; were I worthy to adviſe, you ſhould wear a ſomething between both.—I'll be hang'd, if you don't mean a major. I jumpt at the hint, and a major it was.

Sir Geo. So, that was fixt.

Smirk. Finally. But next day, when I came to mount the roſtrum, then was the trial. My limbs ſhook, and my tongue trembled. The firſt lot was a chamber-utenſil, in Chelſea china, of the pea-green pattern. It occaſioned a great laugh; but I got through it. Her Grace, indeed, gave

gave me great encouragement. I overheard her whiſper to Lady Dy, Upon my word, Mr Smirk does it very well. Very well, indeed, Mr Smirk, addreſſing herſelf to me. I made an acknowledging bow to her Grace, as in duty bound. But one flower flounced involuntarily from me that day, as I may ſay. I remember, Dr Triſle call'd it enthuſiaſtic, and pronounc'd it a preſage of my future greatneſs.

Sir Geo. What was that?

Smirk. Why, Sir, the lot was a Guido; a ſingle figure, a marvellous fine performance; well preſerv'd, and highly finiſh'd. It ſtuck at five and forty; I, charm'd with the picture, and piqu'd at the people, A going for five and forty, no body more than five and forty?——Pray, ladies and gentlemen, look at this piece, quite fleſh and blood, and only wants a touch from the torch of Prometheus, to ſtart from the canvas and fall a bidding. A general plaudit enſu'd; I bow'd, and in three minutes knock'd it down at ſixty-three, ten.

Sir Geo. That was a ſtroke at leaſt equal to your maſter.

Smirk. O dear me! You did not know the great man, alike in every thing. He had as much to ſay upon a ribbon as a Raphael. His manner was inimitably fine. I remember they took him off at the play-houſe ſome time ago; pleaſant, but wrong. Public characters ſhou'd not be ſported with—They are ſacred——But we loſe time.

Sir Geo. Oh, in the lobby, on the table, you will find the particulars.

Smirk. We ſhall ſee you. There will be a world of company. I ſhall pleaſe you. But the great nicety of our art is, the eye. Mark how mine ſkims round the room.—Some bidders are ſhy, and only advance with a nod; but I nail them. One, two, three, four, five. You will be ſurpriz'd—Ha, ha, ha,—heigh ho! [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III.

Enter Sir George *and* Loader.

Sir Geo. A Moſt infernal run. Let's ſee [*Pulls out a card.*] Loader a thouſand, the baron two, Tally——Enough to beggar a banker. Every ſhilling of Transfer's ſupply exhauſted! nor will even the ſale of my moveables prove ſufficient to diſcharge my debts. Death and the Devil! In what a complication of calamities has a few days plung'd me! And no reſource?

Load. Knight, here's old Moll come to wait on you; ſhe has brought the tid-bit I ſpoke of. Shall I bid her ſend her in?

Sir Geo. Pray do. [*Exit* Loader.

Enter Mrs Cole *and* Lucy.

Mrs Cole. Come along, Lucy. You baſhful baggage, I thought I had ſilenc'd your ſcruples. Don't you remember what Mr Squintum ſaid? A woman's not worth ſaving, that won't be guilty of a ſwinging ſin; for then they have matter to repent upon. Here, your Honour, I leave her to your management. She is young, tender, and timid; does not know what is for her own good: but your Honour will ſoon teach her. I wou'd willingly ſtay, but I muſt not loſe the lecture. *Exit.*

Sir Geo. Upon my credit, a fine figure! Aukward—Can't produce her publicly as mine; but ſhe will do for private amuſement—Will you be ſeated, Miſs?—Dumb! quite a picture! She too wants a touch of the Promethean torch—Will you be ſo kind, Ma'am, to walk from your frame and take a chair?—Come, pr'ythee, why ſo coy? Nay, I am not very adroit in the cuſtom of this country. I ſuppoſe I muſt conduct you—Come, Miſs.

Lucy. O, Sir.

Sir Geo. Child!

Lucy. If you have any humanity, ſpare me.

Sir Geo. In tears! What can this mean? Artifice. A project to raiſe the price, I ſuppoſe. Look'e, my dear, you may ſave this piece of pathetic for another occaſion. It won't

won't do with me; I am no novice—So, child, a truce to your tragedy, I beg.

Lucy. Indeed you wrong me, Sir; indeed you do.

Sir Geo. Wrong you! how came you here, and for what purpoſe?

Lucy. A ſhameful one. I know it all, and yet believe me, Sir, I am innocent.

Sir Geo. Oh, I don't queſtion that. Your pious patroneſs is a proof of your innocence.

Lucy. What can I ſay to gain your credit? And yet, Sir, ſtrong as appearances are againſt me, by all that's holy, you ſee me here, a poor diſtreſs'd, involuntary victim.

Sir Geo. Her ſtyle's above the common claſs; her tears are real.—Riſe, child.—How the poor creature trembles!

Lucy. Say then I am ſafe.

Sir Geo. Fear nothing.

Lucy. May Heaven reward you. I cannot.

Sir Geo. Pr'ythee, child, collect yourſelf, and help me to unravel this myſtery. You came hither willingly? There was no force?

Lucy. None.

Sir Geo. You know Mrs Cole.

Lucy. Too well.

Sir Geo. How came you then to truſt her?

Lucy. Mine, Sir, is a tedious, melancholy tale,

Sir Geo. And artleſs too?

Lucy. As innocence.

Sir Geo. Give it me.

Lucy. It will tire you.

Sir Geo. Not if it be true. Be juſt, and you will find me generous.

Lucy. On that, Sir, I rely'd in venturing hither.

Sir Geo. You did me juſtice. Truſt me with all your ſtory. If you deſerve, depend upon my protection.

Lucy. Some months ago, Sir, I was conſider'd as the joint heireſs of a reſpectable wealthy merchant; dear to my friends, happy in my proſpects, and my father's favourite.

Sir Geo. His name.

Lucy. There you muſt pardon me. Unkind and cruel though he has been to me, let me diſcharge the duty of a daughter, ſuffer in ſilence, nor bring reproach on him who gave me being.

Sir

Sir Geo. I applaud your piety.

Lucy. At this happy period, my father, judging an addition of wealth muſt bring an increaſe of happineſs, reſolved to unite me with a man, ſordid in his mind, brutal in his manners, and riches his only recommendation. My refuſal of this ill-ſuited match, though mildly given, enflamed my father's temper, naturally choleric, alienated his affections, and baniſh'd me his houſe, diſtreſſed and deſtitute.

Sir Geo. Wou'd no friend receive you?

Lucy. Alas, how few are friends to the unfortunate! Beſides, I knew, Sir, ſuch a ſtep wou'd be conſidered by my father as an appeal from his juſtice. I therefore retir'd to a remote corner of the town, truſting, as my only advocate, to the tender calls of nature, in his cool, reflecting hours.

Sir Geo. How came you to know this woman?

Lucy. Accident plac'd me in a houſe, the miſtreſs of which profeſs'd the ſame principles with my infamous conductreſs. There, as enthuſiaſm is the child of melancholy, I caught the infection. A conſtant attendance on their aſſemblies procured me the acquaintance of this woman, whoſe extraordinary zeal and devotion firſt drew my attention and confidence. I truſted her with my ſtory, and in return, receiv'd the warmeſt invitation to take the protection of her houſe. This I unfortunately accepted.

Sir Geo. Unfortunately indeed!

Lucy. By the decency of appearances, I was ſome time impoſed upon. But an accident, which you will excuſe my repeating, reveal'd all the horror of my ſituation. I will not trouble you with a recital of all the arts us'd to ſeduce me: Happily they hitherto have fail'd. But this morning I was acquainted with my deſtiny; and no other election left me, but immediate compliance, or a jail. In this deſperate condition, you cannot wonder, Sir, at my chuſing rather to rely on the generoſity of a gentleman, than the humanity of a creature inſenſible to pity, and void of every virtue.

Sir Geo. The event ſhall juſtify your choice. You have my faith and honour for your ſecurity. For though I can't boaſt of my own goodneſs, yet I have an honeſt feeling for afflicted virtue; and, however unfaſhionable, a ſpirit that dares afford it protection. Give me your hand.

As

As ſoon as I have diſpatch'd ſome preſſing buſineſs here, I will lodge you in an aſylum, ſacred to the diſtreſſes of your ſex; where indigent beauty is guarded from temptations, and deluded innocence reſcu'd from infamy.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Shift.

Zooks, I have toil'd like a horſe; quite tir'd, by Jupiter. And what ſhall I get for my pains? The old fellow here talks of making me eaſy for life. Eaſy! And what does he mean by eaſy? He'll make me an exciſeman, I ſuppoſe, and ſo with an ink-horn at my buttton-hole, and a taper ſwitch in my hand, I ſhall run about gauging of beer-barrels. No, that will never do. This lad here is no fool. Foppiſh, indeed. He does not want parts, no, nor principles neither. I overheard his ſcene with the girl. I think I may truſt him. I have a great mind to venture it. It is a ſhame to have him dup'd by this old don. It muſt not be, I'll in and unfold—Ha!—Egad, I have a thought too, if my heir apparent can execute. I ſhall ſtill lie conceal'd, and perhaps be rewarded on both ſides.

I have it,—'tis engender'd, piping hot,
And now, Sir Knight, I'll match you with a plot. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir William *and* Richard Wealthy.

R. Weal. Well, I ſuppoſe, by this time, you are ſatisfied what a ſcoundrel you have brought into the world, and are ready to finiſh your foolery.

Sir Will. Got to the cataſtrophe, good brother.

R. Weal. Let us have it over then.

Sir Will. I have already alarmed all his tradeſmen. I ſuppoſe we ſhall ſoon have him here, with a legion of bailiffs and conſtables.—Oh, you have my will about you?

R. Weal. Yes, yes.

Sir Will. It is almoſt time to produce it, or read him the clauſe that relates to his rejecting your daughter. That will do his buſineſs. But they come. I muſt return to my character.

Enter Shift.

Shift. Sir, Sir, we are all in the wrong box; our ſcheme is

is blown up; your ſon has detected Loader and Tally, and is playing the very devil within.

Sir Will. Oh, the bunglers!

Shift. Now for it, youngſter.

Enter Sir George, *driving in* Loader *and another.*

Sir Geo. Raſcals, robbers, that, like the locuſt, mark the road you have taken, by the ruin and deſolation you leave behind you.

Load. Sir George!

Sir Geo. And can youth, however cautious, be guarded againſt ſuch deep-laid, complicated villany? Where are the reſt of your diabolical crew? your auctioneer, uſurer, and——O Sir, are you here?—I am glad you have not eſcaped us, however.

Sir Will. What de devil is de matter?

Sir Geo. Your birth, which I believe an impoſition, preſerves you, however, from the diſcipline thoſe rogues have receiv'd. A baron, a nobleman, a ſharper! O ſhame! It is enough to baniſh all confidence from the world. On whoſe faith can we rely, when thoſe, whoſe honour is held as ſacred as an oath, unmindful of their dignity, deſcend to rival pick-pockets in their infamous arts. What are theſe [*pulls out dice*] pretty implements? The fruits of your leiſure hours! They are dextrouſly done. You have a fine mechanical turn.—Dick, ſecure the door.

Mrs Cole, *ſpeaking as entering.*

Mrs Cole. Here I am, at laſt. Well, and how is your Honour, and the little gentlewoman?—Bleſs me! what is the matter here?

Sir Geo. I am, Madam, treating your friends with a cold collation, and you are opportunely come for your ſhare. The little gentlewoman is ſafe, and in much better hands than you deſigned her. Abominable hypocrite! who, tottering under the load of irreverent age and infamous diſeaſes, inflexibly proceed in the practice of every vice, impiouſly proſtituting the moſt ſacred inſtitutions to the moſt infernal purpoſes.

Mrs Cole. I hope your Honour——

Sir Geo. Take her away. As you have been ſingular in your penitence, you ought to be diſtinguiſh'd in your

penance; which, I promiſe you, ſhall be moſt publicly and plentifully beſtow'd. [*Exit* Cole.

Enter Dick.

Dick. The conſtables, Sir.

Sir Geo. Let them come in, that I may conſign theſe gentlemen to their care. [*To Sir William*]. Your letters of nobility you will produce in a court of juſtice. Though, if I read you right, you are one of thoſe indigent, itinerant nobles of your own creation, which our reputation for hoſpitality draws hither in ſhoals, to the ſhame of our underſtanding, the impairing of our fortunes, and, when you are truſted, the betraying of our deſigns. Officers, do your duty.

Sir Will. Why, don't you know me?

Sir Geo. Juſt as I gueſs'd. An impoſtor. He has recover'd the free uſe of his tongue already.

Sir Will. Nay, but George.

Sir Geo. Inſolent familiarity! away with him.

Sir Will. Hold, hold, a moment. Brother Richard, ſet this matter to rights.

R. Weal. Don't you know him?

Sir Geo. Know him? The very queſtion is an affront.

R. Weal. Nay, I don't wonder at it. 'Tis your father, you fool.

Sir Geo. My father! Impoſſible!

Sir Will. That may be, but 'tis true.

Sir Geo. My father alive! Thus let me greet the bleſſing.

Sir Will. Alive! Ay, and I believe I ſhan't be in a hurry to die again.

Sir Geo. But, dear Sir, the report of your death—— and this diſguiſe——to what——

Sir Will. Don't aſk any queſtions. Your uncle will tell you all. For my part, I am ſick of the ſcheme.

R. Weal. I told you what would come of your politics.

Sir Will. You did ſo. But if it had not been for thoſe clumſy ſcoundrels, the plot was as good a plot——O, George, ſuch diſcoveries I have to make. Within I'll unavel the whole.

Sir Geo. Perhaps, Sir, I may match 'em.

Shift. Sir. [*Pulls him by the ſleeve.*

Sir Geo. Never fear. It is impoſſible, gentlemen, to determine

determine your fate, till this matter is more fully explain'd; till when, keep 'em in safe custody.—Do you know them, Sir?

Sir Will. Yes, but that's more than they did me. I can cancel your debts there, and, I believe, prevail on those gentlemen to refund too—But you have been a sad profligate young dog, George.

Sir Geo. I can't boast of my goodness, Sir, but I think I could produce you a proof, that I am not so totally destitute of——

Sir Will. Ay! Why then pr'ythee do.

Sir Geo. I have, Sir, this day, resisted a temptation, that greater pretenders to morality might have yielded to. But I will trust myself no longer, and must crave your interposition and protection——

Sir Will. To what?

Sir Geo. I will attend you with the explanation in an instant. [*Exit.*

Sir Will. Pr'ythee, Shift, what does he mean?

Shift. I believe I can guess.

Sir Will. Let us have it.

Shift. I suppose the affair I overheard just now, a prodigious fine elegant girl, faith, that, discarded by her family, for refusing to marry her grandfather, fell into the hands of the venerable lady you saw, who being the kind caterer for your son's amusements, brought her hither for a purpose obvious enough. But the young gentleman, touch'd with her story, truth, and tears, was converted from the spoiler of her honour to the protector of her innocence.

Sir Will. Look'e there, brother, did not I tell you that George was not so bad at the bottom?

R. Weal. This does indeed atone for half the——But they are here.

Enter Sir George *and* Lucy.

Sir Geo. Fear nothing, Madam, you may safely rely on the——

Lucy. My father!

R. Weal. Lucy!

Lucy. O, Sir, can you forgive your poor distrest unhappy girl? You scarce can guess how hardly I've been us'd, since my banishment from your paternal roof. Want, pining want,

want, anguiſh and ſhame, have been my conſtant partners.

Sir Will. Brother!

Sir Geo. Sir!

Lucy. Father!

R. Weal. Riſe, child, 'tis I muſt aſk thee forgiveneſs. Canſt thou forget the woes I've made thee ſuffer? Come to my arms once more, thou darling of my age.—What miſchief had my raſhneſs nearly completed. Nephew, I ſcarce can thank you as I ought, but——

Sir Geo. I am richly paid, in being the happy inſtrument—Yet might I urge a wiſh—

R. Weal. Name it.

Sir Geo. That you would forgive my follies of to-day; and, as I have been providentially the occaſional guardian of your daughter's honour, that you would beſtow on me that right for life.

R. Weal. That muſt depend on Lucy; her will, not mine, ſhall now direct her choice—What ſays your father?

Sir Will. Me! Oh, I'll ſhew you in an inſtant. Give me your hands. There, children, now you are join'd, and the devil take him that wiſhes to part you.

Sir Geo. I thank you for us both.

R. Weal. Happineſs attend you.

Sir Will. Now, brother, I hope you will allow me to be a good plotter. All this was brought to bear by my means.

Shift. With my aſſiſtance, I hope you'll own, Sir.

Sir Will. That's true, honeſt Shift, and thou ſhalt be richly rewarded; nay, George ſhall be your friend too. This Shift is an ingenious fellow, let me tell you, ſon.

Sir Geo. I am no ſtranger to his abilities, Sir. But if you pleaſe, we will retire. The various ſtruggles of this fair ſufferer require the ſoothing ſoftneſs of a ſiſter's love. And now, Sir, I hope your fears for me are over; for had I not this motive to reſtrain my follies, yet I now know the town too well to be ever its bubble, and will take care to preſerve, at leaſt,

Some more eſtate, and principles, and wit,
Than brokers, bawds, and gameſters ſhall think fit.

Shift,

Shift, *addreſſing himſelf to* Sir George.

And what becomes of your poor ſervant Shift?
Your father talks of lending me a lift—
A great man's promiſe, when his turn is ſerv'd!
Capons on promiſes wou'd ſoon be ſtarv'd:
No, on myſelf alone, I'll now rely:
'Gad I've a thriving traffic in my eye—
Near the mad manſions of Moorfields I'll bawl;
Friends, fathers, mothers, ſiſters, ſons, and all,
Shut up your ſhops and liſten to my call.
With labour, toil, all ſecond means diſpenſe,
And live a rent-charge upon Providence.
Prick up your ears; a ſtory now I'll tell,
Which once a widow, and her child befel,
I knew the mother, and her daughter well;
Poor, it is true, they were; but never wanted,
For whatſoe'er they aſk'd, was always granted:
One fatal day, the matron's truth was try'd,
She wanted meat and drink, and fairly cry'd.
[*Child.*] Mother, you cry! [*Mother*]. Oh, child, I've got no bread.
[*Child.*] What matters that? Why, Providence an't dead!
With reaſon good, this truth the child might ſay,
For there came in at noon, that very day,
Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton,
A better ſure a table ne'er was put on:
Ay, that might be, ye cry, with thoſe poor ſouls;
But we ne'er had a raſher for the coals.
And d'ye deſerve it? How d'ye ſpend your days?
In paſtimes, prodigality, and plays!
Let's go ſee Foote! ah, Foote's a precious limb!
Old Nick will ſoon a football make of him!
For foremoſt rows in ſide-boxes you ſhove,
Think you to meet with ſide-boxes above,
Where gigling girls and powder'd fops may ſit?
No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit,
And croud the houſe for Satan's benefit.
Oh, what you ſnivel? well, do ſo no more,
Drop, to atone, your money at the door,
And, if I pleaſe,—I'll give it to the poor.

THE

LYAR;

A COMEDY,

OF

THREE ACTS.

PROLOGUE.

WHAT various revolutions in our art,
Since Theſpis firſt ſung ballads in a cart!
By nature fram'd the witty war to wage,
And lay the deep foundations of the ſtage,
From his own ſoil that bard his pictures drew:
The gaping crowd the mimic features knew,
And the broad jeſt with fire electric flew.
Succeeding times, more poliſh'd and refin'd,
To rigid rules the comic muſe confin'd:
Robb'd of the nat'ral freedom of her ſong,
In artful meaſures now ſhe floats along;
No ſprightly ſallies rouſe the ſlumb'ring pit;
Thalia, grown mere architect in wit,
To doors and ladders has confin'd her cares,
Convenient cloſets, and a ſnug back-ſtairs;
'Twixt her and Satire has diſſolv'd the league,
And jilted humour to enjoy intrigue.
To gain the ſuffrage of this poliſh'd age,
We bring to-night a ſtranger on the ſtage:
His ſire De Vega; we confeſs this truth,
Leſt you miſtake him for a Britiſh youth.
Severe the cenſure on my feeble pen,
Neglecting manners, that ſhe copies men:
Thus, if I hum or ha, or name report,
'Tis Serjeant Splitcauſe from the Inns of Court;
If, at the age that ladies ceaſe to dance,
To romp at Ranelagh, or read romance,
I draw a dowager inclin'd to man,
Or paint her rage for china or japan,
The true original is quickly known,
And Lady Squab proclaim'd throughout the town.
But in the following group let no man dare
To claim a limb, nay, not a ſingle hair:
What gallant Briton would be ſuch a ſot
To own a child a Spaniard has begot.

EPILOGUE.

Between Miſs GRANTAM and OLD WILDING.

By a MAN of FASHION.

M. Gr. HOLD, Sir.
Our plot concluded, and ſtrict juſtice done,
Let me be heard as counſel for your ſon.
Acquit I can't, I mean to mitigate:
Proſcribe all lying, what would be the fate
Of this and every other earthly ſtate?
Conſider, Sir, if once you cry it down,
You'll ſhut up ev'ry coffeehouſe in town:
The tribe of politicians will want food;
Ev'n now half famiſh'd—for the public good.
All Grub-ſtreet murderers of men and ſenſe,
And every Office of intelligence,
All would be bankrupts, the whole lying race,
And no Gazette to publiſh their diſgrace.
O. Wild. Too mild a ſentence, muſt the good and great
Patriots be wrong'd, that bookſellers may eat?
M. Gr. Your patience, Sir: yet hear another word.
Turn to the hall where juſtice wields her ſword:
Think in what narrow limits you would draw,
By this proſcription, all the ſons of law:
For 'tis the fix'd, determin'd rule of courts,
Vyner will tell you, nay, ev'n Coke's Reports,
All pleaders may, when difficulties riſe,
To gain one truth, expend a hundred lies.
O. Wild. To curb this practice I am ſomewhat loath:
A lawyer has no credit but on oath.
M. Gr. Then to the ſofter ſex ſome favour ſhew:
Leave no poſſeſſion of our modeſt No!
O. Wild. Oh, freely, Ma'am, we'll that allowance give,
So that two Noes be held affirmative.
Provided ever that your piſh and fie,
On all occaſions ſhould be deem'd a lie.
M. Gr. Hard terms!
On this rejoinder then I reſt my cauſe:
Should all pay homage to Truth's ſacred laws,
Let us examine what would be the caſe:
Why many a great man would be out of place.

O. Wild.

O. Wild. 'Twould many a virtuous character reſtore.
M. Gr. But take a character from many more.
O. Wild. Though on the ſide of bad the balance fall,
Better to find few good than fear for all.
M. Gr. Strong are your reaſons: yet, ere I ſubmit,
I mean to take the voices of the pit.
Is it your pleaſures that we make a rule,
That ev'ry liar be proclaim'd a fool,
Fit ſubjects for our author's ridicule?

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir James Elliot, —	Mr R. Palmer.
Old Wilding, the father,	Mr Fearon.
Young Wilding, —	Mr Palmer.
Papillion, —	Mr Baddeley.
Miſs Grantam, —	Mrs Hitchcock.
Miſs Godfrey, —	Miſs Platt.
Kitty, the maid, — —	Mrs Poussin.

The Servants.

ACT

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Lodging.*

Young Wilding *and* Papillion *diſcovered.*

Y. Wild. AND I am now, Papillion, perfectly equipped.

Pap. Perſonne mieux. Nobody better.

Y. Wild. My figure?

Pap. Fait a peindre.

Y. Wild. My air?

Pap. Libre.

Y. Wild. My addreſs?

Pap. Pariſiene.

Y. Wild. My hat ſits eaſily under my arm; not like the draggled tail of my tatter'd academical habit.

Pap. Ah, bein autre choſe.

Y. Wild. Why then adieu, Alma Mater, and bien venue, la ville de Londre; farewell to the ſchools, and welcome the theatres; preſidents, proctors, ſhort commons with long graces, muſt now give place to plays, bagnios, long tavern-bills with no graces at all.

Pap. Ah, bravo, bravo!

Y. Wild. Well, but my dear Papillion, you muſt give me the chart du paye: This town is a new world to me; my provident papa, you know, would never ſuffer me near the ſmoke of London; and what can be his motive for permitting me now, I can't readily conceive.

Pap. Ni moi.

Y. Wild. I ſhall, however, take the liberty to conceal my arrival from him for a few days.

Pap. Vous avez raiſon.

Y. Wild. Well, my Mentor, and how am I to manage? direct my road: where muſt I begin? But the debate is, I ſuppoſe, of conſequence?

Pap. Vraiment.

Y. Wild. How long have you left Paris, Papillion?

Pap. Twelve, dirteen year.

Y. Wild. I can't compliment you upon your progreſs in Engliſh.

Pap.

Pap. The accent is difficult.

Y. Wild. But here you are at home.

Pap. C'eſt vrai.

Y. Wild. No ſtranger to faſhionable places.

Pap. O faite !

Y. Wild. Acquainted with the faſhionable figure of both ſexes.

Pap. Sans doute.

Y. Wild. Well then, upon your lecture : And, d'ye hear, Papillion, as you have the honour to be promoted from the mortifying condition of an humble valet, to the important charge of a private tutor, let us diſcard all diſtance between us : ſee me ready to ſlack my thirſt at your fountain of knowledge, my Magnus Apollo.

Pap. Here then I diſcloſe my Helicon to my poetical pupil.

Y. Wild. Hey, Papillion !

Pap. Sir ?

Y. Wild. What is this ? why you ſpeak Engliſh !

Pap. Without doubt.

Y. Wild. But like a native.

Pap. To be ſure.

Y. Wild. And what am I to conclude from all this ?

Pap. Logically thus, Sir : Whoever ſpeaks pure Engliſh is an Engliſhman ; I ſpeak pure Engliſh ; ergo, I am an Engliſhman. There's a categorical ſyllogiſm for you, major, minor, and conſequence. What, do you think, Sir, that whilſt you was buſy at Oxford, I was idle ? no, no, no.

Y. Wild. Well, Sir, but notwithſtanding your pleaſantry, I muſt have this matter explain'd.

Pap. So you ſhall, my good Sir ; but don't be in ſuch a hurry : you can't ſuppoſe I would give you the key, unleſs I meant you ſhould open the door.

Y. Wild. Why, then, prithee unlock.

Pap. Immediately. But by way of entering upon my poſt as preceptor, ſuffer me firſt to give you a hint : you muſt not expect, Sir, to find here, as at Oxford, men appearing in their real characters ; every body there, Sir, knows that Dr Muſſy is a fellow of Maudlin, and Tom Trifle a ſtudent of Chriſtchurch ; but this town is one great comedy, in which not only the principles, but frequently the perſons are feigned.

Y. Wild. A uſeful obſervation.

Pap.

Pap. Why, now, Sir, at the firſt coffeehouſe I ſhall enter you, you will perhaps meet a man from whoſe decent ſable dreſs, placid countenance, inſinuating behaviour, ſhort ſword, with the waiter's civil addition of "a diſh of coffee for Dr Julap," you would ſuppoſe him to be a phyſician.

Y. Wild. Well?

Pap. Does not know diaſcordium from diaculum. An abſolute French ſpy, concealed under the ſhelter of a huge medicinal periwig.

Y. Wild. Indeed!

Pap. A martial figure too, it is odds but you will encounter; from whoſe ſcars, title, dreſs, and addreſs, you would ſuppoſe to have had a ſhare in every action ſince the peace of the Pyrenees; runner to a gaming-table, and bully to a bawdy-houſe. Battles to be ſure he has been in—with the watch; and frequently a priſoner too—in the round-houſe.

Y. Wild. Amazing!

Pap. In ſhort, Sir, you will meet with lawyers who practiſe ſmuggling, and merchants who trade upon Hounſlow-heath; reverend atheiſts, right honourable ſharpers, and Frenchmen from the county of York.

Y. Wild. In the laſt liſt, I preſume, you roll.

Pap. Juſt my ſituation.

Y. Wild. And pray, Sir, what may be your motive for this whimſical transformation?

Pap. A very harmleſs one, I promiſe you: I would only avail myſelf at the expence of folly and prejudice.

Y. Wild. As how?

Pap. Why, Sir—But, to be better underſtood, I believe it will be neceſſary to give you a ſhort ſketch of the principal incidents of my life.

Y. Wild. Prithee do.

Pap. Why then you are to know, Sir, that my former ſituation has been rather above my preſent condition, having once ſuſtained the dignity of ſub-preceptor to one of thoſe cheap rural academies with which our county of York is ſo plentifully ſtocked.

Y. Wild. But to the point: why this diſguiſe? why renounce your country?

Pap. There, Sir, you make a little miſtake; it was my country that renounced me.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. Explain.

Pap. In an inſtant; upon quitting the ſchool, and firſt coming to town, I got recommended to the compiler of the Monthly Review.

Y. Wild. What, an author too?

Pap. Oh, a voluminous one: the whole region of the belles lettres fell under my inſpection; phyſic, divinity, and the mathematics, my miſtreſs managed herſelf. There, Sir, like another Ariſtarch, I dealt out fame and damnation at pleaſure. In obedience to the caprice and commands of my maſter, I have condemn'd books I never read, and applauded the fidelity of a tranſlation, without underſtanding one ſyllable of the original.

Y. Wild. Ah! why I thought acuteneſs of diſcernment, and depth of knowledge, were neceſſary to accompliſh a critic.

Pap. Yes, Sir, but not a monthly one. Our method was very conciſe: we copy the title-page of a new book; we never go any further: If we are ordered to praiſe it, we have at hand about ten words, which, ſcatter'd through as many periods, effectually does the buſineſs; as, "laudable deſign, happy arrangement, ſpirited language, nervous ſentiment, elevation of thought, concluſive argument;" if we are to decry, then we have, "unconnected, flat, falſe, illiberal ſtricture, reprehenſible, unnatural:" and thus, Sir, we pepper the author, and ſoon rid our hands of his work.

Y. Wild. A ſhort recipe.

Pap. And yet, Sir, you have all the materials that are neceſſary: theſe are the arms with which we engage authors of every kind. To us all ſubjects are equal; plays or ſermons, poetry or politics, muſic or midwifery, it is the ſame thing.

Y. Wild. How came you to reſign this eaſy employment?

Pap. It would not anſwer. Notwithſtanding what we ſay, people will judge for themſelves; our work hung upon hand, and all I could get from the publiſher was four ſhillings a week, and my ſmall beer. Poor pittance!

Y. Wild. Poor indeed.

Pap. Oh, half ſtarv'd me!

Y. Wild. What was your next change?

Pap. I was mightily puzzled to chuſe. Some would have had me turn player, and others methodiſt preacher; but

but as I had no money to build me a tabernacle, I did not think it could anſwer; and as to player—whatever might happen to me, I was determined not to bring a diſgrace upon my family, and ſo I reſolv'd to turn footman.

Y. Wild. Wiſely reſolv'd.

Pap. Yes, Sir, but not ſo eaſily executed.

Y. Wild. No!

Pap. Oh no, Sir. Many a weary ſtep have I taken after a place: here I was too old, there I was too young; here the laſt livery was too big, there it was too little; here I was aukward, there I was knowing; madam diſlik'd me at this houſe, her ladyſhip's woman at the next; ſo that I was as much puzzled to find out a place, as the great Cynic philoſopher to diſcover a man. In ſhort, I was quite in a ſtate of deſpair, when chance threw an old friend in my way that quite retrieved my affairs.

Y. Wild. Pray who might he be?

Pap. A little bit of a Swiſs genius, who had been French uſher with me at the ſame ſchool in the country. I opened my melancholy ſtory to him over three-pennyworth of beef-a-la-mode, in a cellar in St Ann's. My little foreign friend purs'd up his lanthorn jaws, and with a ſhrug of contempt, "Ah, maitre Jean, vous n'avez pas la politique; you have no fineſſe: to trive here you muſt ſtudy the folly of your own country." "How, Monſieur!" "Taiſez vous. Keep a your tongue! autre foy! I teach you ſpeak French, now I teach a you to forget Engliſh. Go vid me to my lodgement, I vil give you proper dreſs, den go preſent yourſelf to de ſame hotels, de very ſame houſe; you will find all de doors dat was ſhut in your face as footman Anglois, will fly open demſelves to a French valet de chambre."

Y. Wild. Well, Papillion?

Pap. Gad, Sir, I thought it was but an honeſt artifice, ſo I determin'd to follow my friend's advice.

Y. Wild. Did it ſucceed?

Pap. Better than expectation: my tawny face, long queu, and broken Engliſh, was a pas par tout. Beſides, when I am out of place, this diſguiſe procures me many reſources.

Y. Wild. As how?

Pap. Why, at a pinch, Sir, I am either a teacher of tongues, a friſeur, a dentiſt, or a dancing-maſter; theſe,

Sir, are hereditary profeſſions to Frenchmen. But now, Sir, to the point: as you were pleaſed to be ſo candid with me, I was determin'd to have no reſerve with you. You have ſtudied books, I have ſtudied men; you want advice, and I have ſome at your ſervice.

Y. Wild. Well, I'll be your cuſtomer.

Pap. But guard my ſecret: if I ſhould be ſo unfortunate to loſe your place, don't ſhut me out from every other.

Y. Wild. You may rely upon me.

Pap. In a few years I ſhall be in a condition to retire from buſineſs; but whether I ſhall ſettle at my family-ſeat, or paſs over the continent, is as yet undetermined. Perhaps, in gratitude to the country, I may purchaſe a marquiſate near Paris, and ſpend the money I have got by their means, generouſly amongſt them.

Y. Wild. A grateful intention. But let us ſally. Where do we open?

Pap. Let us ſee—one o'clock—it is a fine day: the Mall will be crouded.

Y. Wild. Alons.

Pap. But don't ſtare, Sir: ſurvey every thing with an air of habit and indifference.

Y. Wild. Never fear.

Pap. But I would, Sir, crave a moment's audience, upon a ſubject that may prove very material to you.

Y. Wild. Proceed.

Pap. You will pardon my preſumption; but you have, my good maſter, one little foible that I could wiſh you to correct.

Y. Wild. What is it?

Pap. And yet it is a pity too, you do it ſo very well.

Y. Wild. Prithee be plain.

Pap. You have, Sir, a lively imagination, with a moſt happy turn for invention.

Y. Wild. Well.

Pap. But now and then in your narratives you are hurry'd, by a flow of ſpirits, to border upon the improbable, a little given to the marvellous.

Y. Wild. I underſtand you: what, I am ſomewhat ſubject to lying.

Pap. Oh, pardon me, Sir; I don't ſay that; no, no, only a little apt to embelliſh, that's all. To be ſure it is a fine gift; that there is no diſputing: but men in general

are

are ſo ſtupid, ſo rigorouſly attach'd to matter of fact—— And yet this talent of yours is the very ſoul and ſpirit of poetry; and why it ſhould not be the ſame in proſe I can't for my life determine.

Y. Wild. You would adviſe me, then, not to be quite ſo poetical in proſe?

Pap. Why, Sir, if you would deſcend a little to the grovelling comprehenſion of the million, I think it would be as well.

Y. Wild. I'll think of it.

Pap. Beſides, Sir, people in this town are more ſmoaky and ſuſpicious. Oxford, you know, is the ſeat of the muſes, and a man is naturally permitted more ornament and garniture to his converſation than they will allow in this latitude.

Y. Wild. I believe you are right. But we ſhall be late. D'ye hear me, Papillion: if at any time you find me growing too poetical, give me a hint; your advice ſhan't be thrown away. [*Exit.*

Pap. I wiſh it mayn't; but the diſeaſe is too rooted to be quickly removed. Lord, how I have ſweat for him! yet he is as unembarraſſed, eaſy, and fluent, all the time, as if he really believed what he ſaid. Well, to be ſure he is a great maſter; it is a thouſand pities his genius could not be converted to ſome public ſervice: I think the government ſhould employ him to anſwer the Bruſſels Gazette. I'll be hanged if he is not too many for Monſieur Maubert, at his own weapons. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Park.*

Enter Miſs Grantam *and* Miſs Godfrey, *and* Servant.

M. Gr. John, let the chariot go round to Spring-Gardens, for your miſtreſs and I ſhall call at Lady Bab's, Miſs Arabella Allnight's, the Counteſs of Crumple's, and the tall man's, this morning. My dear Miſs Godfrey, what trouble I have had to get you out! why, child, you are as tedious as a long morning. Do you know now, that of all places of public rendezvous I honour the Park? forty thouſand million of times preferable to the play-houſe! Don't you think ſo, my dear?

M. God. They are both well in their way.

M. Gr. Way! why the purpoſe of both is the ſame; to

to meet company, is'n't it? what, d'ye think I go there for the plays, or come here for the trees? ha! ha! well that is well enough. But, O Gemini! I beg a million of pardons: you are a prude, and have no reliſh for the little innocent liberties with which a fine woman may indulge herſelf in public.

M. God. Liberties in public!

M. Gr. Yes, child, ſuch as enchoring a ſong at an opera, interrupting a play in a critical ſcene of diſtreſs, hallooing to a pretty fellow croſs the Mall, as loud as if you were calling a coach. Why, do you know now, my dear, that by a lucky ſtroke in dreſs, and a few high airs of my own making, I have had the good fortune to be gazed at and followed by as great a croud, on a Sunday, as if I was the Tripoli ambaſſador?

M. God. The good fortune, Ma'am! ſurely the wiſh of every decent woman is to be unnotic'd in public.

M. Gr. Decent! oh, my dear queer creature, what a phraſe have you found out for a woman of faſhion! Decency is, child, a mere Burgeois, plebeian quality, and fit only for thoſe who pay court to the world, and not to us to whom the world pays court. Upon my word, you muſt enlarge your ideas: you are a fine girl, and we muſt not have you loſt; I'll undertake you myſelf. But, as I was ſaying——Pray, my dear, what was I ſaying?

M. God. I profeſs I don't recollect.

M. Gr. Hey!—Oh, ah, the Park. One great reaſon for my loving the Park is, that one has ſo many opportunities of creating connections.

M. God. Ma'am.

M. Gr. Nay, don't look grave. Why, do you know that all my male friendſhips are form'd in this place?

M. God. It is an odd ſpot: but you muſt pardon me if I doubt the poſſibility.

M. Gr. Oh, I will convince you in a moment; for here ſeems to be coming a good ſmart figure that I don't recollect. I will throw out a lure.

M. God. Nay, for Heaven's ſake!

M. Gr. I am determin'd, child: that is——

M. God. You will excuſe my withdrawing.

M. Gr. Oh, pleaſe yourſelf, my dear.

[*Exit* Miſs Godfrey.

Enter

Enter Young Wilding *with* Papillion.

Y. Wild. Your ladyſhip's handkerchief, Ma'am.

M. Gr. I am, Sir, concern'd at the trouble——

Y. Wild. A moſt happy incident for me, Madam; as chance has given me an honour in one lucky minute, that the moſt diligent attention has not been able to procure for me in the whole tedious round of a revolving year.

M. Gr. Is this meant to me, Sir?

Y. Wild. To whom elſe, Madam? ſurely you muſt have mark'd my reſpectful aſſiduity, my uninterrupted attendance; to plays, operas, balls, routs, and ridottas, I have purſued you like your ſhadow; I have beſieged your door for a glimpſe of your exit and entrance, like a diſtreſſed creditor, who has no arms againſt privilege but perſeverance.

Pap. So, now he is in for it; ſtop him who can.

Y. Wild. In ſhort, Madam, ever ſince I quitted America, which I take now to be about a year, I have as faithfully guarded the live-long night, your ladyſhip's portal, as a centinel the powder magazine in a fortified city.

Pap. Quitted America! well pull'd.

M. Gr. You have ſerv'd in America then?

Y. Wild. Full four years Ma'am: and during that whole time, not a ſingle action of conſequence but I had an opportunity to ſignalize myſelf; and I think I may, without vanity, affirm, I did not miſs the occaſion. You have heard of Quebec, I preſume?

Pap. What the deuce is he driving at now?

Y. Wild. The project to ſurprize that place was thought a happy expedient, and the firſt mounting the breach a gallant exploit. There, indeed, the whole army did me juſtice.

M. Gr. I have heard the honour of that conqueſt attributed to another name.

Y. Wild. The mere taking the town, Ma'am. But that's a trifle: ſieges now-a-days are reduc'd to certainties; it is amazing how minutely exact we, who know the buſineſs, are at calculation: for inſtance now, we will ſuppoſe the commander in chief, addreſſing himſelf to me, was to ſay, "Colonel, I want to reduce that fortreſs; what will be the expence?" "Why, pleaſe your highneſs, the reduction of that fortreſs will coſt you one thouſand and two lives,

lives, ſixty-nine legs, ditto arms, fourſcore fractures, with about twenty dozen of fleſh wounds."

M. Gr. And you ſhall be near the mark?

Y. Wild. To an odd joint, Ma'am. But, Madam, it is not to the French alone that my feats are confin'd: Cherokees, Catabaws, with all the Aws and Ees of the continent, have felt the force of my arms.

Pap. This is too much, Sir.

Y. Wild. Hands off! Nor am I leſs adroit at a treaty, Madam, than terrible in battle. To me we owe the friendſhip of the Five Nations, and I had the firſt honour of ſmoaking the pipe of peace with the Little Carpenter.

M. Gr. And ſo young!

Y. Wild. This gentleman, though a Frenchman and an enemy, I had the fortune to deliver from the Mohawks, whoſe priſoner he had been for nine years. He gives a moſt entertaining account of their laws and cuſtoms: he ſhall preſent you with the wampum belt, and a ſcalping knife. Will you permit him, Madam, juſt to give you a taſte of the military dance, with a ſhort ſpecimen of their warhoop.

Pap. For Heaven's ſake!

M. Gr. The place is too public.

Y. Wild. In ſhort, Madam, after having gathered as many laurels abroad as would garniſh a Gothic cathedral at Chriſtmas, I returned to reap the harveſt of the well-fought field. Here it was my good fortune to encounter you: then was the victor vanquiſh'd; what the enemy could never accompliſh, your eyes in an inſtant atchiev'd; prouder to ſerve here than command in chief elſewhere; and more glorious in wearing your chains, than in triumphing over the vanquiſh'd world.

M. Gr. I have got here a moſt heroical lover: but I ſee Sir James Elliot coming, and muſt diſmiſs him. [*Aſide*]. Well, Sir, I accept the tender of your paſſion, and may find a time to renew our acquaintance; at preſent it is neceſſary we ſhould ſeparate.

Y. Wild. "Slave to your will, I live but to obey you." But may I be indulged with the knowledge of your reſidence?

M. Gr. Sir?

Y. Wild. Your place of abode.

M. Gr. Oh, Sir, you can't want to be acquainted with that;

that; you have a whole year ſtood centinel at my ladyſhip's portal.

Y. Wild. Madam, I—I—I—

M. Gr. Oh, Sir, your ſervant. Ha, ha, ha! What, you are caught! Ha, ha, ha! Well, he has a more intrepid aſſurance. Adieu, my Mars. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Pap. That laſt was an unlucky queſtion, Sir.

Y. Wild. A little mal-a-propos, I muſt confeſs.

Pap. A man ſhould have a good memory who deals much in this poetical proſe.

Y. Wild. Poh! I'll ſoon re-eſtabliſh my credit. But I muſt know who this girl is: Hark'e, Papillion, could not you contrive to pump out of her footman—I ſee there he ſtands—the name of his miſtreſs?

Pap. I will try. [*Exit.*

[Wilding *retires to the back of the ſtage.*

Enter Sir James Elliot *and* Servant.

Sir Ja. Muſic and an entertainment?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Sir Ja. Laſt night, upon the water?

Serv. Upon the water, laſt night.

Sir Ja. Who gave it?

Serv. That, Sir, I can't ſay.

To them Wilding.

Y. Wild. Sir James Elliot, your moſt devoted.

Sir Ja. Ah, my dear Wilding! you are welcome to town.

Y. Wild. You will pardon my impatience; I interrupted you; you ſeem'd upon an intereſting ſubject.

Sir Ja. Oh, an affair of gallantry.

Y. Wild. Of what kind?

Sir Ja. A young lady regal'd laſt night by her lover, on the Thames.

Y. Wild. As how?

Sir Ja. A band of muſic in boats.

Y. Wild. Were they good performers?

Sir Ja. The beſt. Then conducted to Marblehall, where ſhe found a magnificent collation.

Y. Wild. Well order'd?

Sir Ja. With elegance. After ſupper a ball; and to conclude the night, a firework.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. Was the laſt well deſign'd?

Sir Ja. Superb.

Y. Wild. And happily executed?

Sir Ja. Not a ſingle faux pas.

Y. Wild. And you don't know who gave it?

Sir Ja. I can't even gueſs.

Y. Wild. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Ja. Why do you laugh?

Y. Wild. Ha, ha, ha! It was me.

Sir Ja. You!

Pap. You, Sir!

Y. Wild. Moi—me.

Pap. So, ſo, ſo; he is enter'd again.

Sir Ja. Why, you are fortunate, to find a miſtreſs in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time.

Y. Wild. Short! why, man, I have been in London theſe ſix weeks.

Pap. O Lord, O Lord!

Y. Wild. It is true, not caring to encounter my father, I have rarely ventur'd out but at nights.

Pap. I can hold no longer. Dear Sir—

Y. Wild. Peace, puppy!

Pap. A curb to your poetical vein.

Y. Wild. I ſhall curb your impertinence.—But ſince the ſtory is got abroad, I will, my dear friend, treat you with all the particulars.

Sir Ja. I ſhall hear it with pleaſure.—This is a lucky adventure: But he muſt not know he is my rival. [*Aſide.*

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, between ſix and ſeven my goddeſs embark'd at Somerſet ſtairs, in one of the companies barges, gilt and hung with damaſk, expreſsly for the occaſion.

Pap. Mercy on us!

Y. Wild. At the cabin-door ſhe was accoſted by a beautiful boy, who, in the garb of a Cupid, paid her ſome compliments in verſe of my own compoſing: the conceits were pretty; alluſions to Venus and the ſea—the lady and the Thames—no great matter; but, however, well-tim'd, and what was better, well-taken.

Sir Ja. Doubtleſs.

Pap. At what a rate he runs!

Y. Wild. As ſoon as we had gained the center of the river, two boats full of trumpets, French horns, and other martial

martial muſic, ſtruck up their ſprightly ſtrains from the Surry-ſide, which were echo'd by a ſuitable number of lutes, flutes, and hautboys from the oppoſite ſhore. In this ſtate, the oars keeping time, we majeſtically ſail'd along, till the arches of the New Bridge gave a pauſe, and an opportunity for an elegant deſert in Dreſden china, by Robinſon. Here the repaſt clos'd, with a few favourite airs from Eliza, Tenducci, and the Mattei.

Pap. Mercy on us!

Y. Wild. Oppoſite Lambeth I had prepared a naval engagement, in which Boſcawen's victory over the French was repeated: the action was conducted by one of the commanders on that expedition, and not a ſingle incident omitted.

Sir Ja. Surely you exaggerate a little.

Pap. Yes, yes, this battle will ſink him.

Y. Wild. True to the letter, upon my honour, I ſhan't trouble you with a repetition of our collation, ball, feu d'artifice, with the thouſand little incidental amuſements that chance or deſign produc'd; it is enough to know, that all that could flatter the ſenſes, fire the imagination, or gratify the expectation, was there produc'd in a laviſh abundance.

Sir Ja. The ſacrifice was, I preſume, grateful to your deity.

Y. Wild. Upon that ſubject you muſt pardon my ſilence.

Pap. Modeſt creature!

Sir Ja. I wiſh you joy of your ſucceſs.—For the preſent you will excuſe me.

Y. Wild. Nay, but ſtay and hear the concluſion.

Sir Ja. For that I ſhall ſeize another occaſion. [*Exit.*

Pap. Nobly perform'd, Sir.

Y. Wild. Yes, I think happily hit off.

Pap. May I take the liberty to offer one queſtion?

Y. Wild. Freely.

Pap. Pray, Sir, are you often viſited with theſe waking dreams?

Y. Wild. Dreams! what doſt mean by dreams?

Pap. Theſe ornamental reveries, theſe frolics of fancy, which, in the judgment of the vulgar, would be deem'd abſolute flames.

Y. Wild. Why, Papillion, you have but a poor, narrow, circumſcribed genius.

Pap. I muſt own, Sir, I have no ſublimity ſufficient to reliſh the full fire of your Pindaric muſe.

Y. Wild. No; a plebeian ſoul! But I will animate thy clay: mark my example, follow my ſteps, and in time thou may'ſt rival thy maſter.

Pap. Never, never, Sir, I have no talents to fight battles without blows, and give feaſts that don't coſt me a farthing. Beſides, Sir, to what purpoſe are all theſe embelliſhments? Why tell the Lady you have been in London a year?

Y. Wild. The better to plead the length, and conſequently the ſtrength of my paſſion.

Pap. But why, Sir, a ſoldier.

Y. Wild. How little thou know'ſt of the ſex! What, I ſuppoſe thou would'ſt have me attack them in mood and figure, by a pedantic, claſſical quotation, or a pompous parade of jargon from the ſchools. What, doſt think that women are to be got like degrees?

Pap. Nay, Sir——

Y. Wild. No, no; the ſcavoir vivre is the ſcience for them; the man of war is their man: they muſt be taken like towns, by lines of approach, counterſcarps, angles, trenches, cohorns, and covert-ways; then enter ſword in hand, pell-mell! oh, how they melt at the Gothic names of General Swappinback, Count Rouſoumouſky, Prince Montecuculi, and Marſhal Fuſtinburgh! Men may ſay what they will of their Ovid, their Petrarch, and their Waller, but I'll undertake to do more buſineſs by the ſingle aid of the London Gazette, than by all the ſighing, dying, crying crotchets, that the whole race of rhymers have ever produced.

Pap. Very well, Sir; this is all very lively; but remember the travelling pitcher: if you don't one time or other, under favour, lye yourſelf into ſome confounded ſcrape, I will conſent to be hanged.

Y. Wild. Do you think ſo, Papillion?—And whenever that happens, if I don't lye myſelf out of it again, why then I will be content to be crucify'd. And ſo, along after the Lady. [*Stops ſhort, going out*]. Zounds, here comes my father! I muſt fly. Watch him, Papillion, and bring me word to the Cardigan. [*Exeunt ſeparately.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Tavern.*

Young Wilding *and* Papillion *riſing from table.*

Y. Wild. GAD, I had like to have run into the old gentleman's mouth.

Pap. It is pretty near the ſame thing; for I ſaw him join Sir James Elliot: ſo your arrival is no longer a ſecret.

Y. Wild. Why then I muſt loſe my pleaſure, and you your preferment: I muſt ſubmit to the dull decency of a ſober family, and you to the cuſtomary duties of bruſhing and powdering. But I was ſo flutter'd at meeting my father, that I forgot the fair; pr'ythee who is ſhe?

Pap. There were two.

Y. Wild. That I ſaw?

Pap. From her footman I learnt her name was Godfrey.

Y. Wild. And her fortune!

Pap. Immenſe.

Y. Wild. Single, I hope?

Pap. Certainly.

Y. Wild. Then will I have her.

Pap. What, whether ſhe will or no?

Y. Wild. Yes.

Pap. How will you manage that?

Y. Wild. By making it impoſſible for her to marry any one elſe.

Pap. I don't underſtand you, Sir.

Y. Wild. Oh, I ſhall only have recourſe to that talent you ſo mightily admire. You will ſee, by the circulation of a few anecdotes, how ſoon I will get rid of my rivals.

Pap. At the expence of the Lady's reputation, perhaps.

Y. Wild. That will be as it happens.

Pap. And have you no qualms, Sir?

Y. Wild. Why, where's the injury?

Pap. No injury to ruin her fame!

Y. Wild. I will reſtore it to her again.

Pap. How?

Y. Wild. Turn tinker and mend it myſelf.

Pap.

Pap. Which way?

Y. Wild. The old way; ſolder it by marriage: that, you know, is the modern ſalve for every ſore.

Enter Waiter.

Wait. An elderly gentleman to enquire for Mr Wilding.

Y. Wild. For me! what ſort of a being is it?

Wait. Being, Sir!

Y. Wild. Ay; how is he dreſt?

Wait. In a tye-wig and ſnuff-colour'd coat.

Pap. Zooks, Sir, it is your father.

Y. Wild. Shew him up. [*Exit* Waiter.

Pap. And what muſt I do?

Y. Wild. Recover your broken Engliſh, but preſerve your rank: I have a reaſon for it.

Enter Old Wilding.

O. Wild. Your ſervant, Sir: you are welcome to town.

Y. Wild. You have juſt prevented me, Sir: I was preparing to pay my duty to you.

O. Wild. If you thought it a duty, you ſhould, I think, have ſooner diſcharg'd it.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. Was it quite ſo decent, Jack, to be ſix weeks in town, and conceal yourſelf only from me?

Y. Wild. Six weeks! I have ſcarce been ſix hours.

O. Wild. Come, come, I am better inform'd.

Y. Wild. Indeed, Sir, you are impos'd upon. This gentleman (who firſt give me leave to have the honour of introducing to you), this, Sir, is the Marquis de Chatteau Briant, of an ancient houſe in Britanny; who, travelling through England, choſe to make Oxford for ſome time the place of his reſidence, where I had the happineſs of his acquaintance.

O. Wild. Does he ſpeak Engliſh.

Y. Wild. Not fluently, but underſtands it perfectly.

Pap. Pray, Sir,——

O. Wild. Any ſervices, Sir, that I can render you here you may readily command.

Pap. Beacoup d'honeur.

Y. Wild. This gentleman, I ſay, Sir, whoſe quality and country are ſufficient ſecurities for his veracity, will aſſure you that yeſterday we left Oxford together.

O. Wild.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Pap. C'eſt vrai.

O. Wild. This is amazing, I was, at the ſame time, inform'd of another circumſtance too, that, I confeſs, made me a little uneaſy, as it interfer'd with a favourite ſcheme of my own.

Y. Wild. What could that be, pray, Sir?

O. Wild. That you had conceiv'd a violent affection for a fair Lady.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. And had given her very gallant and very expenſive proofs of your paſſion.

Y. Wild. Me, Sir!

O. Wild. Particularly laſt night; muſic, collations, balls, and fireworks.

Y. Wild. Monſieur le Marquis!—And pray, Sir, who could tell you all this?

O. Wild. An old friend of yours.

Y. Wild. His name, if you pleaſe.

O. Wild. Sir James Elliot.

Y. Wild. Yes: I thought he was the man.

O. Wild. Your reaſon.

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, though Sir James Elliot has a great many good qualities, and is, upon the whole, a valuable man, yet he has one fault which has long determined me to drop his acquaintance.

O. Wild. What may that be?

Y. Wild. Why, you can't, Sir, be a ſtranger to his prodigious ſkill in the traveller's talent.

O. Wild. How!

Y. Wild. Oh, notorious to a proverb.—His friends, who are tender of his fame, gloſs over his foible, by calling him an agreeable noveliſt: and ſo he is, with a vengeance. Why, he will tell you more lies in an hour, than all the circulating libraries, put together, will publiſh in a year.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Y. Wild. Oh, he is the modern Mandeville at Oxford; he was always diſtinguiſh'd by the facetious appellation of the Bouncer.

O. Wild. Amazing!

Y. Wild. Lord, Sir, he is ſo well underſtood in his own country, that at the laſt Hereford aſſize, a cauſe, as clear

as

as the ſun, was abſolutely thrown away by his being merely mentioned as a witneſs.

O. Wild. A ſtrange turn.

Y. Wild. Unaccountable. But there I think they went a little too far; for if it had come to an oath, I don't think he would have bounc'd neither; but in common occurrences there is no repeating after him. Indeed, my great reaſon for dropping him was, that my credit began to be a little ſuſpected too.

Pap. Poor gentleman!

O. Wild. Why, I never heard this of him.

Y. Wild. That may be: but can there be a ſtronger proof of his practice than the ſlam he has been telling you, of fireworks, and the Lord knows what. And I dare ſwear, Sir, he was very fluent and florid in his deſcription.

O. Wild. Extremely.

Y. Wild. Yes, that is juſt his way; and not a ſyllable of truth from the beginning to the ending, Marquis?

Pap. Oh, dat is all a fiction, upon mine honour.

Y. Wild. You ſee, Sir.

O. Wild. Clearly. I really can't help pitying the poor man. I have heard of people, who, by long habit, become a kind of conſtitutional liars.

Y. Wild. Your obſervation is juſt; that is exactly his caſe.

Pap. I'm ſure it is your's.

O. Wild. Well; Sir, I ſuppoſe we ſhall ſee you this evening.

Y. Wild. The Marquis has an appointment with ſome of his countrymen, which I have promiſed to attend; beſides, Sir, as he is an entire ſtranger in town, he may want my little ſervices.

O. Wild. Where can I ſee you in about an hour? I have a ſhort viſit to make, in which you are deeply concern'd.

Y. Wild. I ſhall attend your demands; but where?

O. Wild. Why, here. Marquis, I am your obedient ſervant.

Pap. Votre ſerviteur tres humble. [*Exit* Old Wilding.

Y. Wild. So, Papillion, that difficulty is diſpatch'd. I think I am even with Sir James for his tattling.

Pap. Moſt ingeniouſly manag'd: but are not you afraid of the conſequence?

Y. Wild. I do not comprehend you.

Pap. A future explanation between the parties.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. That may embarraſs: but the day is diſtant. I warrant I will bring myſelf off.

Pap. It is in vain for me to adviſe.

Y. Wild. Why, to ſay truth, I do begin to find my ſyſtem attended with danger: give me your hand, Papillion —I will reform.

Pap. Ah, Sir!

Y. Wild. I poſitively will: why, this practice may in time deſtroy my credit.

Pap. That is pretty well done already. [*Aſide.*] Ay, think of that, Sir.

Y. Wild. Well, if I don't turn out the meereſt dull matter of fact fellow—but, Papillion, I muſt ſcribble a billet to my new flame. I think her name is——

Pap. Godfrey; her father an Indian governor, ſhut up in the ſtrong room at Calcutta, left her all his wealth: ſhe lives near Miſs Grantam, by Groſvenor-ſquare.

Y. Wild. A governor!—oh ho!—buſhels of rupees, and pecks of pagodas, I reckon. Well, I long to be rummaging. But the old gentleman will ſoon return: I will haſten to finiſh my letter. But, Papillion, what could my father mean by a viſit in which I am deeply concern'd?

Pap. I can't gueſs.

Y. Wild. I ſhall know preſently. To Miſs Godfrey, formerly of Calcutta, now reſiding in Groſvenor-ſquare. Papillion, I won't tell her a word of a lie.

Pap. You won't, Sir?

Y. Wild. No; it would be ungenerous to deceive a Lady. No; I will be open, candid, and ſincere.

Pap. And if you are, it will be the firſt time. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Miſs Grantam *and* Miſs Godfrey.

M. God. And you really like this gallant ſpark?

M. Gr. Prodigiouſly. Oh, I'm quite in love with his aſſurance! I wonder who he is: he can't have been long in town: a young fellow of his eaſy impudence muſt have ſoon made his way to the beſt of company.

M. God. By way of amuſement he may prove no diſagreeable acquaintance; but you can't, ſurely, have any ſerious deſigns upon him.

M. Gr. Indeed but I have.

M. God. And poor Sir James Elliot is to be diſcarded at once?

M. Gr.

M. Gr. Oh, no.

M. God. What is your intention in regard to him?

M. Gr. Hey?—I can't tell you. Perhaps, if I don't like this new man better, I may marry him.

M. God. Thou art a ſtrange giddy girl.

M. Gr. Quite the reverſe; a perfect pattern of prudence: why, would you have me leſs careful of my perſon than my purſe?

M. God. My dear!

M. Gr. Why I ſay, child, my fortune being in money, I have ſome in Indian-bonds, ſome in the bank, ſome on this loan, ſome on the other; ſo that if one fund fails, I have a ſure reſource in the reſt.

M. God. Very true.

M. Gr. Well, my dear, juſt ſo I manage my love-affairs: if I ſhould not like this man—if he ſhould not like me—if we ſhould quarrel—if, if—or in ſhort, if any of the ifs ſhould happen, which you know break engagements every day, why by this means I ſhall never be at a loſs.

M. God. Quite provident. Well, and pray on how many different ſecurities have you at preſent plac'd out your love?

M. Gr. Three: the ſober Sir James Elliot, the new American-man, and this morning I expected a formal propoſal from an old friend of my father.

M. God. Mr Wilding.

M. Gr. Yes; but I don't reckon much upon him: for you know, my dear, what can I do with an aukward, raw, college cub? though, upon ſecond thoughts, that may'nt be too bad neither; for as I muſt have the faſhioning of him, he may be eaſily moulded to one's mind.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr Wilding, Madam.

M. Gr. Shew him in. [*Exit* Servant.] You need not go, my dear; we have no particular buſineſs.

M. God. I wonder now what ſhe calls particular buſineſs.

Enter Old Wilding.

O. Wild. Ladies, your ſervant. I wait upon you, Madam, with a requeſt from my ſon, that he may be permitted the honour of kiſſing your hand.

M. Gr.

M. Gr. Your ſon is in town then?

O. Wild. He came laſt night, Ma'am; and though but juſt from the univerſity, I think I may venture to affirm, with as little the air of a pedant as——

M. Gr. I don't, Mr Wilding, queſtion the accompliſhments of your ſon; and ſhall own too, that his being deſcended from the old friend of my father, is to me the ſtrongeſt recommendation.

O. Wild. You honour me, Madam.

M. Gr. But, Sir, I have ſomething to ſay—

O. Wild. Pray, Madam, ſpeak out; it is impoſſible to be too explicit on theſe important occaſions.

M. Gr. Why, then, Sir, to a man of your wiſdom and experience I need not obſerve, that the loſs of a parent to counſel and direct at this ſolemn criſis, has made a greater degree of perſonal prudence neceſſary in me.

O. Wild. Perfectly right, Ma'am.

M. Gr. We live, Sir, in a very cenſorious world; a young woman can't be too much upon her guard; nor ſhould I chuſe to admit any man in the quality of a lover, if there was not at leaſt a ſtrong probability—

O. Wild. Of a more intimate connection. I hope, Madam, you have heard nothing to the diſadvantage of my ſon.

M. Gr. Not a ſyllable: but you know, Sir, there are ſuch things in nature as unaccountable antipathies, averſions, that we take at firſt ſight: I ſhould be glad there could be no danger of that.

O. Wild. I underſtand you, Madam; you ſhall have all the ſatisfaction imaginable: Jack is to meet me immediately: I will conduct him under your window; and if his figure has the misfortune to diſpleaſe, I will take care his addreſſes ſhall never offend you. Your moſt obedient ſervant. [*Exit.*

M. Gr. Now there is a polite, ſenſible, old father for you.

M. God. Yes; and a very diſcreet, prudent daughter he is likely to have. Oh, you are a great hypocrite, Kitty.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A letter to you, Madam. [*To* Miſs Godfrey.]

Sir James Elliot to wait on your ladyſhip. [*To* Miſs Grantam.] [*Exit.*

M. Gr. Lord, I hope he won't ſtay long here. He comes and ſeems entirely wrapt up in the diſmals: what can be the matter now?

Enter Sir James Elliot.

Sir Ja. In paſſing by your door, I took the liberty, Ma'am, of enquiring after your health.

M. Gr. Very obliging. I hope, Sir, you receiv'd a favourable account.

Sir Ja. I did not know but you might have caught cold laſt night.

M. Gr. Cold! why, Sir, I hope I did not ſleep with my bed-chamber window open.

Sir Ja. Ma'am!

M. Gr. Sir!

Sir Ja. No, Ma'am; but it was rather hazardous to ſtay ſo late upon the water.

M. Gr. Upon the water!

Sir Ja. Not but the variety of amuſements, it muſt be own'd, were a ſufficient temptation.

M. Gr. What can he be driving at now!

Sir Ja. And pray, Madam, what think you of Young Wilding? is not he a gay, agreeable, ſprightly—

M. Gr. I never give my opinion of people I don't know.

Sir Ja. You don't know him!

M. Gr. No.

Sir Ja. And his father I did not meet at your door!

M. Gr. Moſt likely you did.

Sir Ja. I am glad you own that, however: but, for the ſon, you never——

M. Gr. Sat eyes upon him.

Sir Ja. Really?

M. Gr. Really.

Sir Ja. Finely ſupported. Now, Madam, do you know that one of us is juſt going to make a very ridiculous figure?

M. Gr. Sir, I never had the leaſt doubt of your talents for excelling in that way.

Sir Ja. Ma'am, you do me honour: but it does not happen to fall to my lot upon this occaſion, however.

M. Gr.

M. Gr. And that is a wonder !—What, then I am to be the fool of the comedy, I ſuppoſe.

Sir Ja. Admirably rally'd ! but I ſhall daſh the ſpirit of that triumphant laugh.

M. Gr. I dare the attack. Come on, Sir.

Sir Ja. Know then, and bluſh, if you are not as loſt to ſhame as dead to decency, that I am no ſtranger to all laſt night's tranſactions.

M. Gr. Indeed !

Sir Ja. From your firſt entering the barge at Somerſet-houſe, to your laſt landing at Whitehall.

M. Gr. Surprizing !

Sir Ja. Cupids, collations, feaſts, fireworks, all have reach'd me.

M. Gr. Why, you deal in magic.

Sir Ja. My intelligence is as natural as it is infallible.

M. Gr. May I be indulg'd with the name of your informer.

Sir Ja. Freely, Madam. Only the very individual ſpark to whoſe folly you were indebted for this gallant profuſion.

M. Gr. But his name ?

Sir Ja. Young Wilding.

M. Gr. You had this ſtory from him ?

Sir Ja. I had.

M. Gr. From Wilding !—That is amazing.

Sir Ja. Oh ho ! what, you are confounded at laſt ; and no evaſion, no ſubterfuge, no——

M. Gr. Lookye, Sir James ; what you can mean by this ſtrange ſtory, and very extraordinary behaviour, it is impoſſible for me to conceive ; but if it is meant as an artifice to palliate your infidelity to me, leſs pains would have anſwer'd your purpoſe.

Sir Ja. Oh, Madam, I know you are provided.

M. Gr. Matchleſs inſolence ! as you can't expect that I ſhould be prodigiouſly pleas'd with the ſubject of this viſit, you won't be ſurpriſed at my wiſhing it as ſhort as poſſible.

Sir Ja. I don't wonder you feel pain at my preſence : but you may reſt ſecure you will have no interruption for me ; and I really think it would be pity to part two people ſo exactly formed for each other. Your ladyſhip's ſervant. [*Going.*] But, Madam, though your ſex ſecures you from

from any further reſentment, yet the preſent object of your favour may have ſomething to fear. [*Exit.*

M. Gr. Very well. Now, my dear, I hope you will acknowledge the prudence of my plan. To what a pretty condition I muſt have been reduc'd if my hopes had reſted upon one lover alone.

M. God. But are you ſure that your method to multiply, may not be the means to reduce the number of your ſlaves?

M. Gr. Impoſſible!—why, can't you diſcern that this ſlam of Sir James Elliot's is a mere fetch to favour his retreat.

M. God. And you never ſaw Wilding?

M. Gr. Never.

M. God. There is ſome myſtery in this. I have too here in my hand another mortification that you muſt endure.

M. Gr. Of what kind?

M. God. A little ally'd to the laſt: it is from the military ſpark that you met this morning.

M. Gr. What are the contents?

M. God. Only a formal declaration of love.

M. Gr. Why, you did not ſee him.

M. God. But it ſeems he did me.

M. Gr. Might I peruſe it?—"Battles—no wounds ſo fatal—cannon-balls—Cupid—ſpring a mine—cruelty—die on a counterſcrap—eyes—artillery—death the ſtranger." It is addreſs'd to you.

M. God. I told you ſo.

M. Gr. You will pardon me, my dear; but I really can't compliment you upon the ſuppoſition of a conqueſt at my expence.

M. God. That would be enough to make me vain: But why do you think it was ſo impoſſible?

M. Gr. And do you poſitively want a reaſon?

M. God. Poſitively.

M. Gr. Why, then, I ſhall refer you for an anſwer to a faithful counſellor and moſt accompliſh'd critic.

M. God. Who may that be?

M. Gr. The mirror upon your toilette.

M. God. Perhaps you may differ in judgment.

M. Gr. Why, can glaſſes flatter?

M. God. I can't ſay I think that neceſſary.

M. Gr. Saucy enough!—But come, child, don't let us quarrel

quarrel upon ſo whimſical an occaſion; time will explain the whole. You will favour me with your opinion of Young Wilding, at my window.

M. God. I attend you.

M. Gr. You will forgive me, my dear, the little hint I dropt; it was meant merely to ſerve you: for indeed, child, there is no quality ſo inſufferable in a young woman as ſelf-conceit and vanity.

M. God. You are moſt prodigiouſly obliging.

M. Gr. I'll follow you, Miſs. [*Exit* Miſs Godfrey.] Pert thing!—She grows immoderately ugly. I always thought her aukward, but ſhe is now an abſolute fright.

M. God. [*within.*] Miſs, Miſs Grantam, your hero's at hand.

M. Gr. I come.

M. God. As I live, the very individual ſtranger.

M. Gr. No, ſure!—Oh Lord, let me have a peep.

M. God. It is he, it is he, it is he.

Enter Old Wilding, Young Wilding, *and* Papillion.

O. Wild. There, Marquis, you muſt pardon me; for though Paris be more compact, yet ſurely London covers a much greater quantity—Oh, Jack, look at that corner houſe: how d'ye like it?

Y. Wild. Very well, but I don't ſee any thing extraordinary.

O. Wild. I wiſh though you were the maſter of what it contains.

Y. Wild. What may that be, Sir?

O. Wild. The miſtreſs, you rogue, you; a fine girl, and an immenſe fortune; aye, and a prudent ſenſible wench into the bargain.

Y. Wild. Time enough yet, Sir.

O. Wild. I don't ſee that: You are, lad, the laſt of our race, and I ſhould be glad to ſee ſome probability of its continuance.

Y. Wild. Suppoſe, Sir, you were to repeat your endeavours, you have cordially my conſent.

O. Wild. No; rather too late in life for that experiment.

Y. Wild. Why, Sir, would you recommend a condition to me, that you diſapprove of yourſelf.

O. Wild. Why, Sirrah, I have done my duty to the public

blic and my family, by producing you: now, Sir, it is incumbent on you to diſcharge your debt.

Y. Wild. In the college cant, I ſhall beg leave to tick a little longer.

O. Wild. Why then, to be ſerious, ſon, this is the very buſineſs I wanted to talk with you about. In a word, I wiſh you married; and by providing the lady of that manſion for the purpoſe, I have proved myſelf both a father and a friend.

Y. Wild. Far be it from me to queſtion your care; yet ſome preparation for ſo important a change——

O. Wild. Oh, I will allow you a week.

Y. Wild. A little more knowledge of the world.

O. Wild. That you may ſtudy at leiſure.

Y. Wild. Now all Europe is in arms, my deſign was to ſerve my country abroad.

O. Wild. You will be full as uſeful to it by recruiting her ſubjects at home.

Y. Wild. You are then reſolv'd.

O. Wild. Fix'd.

Y. Wild. Poſitively?

O. Wild. Peremptorily.

Y. Wild. No prayers——

O. Wild. Can move me.

Y. Wild. How the deuce ſhall I get out of this toil, [*Aſide.*] But ſuppoſe, Sir, there ſhould be an unſurmountable objection?

O. Wild. Oh, leave the reconciling that to me; I am an excellent caſuiſt.

Y. Wild. But, I ſay, Sir, if it ſhould be impoſſible to obey your commands?

O. Wild. Impoſſible!—I don't underſtand you.

Y. Wild. Oh, Sir!—But on my knees, firſt let me crave your pardon.

O. Wild. Pardon! for what?

Y. Wild. I fear I have loſt all title to your future favour.

O. Wild. Which way?

Y. Wild. I have done a deed——

O. Wild. Let us hear it.

Y. Wild. At Abington, in the county of Berks——

O. Wild. Well?

Y. Wild. I am——

O. Wild.

O. Wild. What?

Y. Wild. Already married.

O. Wild. Married!

Pap. Married!

Y. Wild. Married.

O. Wild. And without my conſent?

Y. Wild. Compell'd; fatally forc'd. Oh, Sir, did you but know all the circumſtances of my ſad, ſad ſtory, your rage would ſoon convert itſelf to pity.

O. Wild. What an unlucky event!—But riſe, and let me hear it all.

Y. Wild. The ſhame and confuſion I now feel renders that taſk at preſent impoſſible: I therefore rely for the relation on the good offices of this faithful friend.

Pap. Me, Sir, I never heard one word of the matter.

O. Wild. Come, Marquis, favour me with the particulars.

Pap. Upon my vard, Sire, dis affair has ſo ſhock me, that I am almoſt as incapable to tell de tale as your ſon. [*To* Young Wilding.] Dry a your tears. What can I ſay, Sir?

Y. Wild. Any thing.—Oh! (*Seems to weep*).

Pap. You ſee, Sire.

O. Wild. Your kind concern at the misfortunes of my family calls for the moſt grateful acknowledgement.

Pap. Dis is great misfortunes, ſans doute.

O. Wild. But if you, a ſtranger, are thus affected, what muſt a father feel?

Pap. Oh, beaucoup great deal more.

O. Wild. But ſince the evil is without a remedy, let us know the worſt at once. Well, Sir, at Abington.

Pap. Yes, at Abington.

O. Wild. In the county of Berks.

Pap. Dat is right, in de county of Berks.

Y. Wild. Oh, ho!

O. Wild. Ah, Jack, Jack, are all my hopes then—— Though I dread to aſk, yet it muſt be known; who is the girl, pray Sir?

Pap. De girl, Sir—[*Aſide to* Young Wilding.] Who ſhall I ſay?

Y. Wild. Any body.

Pap. For de girl, I can't ſay upon my vard.

O. Wild. Her condition?

Pap.

Pap. Pas grande condition ; dat is to be ſure. But dere is no help.—[*Aſide to* Young Wilding.] Sir, I am quite aground.

O. Wild. Yes ; I read my ſhame in his reſerve : ſome artful huſſy ?

Pap. Dat may be. Vat you call huſſy ?

O. Wild. Or perhaps ſome common creature ! But I am prepar'd to hear the worſt.

Pap. Have you no mercy ?

Y. Wild. I'll ſtep to your relief, Sir.

Pap. O Lord ! a happy deliverance.

Y. Wild. Though it is almoſt death for me to ſpeak, yet it would be infamous to let the reputation of that lady ſuffer by my ſilence : ſhe is, Sir, of an ancient houſe and unblemiſh'd character.

O. Wild. That is ſomething.

Y. Wild. And though her fortune may not be equal to the warm wiſhes of a fond father, yet——

O. Wild. Her name ?

Y. Wild. Miſs Lydia Sybthorp.

O. Wild. Sybthorp.——I never heard of that name.—But proceed.

Y. Wild. The latter end of laſt long vacation, I went with Sir James Elliot to paſs a few days at a new purchaſe of his near Abington. There, at an aſſembly, it was my chance to meet and dance with this lady.

O. Wild. Is ſhe handſome ?

Y. Wild. Oh, Sir, more beautiful——

O. Wild. Nay, no raptures ; but go on.

Y. Wild. But to her beauty ſhe adds politeneſs, affability, and diſcretion ; unleſs ſhe forfeited that character by fixing her affection on me.

O. Wild. Modeſtly obſerved.

Y. Wild. I was deterr'd from a public declaration of my paſſion, dreading the ſcantineſs of her fortune would prove an objection to you. Some private interviews ſhe permitted.

O. Wild. Was that ſo decent ?—But love and prudence, madneſs and reaſon.

Y. Wild. One fatal evening, the twentieth of September, if I miſtake not, we were in a retir'd room, innocently exchanging mutual vows, when her father, whom we expected

expected to ſup abroad, came ſuddenly upon us. I had juſt time to conceal myſelf in a cloſet.

O. Wild. What, unobſerved by him?

Y. Wild. Entirely. But, as my ill ſtars would have it, a cat of whom my wife is vaſtly fond, had a few days before lodged a litter of kittens in the ſame place: I unhappily trod upon one of the brood, which ſo provok'd the implacable mother, that ſhe flew at me with the fury of a tiger.

O. Wild. I have obſerved thoſe creatures very fierce in defence of their young.

Pap. I ſhall hate a cat as long as I live.

Y. Wild. The noiſe rous'd the old gentleman's attention; he opened the door, and there diſcover'd your ſon.

Pap. Unlucky.

Y. Wild. I ruſh'd to the door; but fatally my foot ſlipt at the top of the ſtairs, and down I came tumbling to the bottom; the piſtol in my hand went off by accident: this alarm'd her three brothers in the parlour, who, with all their ſervants, ruſh'd with united force upon me.

O. Wild. And ſo ſurpriz'd you?

Y. Wild. No, Sir; with my ſword I for ſome time made a gallant defence, and ſhould have inevitably eſcap'd, but a raw-bon'd, over-grown, clumſy cook-wench, ſtruck at my ſword with a kitchen poker, broke it in two, and compell'd me to ſurrender at diſcretion; the conſequence of which is obvious enough.

O. Wild. Natural. The lady's reputation, your condition, her beauty, your love, all combin'd to make marriage an unavoidable meaſure.

Y. Wild. May I hope then you rather think me unfortunate than culpable?

O. Wild. Why your ſituation is a ſufficient excuſe: all I blame you for is your keeping it a ſecret from me. With Miſs Grantam I ſhall make an aukward figure: but the beſt apology is the truth: I'll haſten and explain to her all——Oh, Jack, Jack, this is a mortifying buſineſs.

Y. Wild. Moſt melancholy. [*Exit* Old Wilding.

Pap. I am amaz'd, Sir, that you have ſo carefully conceal'd this tranſaction from me.

Y. Wild. Heyday! what, do you believe it too?

Pap. Believe it! why, is not the ſtory of the marriage true?

Y. Wild. Not a ſyllable.

Pap. And the cat, and the piſtol, and the poker.

Y. Wild. All invention. And were you really taken in?

Pap. Lord, Sir, how was it poſſible to avoid it? Mercy on us! what a collection of circumſtances have you crowded together!

Y. Wild. Genius; the mere effects of genius, Papillion. But to deceive you, who ſo thoroughly know me!

Pap. But to prevent that for the future, could you not juſt give your humble ſervant a hint, when you are bent upon bouncing. Beſides, Sir, if you recollect your fix'd reſolution to reform—

Y. Wild. Ay as to matter of fancy, the mere ſport and frolic of invention: but in caſe of neceſſity—why, Miſs Godfrey was at ſtake, and I was forc'd to uſe all my fineſſe.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Two letters, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pap. There are two things in my conſcience my maſter will never want: a prompt lie and a ready excuſe for telling of it.

Y. Wild. Hum! buſineſs begins to thicken upon us: a challenge from Sir James Elliot, and a rendezvous from the pretty Miſs Godfrey. They ſhall both be obſerv'd, but in their order: therefore the lady firſt. Let me ſee —I have not been twenty hours in town, and I have already got a challenge, a miſtreſs, and a wife; now if I can but get engag'd in a Chancery ſuit, I ſhall have my hands pretty full of employment. Come, Papillion, we have no time to be idle. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Miſs Grantam *and* Miſs Godfrey.

M. God. UPON my word, Miſs Grantam, this is but an idle piece of curioſity: you know the man is already diſpos'd of, and therefore——

M. Gr. That is true, my dear; but there is in this affair ſome myſtery that I muſt and will have explain'd.

M. God.

M. God. Come, Come, I know the grievance. You can't brook that this ſpark, though even a married man, ſhould throw off his allegiance to you, and enter a volunteer in my ſervice.

M. Gr. And ſo you take this fact for granted?

M. God. Have I not his letter?

M. Gr. Conceited creature!—I fancy, Miſs, by your vaſt affection for this letter, it is the firſt of the kind you ever receiv'd.

M. God. Nay, my dear, why ſhould you be piqu'd at me? the fault is none of mine: I dropt no handkerchief; I threw out no lure: the bird came willing to hand, you know.

M. Gr. Metaphorical too! what, you are ſetting up for a wit as well as a belle! why really, Madam, to do you juſtice, you have full as fine pretenſions to the one as the other.

M. God. I fancy, Madam, the world will not form their judgment of either from the report of a diſappointed rival.

M. Gr. Rival! admirably rally'd!—But, let me tell you, Madam, this ſort of behaviour, Madam, at your own houſe, whatever may be your beauty, is no great proof of your breeding, Madam.

M. God. As to that, Ma'am, I hope I ſhall always ſhew a proper reſentment to any inſult that is offer'd me, let it be in whoſe houſe it will. The aſſignation, Ma'am, both time and place, was of your own contriving.

M. Gr. Mighty well, Ma'am!

M. God. But if, dreading a mortification, you think proper to alter your plan, your chair, I believe, is in waiting.

M. Gr. It is, Madam! then let it wait—Oh, what that was your ſcheme! but it won't take, Miſs: the contrivance is a little too ſhallow.

M. God. I don't underſtand you.

M. Gr. Cunning creature! So all this inſolence was concerted, it ſeems; a plot to drive me out of the houſe, that you might have the fellow all to yourſelf: but I have a regard for your character, though you neglect it. Fie, Miſs! a paſſion for a married man! I really bluſh for you.

M. God. And I moſt ſincerely pity you. But curb your choler a little: the enquiry you are about to make requires rather a cooler diſpoſition of mind; and by this time the hero is at hand.

M. Gr. Mighty well; I am prepar'd. But, Miſs Godfrey, if you really wiſh to be acquitted of all artificial underhand

derhand dealings, in this affair, ſuffer me in your name to manage the interview.

M. God. Moſt willingly. But he will recollect your voice.

M. Gr. Oh, that is eaſily alter'd. [*Enter a Maid, who whiſpers* Miſs Grantam *and exit.*] It is he, but hide yourſelf, Miſs, if you pleaſe.

M. God. Your hood a little forwarder, Miſs: you may be known, and then we ſhall have the language of politeneſs inflam'd to proofs of a violent paſſion.

M. Gr. You are prodigiouſly cautious.

Enter Young Wilding.

Y. Wild. This rendezvous is ſomething in the Spaniſh taſte, imported, I ſuppoſe, with the guittar. At preſent, I preſume, the cuſtom is confin'd to the great; but it will deſcend, and in a couple of months I ſhall not be ſurpriz'd to hear an attorney's hackney clerk rouſing at midnight, a milliner's 'prentice, with an Ally, Ally Croker." But that, if I miſtake not, is the temple: and ſee my goddeſs herſelf. Miſs Godfrey!

M. Gr. Huſh.

Y. Wild. Am I right, Miſs?

M. Gr. Softly. You receiv'd my letter, I ſee, Sir.

Y. Wild. And flew to the appointment with more—

M. Gr. No raptures, I beg. But you muſt not ſuppoſe this meeting meant to encourage your hopes.

Y. Wild. How, Madam!

M. Gr. Oh, by no means, Sir; for though I own your figure is pleaſing, and your converſation—

M. God. Hold, Miſs; when did I ever converſe with him?

M. Gr. Why, did not you ſee him in the Park?

M. God. True, Madam: but the converſation was with you.

M. Gr. Bleſs me! you are very difficult—I ſay, Sir, though your perſon may be unexceptionable, yet your character——

Y. Wild. My character!

M. Gr. Come, come, you are better known than you imagine.

Y. Wild. I hope not.

M. Gr. Your name is Wilding.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. How the deuce came ſhe by that! True, Madam.

M. Gr. Pray have you never heard of Miſs Grantam?

Y. Wild. Frequently.

M. Gr. You have. And had you never any favourable thoughts of that lady? Now mind, Miſs.

Y. Wild. If you mean as a lover, never. The lady did me the honour to have a ſmall deſign upon me.

M. God. I hear every word, Miſs.

M. Gr. But you need not lean ſo heavy upon me; he ſpeaks loud enough to be heard.——I have been told, Sir, that——

Y. Wild. Yes, Ma'am, and very likely by the lady herſelf.

M. Gr. Sir!

Y. Wild. Oh, Madam, I have another obligation in my pocket to Miſs Grantam, which muſt be diſcharg'd in the morning.

M. Gr. Of what kind?

Y. Wild. Why the lady, finding an old humble ſervant of her's a little lethargic, has thought fit to adminiſter me in a jealous draught, in order to quicken his paſſion.

M. Gr. Sir, let me tell you—

M. God. Have a care; you will betray yourſelf.

Y. Wild. Oh, the whole ſtory will afford you infinite diverſion: ſuch a farrago of fights and feaſts. But, upon my honour, the girl has a fertile invention.

M. God. So! what that ſtory was yours, was it?

Y. Wild. Pray, Madam, don't I hear another voice?

M. Gr. A diſtant relation of mine.—Every ſyllable falſe.—But, Sir, we have another charge againſt you. Do you know any thing of a lady at Abington?

Y. Wild. Miſs Grantam again. Yes, Madam, I have ſome knowledge of that lady.

M. Gr. You have! Well, Sir, and that being the caſe, how could you have the aſſurance—

Y. Wild. A moment's patience, Ma'am. That lady, that Berkſhire lady, will, I can aſſure you, prove no bar to my hopes.

M. Gr. How, Sir, no bar?

Y. Wild. Not in the leaſt, Ma'am; for that lady exiſts in idea only.

M. Gr. No ſuch perſon!

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. A meer creature of the imagination.

M. Gr. Indeed?

Y. Wild. The attacks of Miſs Grantam were ſo powerfully enforc'd too by paternal authority, that I had no method of avoiding the blow, but by ſheltering myſelf under the conjugal ſhield.

M. Gr. You are not married then?—But what credit can I give to the profeſſions of a man, who, in an article of ſuch importance, and to a perſon of ſuch reſpect—

Y. Wild. Nay, Madam, ſurely Miſs Godfrey ſhould not accuſe me of a crime her own charms have occaſion'd. Could any other motive but the fear of loſing her prevail on me to trifle with a father, or compel me to infringe thoſe laws which I have hitherto ſo invariably obſerv'd?

M. Gr. What laws, Sir?

Y. Wild. The ſacred laws of truth, Ma'am.

M. Gr. There, indeed, you did yourſelf an infinite violence. But when the whole of the affair is diſcover'd, will it be ſo eaſy to get rid of Miſs Grantam? the violence of her paſſion, and the old gentleman's obſtinacy—

Y. Wild. Are nothing to a mind reſolv'd.

M. Gr. Poor Miſs Grantam!

Y. Wild. Do you know her, Madam?

M. Gr. I have heard of her: but you, Sir, I ſuppoſe, have been long on an intimate footing?

Y. Wild. Bred up together from children.

M. Gr. Brave!—Is ſhe handſome?

Y. Wild. Her paint comes from Paris, and her *femme de chambre* is an excellent artiſt.

M. Gr. Very well—Her ſhape?

Y. Wild. Pray, Madam, is not Curzon eſteemed the beſt ſtaymaker for people inclin'd to be crooked?

M. Gr. But as to the qualities of her mind: for inſtance her underſtanding.

Y. Wild. Uncultivated.

M. Gr. Her wit?

Y. Wild. Borrow'd.

M. Gr. Her taſte?

Y. Wild. Trifling.

M. Gr. And her temper?

Y. Wild. Intolerable.

M. Gr. A finiſh'd picture. But come, theſe are not your

your real thoughts; this is a ſacrifice you think due to the vanity of our ſex.

Y. Wild. My honeſt ſentiments: and to convince you how thoroughly indifferent I am to that lady, I would, upon my veracity, as ſoon take a wife from the Grand Signior's ſeraglio. Now, Ma'am, I hope you are ſatisfy'd.

M. Gr. And you would not ſcruple to acknowledge this before the lady's face?

Y. Wild. The firſt opportunity.

M. Gr. That I will take care to provide you. Dare you meet me at her houſe?

Y. Wild. When?

M. Gr. In half an hour.

Y. Wild. But won't a declaration of this ſort appear odd at——a——

M. Gr. Come, no evaſion; your conduct and character ſeem to me a little equivocal, and I muſt inſiſt on this proof, at leaſt of——

Y. Wild. You ſhall have it.

M. Gr. In half an hour.

Y. Wild. This inſtant.

M. Gr. Be punctual.

Y. Wild. Or may I forfeit your favour.

M. Gr. Very well: till then, Sir, adieu.—Now I think I have my ſpark in the toil; and if the fellow has any feeling, if I don't make him ſmart for every article—Come, my dear, I ſhall ſtand in need of your aid. [*Exeunt.*

Y. Wild. So! I am now, I think, arriv'd at a critical period. If I can but weather this point—But why ſhould I doubt it? it is in the day of diſtreſs only that a great man diſplays his abilities. But I ſhall want Papillion: where can the puppy be?

Enter Papillion.

Y. Wild. So, Sir; where have you been rambling?

Pap. I did not ſuppoſe you would want—

Y. Wild. Want!—you are always out of the way: Here have I been forc'd to tell forty lies upon my own credit, and not a ſingle ſoul to vouch for the truth of them.

Pap. Lord, Sir, you know—

Y. Wild. Don't plague me with your apologies, but it is lucky for you that I want your aſſiſtance. Come with me to Miſs Grantam's.

Pap.

Pap. On what occaſion?

Y. Wild. An important one: but I'll prepare you as we walk.

Pap. Sir, I am really——I could wiſh you would be ſo good as to——

Y. Wild. What! deſert your friend in the heat of battle! oh, you poltroon!

Pap. Sir, I would do any thing, but you know I have not talents.

Y. Wild. I do, and for my own ſake ſhall not taſk them too high.

Pap. Now I ſuppoſe the hour is come when we ſhall pay for all.

Y. Wild. Why, what a daſtardly, hen-hearted——But come, Papillion, this ſhall be your laſt campaign. Don't droop, man; confide in your leader, and remember, *Sub auſpice Teucro nil deſperandum.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a Room.*

Enter a Servant, *conducting in* Old Wilding.

Serv. My lady, Sir, will be at home immediately. Sir James Elliot is in the next room waiting her return.

O. Wild. Pray, honeſt friend, will you tell Sir James that I beg the favour of a word with him. [*Exit* Servant.] This unthinking boy! Half the purpoſe of my life has been to plan this ſcheme for his happineſs, and in one heedleſs hour has he mangled all.

Enter Sir James Elliot.

Sir, I aſk your pardon: but upon ſo intereſting a ſubject, I know you will excuſe my intruſion. Pray, Sir, of what credit is the family of the Sybthorps in Berkſhire?

Sir Ja. Sir!

O. Wild. I don't mean as to property; that I am not ſo ſolicitous about; but as to their character: do they live in reputation? Are they reſpected in the neighbourhood?

Sir Ja. The family of the Sybthorps!

O. Wild. Of the Sybthorps.

Sir Ja. Really I don't know, Sir.

O. Wild. Not know!

Sir Ja.

Sir Ja. No; it is the very firſt time I ever heard of the name.

O. Wild. How ſteadily he denies it! Well done, baronet! I find Jack's account was a juſt one. [*Aſide.*] Pray, Sir James, recollect yourſelf.

Sir Ja. It will be to no purpoſe.

O. Wild. Come, Sir, your motive for this affected ignorance is a generous, but unneceſſary proof of your friendſhip for my ſon: but I know the whole affair.

Sir Ja. What affair?

O. Wild. Jack's marriage.

Sir Ja. What Jack?

O. Wild. My ſon Jack.

Sir Ja. Is he marry'd?

O. Wild. Is he marry'd! why, you know he is.

Sir Ja. Not I, upon my honour.

O. Wild. Nay, that is going a little too far: but to remove all your ſcruples at once, he has own'd it himſelf.

Sir Ja. He has.

O. Wild. Ay, ay, to me. Every circumſtance; going to your new purchaſe at Abington—meeting Lydia Sybthorp at the aſſembly—their private interviews—ſurpriz'd by the father—piſtol—poker—and marriage; in ſhort, every particular.

Sir Ja. And this account you had from your ſon?

O. Wild. From Jack; not two hours ago.

Sir Ja. I wiſh you joy, Sir.

O. Wild. Not much of that, I believe.

Sir Ja. Why, Sir, does the marriage diſpleaſe you?

O. Wild. Doubtleſs.

Sir Ja. Then I fancy you may make yourſelf eaſy.

O. Wild. Why ſo?

Sir Ja. You have got, Sir, the moſt prudent daughter-in-law in the Britiſh dominions.

O. Wild. I am happy to hear it.

Sir Ja. For though ſhe mayn't have brought you much, I'm ſure ſhe will not coſt you a farthing.

O. Wild. Ay; exactly Jack's account.

Sir Ja. She'll be eaſily jointur'd.

O. Wild. Juſtice ſhall be done her.

Sir Ja. No proviſion neceſſary for younger children.

O. Wild. No, Sir! why not?—I can tell you, if ſhe anſwers your account, not the daughter of a duke—

Sir Ja. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

O. Wild. You are very merry, Sir.

Sir Ja. What an unaccountable fellow!

O. Wild. Sir!

Sir Ja. I beg your pardon, Sir. But with regard to this marriage—

O. Wild. Well, Sir.

Sir Ja. I take the whole hiſtory to be neither more nor leſs than abſolute fable.

O. Wild. How, Sir!

Sir Ja. Even ſo.

O. Wild. Why, Sir, do you think my ſon would dare to impoſe upon me?

Sir Ja. Sir, he would dare to impoſe upon any body. Don't I know him?

O. Wild. What do you know?

Sir Ja. I know, Sir, that his narratives gain him more applauſe than credit; and that, whether from conſtitution or habit, there is no believing a ſyllable he ſays.

O. Wild. Oh, mighty well, Sir!—he wants to turn the tables upon Jack. But it won't do; you are foreſtall'd; your novels won't paſs upon me.

Sir Ja. Sir!

O. Wild. Nor is the character of my ſon to be blaſted with the breath of a bouncer.

Sir Ja. What is this?

O. Wild. No, no, Mr Mandeville, it won't do; you are as well known here as in your own county of Hereford.

Sir Ja. Mr Wilding, but that I am ſure this extravagant behaviour owes its riſe to ſome impudent impoſitions of your ſon, your age would ſcarce prove your protection.

O. Wild. Nor, Sir, but that I know my boy equal to the defence of his own honour, ſhould he want a protector in this arm, wither'd and impotent as you may think it.

Enter Miſs Grantam.

M. Gr. Bleſs me, gentlemen, what is the meaning of this?

Sir Ja. No more, at preſent, Sir: I have another demand upon your ſon; we'll ſettle the whole together.

O. Wild. I am ſure he will do you juſtice.

M. Gr. How, Sir James Elliot, I flatter'd myſelf that you had finiſh'd your viſits here, Sir. Muſt I be the eternal

eternal object of your outrage? not only insulted in my own person, but in that of my friends! Pray, Sir, what right——

O. Wild. Madam, I ask your pardon; a disagreeable occasion brought me here: I come, Madam, to renounce all hopes of being nearer ally'd to you, my son unfortunately being married already.

M. Gr. Married!

Sir Ja. Yes, Madam, to a lady in the clouds: and because I have refus'd to acknowledge her family, this old gentleman has behav'd in a manner very inconsistent with his usual politeness.

O. Wild. Sir, I thought this affair was to be reserv'd for another occasion; but you, it seems——

M. Gr. Oh, is that the business?—Why, I begin to be afraid we are here a little in the wrong, Mr Wilding.

O. Wild. Madam.

M. Gr. Your son has just confirm'd Sir James Elliot's opinion, at a conference under Miss Godfrey's window.

O. Wild. Is it possible?

M. Gr. Most true; and assign'd two most whimsical motives for the unaccountable tale.

O. Wild. What can they be!

M. Gr. An aversion for me, whom he has seen but once, and an affection for Miss Godfrey, whom I am almost sure he never saw in his life.

O. Wild. You amaze me.

M. Gr. Indeed, Mr Wilding, your son is a most extraordinary youth; he has finally perplex'd us all. I think, Sir James, you have a small obligation to him.

Sir Ja. Which I shall take care to acknowledge the first opportunity.

O. Wild. You have my consent. An abandoned profligate! was his father a proper subject for his—but I discard him.

M. Gr. Nay, now, gentlemen, you are rather too warm: I can't think Mr Wilding bad-hearted at the bottom. This is a levity——

O. Wild. How, Madam! a levity!

M. Gr. Take my word for it, no more; enflam'd into habit by the approbation of his juvenile friends. Will you submit his punishment to me? I think I have the means in

in my hands, both to satisfy your resentments, and accomplish his cure into the bargain.

Sir Ja. I have no quarrel to him, but for the ill offices he has done me with you.

M. Gr. D'ye hear, Mr Wilding? I am afraid my opinion with Sir James must cement the general peace.

O. Wild. Madam, I submit to any—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr Wilding to wait upon you, Madam. [*Exit.*

M. Gr. He is punctual, I find. Come, good folks, you all act under my direction. You, Sir, will get from your son, by what means you think fit, the real truth of the Abington business. You must likewise seemingly consent to his marriage with Miss Godfrey, who I shrewdly suspect he has by some odd accident mistaken for me: the lady herself shall appear at your call. Come, Sir James, you will withdraw. I intend to produce another performer, who will want a little instruction. Kitty.

Enter Kitty.

Let John shew Mr Wilding in to his father; then come to my dressing room: I have a short scene to give you in study. [*Exit* Kitty.] The girl is lively, and I warrant will do her character justice. Come, Sir James. Nay, no ceremony: we must be as busy as bees. [*Exeunt.*

O. Wild. This strange boy!—but I must command my temper.

Y. Wild. [*Speaking as he enters.*] People to speak with me! see what they want, Papillion. My father here! that's unlucky enough.

O. Wild. Ha, Jack! what brings you here?

Y. Wild. Why, I thought it my duty to wait upon Miss Grantam, in order to make her some apology for the late unfortunate——

O. Wild. Well now, that is prudently, as well as politely done.

Y. Wild. I am happy to meet, Sir, with your approbation.

O. Wild. I have been thinking, Jack, about my daughter-in-law: as the affair is public, it is not decent to let her continue longer at her father's.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild.

O. Wild. Would it be right to ſend for her home?

Y. Wild. Doubtleſs, Sir.

O. Wild. I think ſo. Why then to-morrow my chariot ſhall fetch her.

Y. Wild. The devil it ſhall! [*Aſide.*] Not quite ſo ſoon, if you pleaſe, Sir,

O. Wild. No! why not?

Y. Wild. The journey may be dangerous in her preſent condition.

O. Wild. What's the matter with her?

Y. Wild. She is big with child, Sir.

O. Wild. An audacious—big with child! that is fortunate. But, however, an eaſy carriage, and ſhort ſtages can't hurt her.

Y. Wild. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not truſt her: ſhe is ſix months gone.

O. Wild. Nay, then, there may be danger indeed. But ſhould I write to her father, juſt to let him know that you have diſcovered the ſecret.

Y. Wild. By all means, Sir, it will make him extremely happy.

O. Wild. Why then I will inſtantly about it, pray how do you direct to him?

Y. Wild. Abington, Berkſhire.

O. Wild. True; but his addreſs?

Y. Wild. You need not trouble yourſelf, Sir: I ſhall write by this poſt to my wife, and will ſend your letter inclos'd.

O. Wild. Ay, ay, that will do. [*Going.*

Y. Wild. So, I have parry'd that thruſt.

O. Wild. Though, upon ſecond thoughts, Jack, that will rather look too familiar for an introductory letter.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. And theſe country gentlemen are full of punctilios—No, I'll ſend him a letter apart; ſo give me his direction.

Y. Wild. You have it, Sir.

O. Wild. Ay, but his name: I have been ſo hurry'd that I have entirely forgot it.

Y. Wild. I am ſure ſo have I. [*Aſide.*] His name—his name, Sir—Hopkins.

O. Wild. Hopkins!

Y. Wild. Yes, Sir.

O. Wild.

O. Wild. That is not the ſame name that you gave me before: that, if I recollect, was either Sypthorpe, or Sybthorpe.

Y. Wild. You are right, Sir: that is his paternal appellation; but the name of Hopkins he took for an eſtate of his mother's; ſo he is indiſcriminately called Hopkins or Sybthorpe; and now I recollect I have his letter in my pocket—he ſigns himſelf Sybthorpe Hopkins.

O. Wild. There is no end of this: I muſt ſtop him at once. Harkye, Sir, I think you are call'd my ſon.

Y. Wild. I hope, Sir, you have no reaſon to doubt it.

O. Wild. And look upon yourſelf as a gentleman?

Y. Wild. In having the honour of deſcending from you.

O. Wild. And that you think a ſufficient pretenſion?

Y. Wild. Sir—pray, Sir—

O. Wild. And by what means do you imagine your anceſtors obtain'd that diſtinguiſhing title? By their preeminence in virtue, I ſuppoſe.

Y. Wild. Doubtleſs, Sir.

O. Wild. And has it never occurr'd to you, that what was gain'd by honour might be loſt by infamy?

Y. Wild. Perfectly, Sir.

O. Wild. Are you to learn what redreſs even the imputation of a lie demands, and that nothing leſs than the life of the adverſary can extinguiſh the affront.

Y. Wild. Doubtleſs, Sir.

O. Wild. Then how dare you call yourſelf a gentleman? you, whoſe whole life has been one continued ſcene of fraud and falſity! and would nothing content you but making me a partner in your infamy? not ſatisfied with violating the great band of ſociety, mutual confidence, the moſt ſacred rights of nature muſt be invaded, and your father made the innocent inſtrument to circulate your abominable impoſitions.

Y. Wild. But, Sir!

O. Wild. Within this hour my life was near ſacrific'd in defence of your fame; but perhaps that was your intention, and the ſtory of your marriage merely calculated to ſend me out of the world, as a grateful return for my bringing you into it.

Y. Wild. For heaven's ſake, Sir.

O. Wild. What other motive?

Y. Wild. Hear me, I intreat you, Sir.

O. Wild.

O. Wild. To be again impos'd on! No, Jack, my eyes are open'd at laſt.

Y. Wild. By all that's ſacred, Sir—

O. Wild. I am now deaf to your deluſions.

Y. Wild. But hear me, Sir, I own the Abington buſineſs—

O. Wild. An abſolute fiction?

Y. Wild. I do.

O. Wild. And how dare you—

Y. Wild. I crave but a moment's audience.

O. Wild. Go on.

Y. Wild. Previous to the communication of your intention for me, I accidentally met with a lady whoſe charms—

O. Wild. So! what, here is another marriage trumped out: but that is a ſtale device. And pray, Sir, what place does this lady inhabit? Come, come, go on; you have a fertile invention, and this is a fine opportunity. Well, Sir, and this charming lady, reſiding, I ſuppoſe, in Nubibus—

Y. Wild. No, Sir; in London.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Y. Wild. Nay, more, and at this inſtant in this houſe.

O. Wild. And her name—

Y. Wild. Godfrey.

O. Wild. The friend of Miſs Grantam?

Y. Wild. The very ſame, Sir.

O. Wild. Have you ſpoke to her?

Y. Wild. Parted from her not ten minutes ago; nay, am here by her appointment.

O. Wild. Has ſhe favour'd your addreſs?

Y. Wild. Time, Sir, and your approbation, will, I hope.

O. Wild. Lookye, Sir; as there is ſome little probability in this ſtory, I ſhall think it worth farther enquiry. To be plain with you, I know Miſs Godfrey; am intimate with her family; and though you deſerve but little from me, I will endeavour to aid your intention. But if in the progreſs of this affair you practiſe any of your uſual arts; if I diſcover the leaſt falſehood, the leaſt duplicity, remember you have loſt a father.

Y. Wild. I ſhall ſubmit without a murmur.

[*Exit* Old Wilding.

Enter

Enter Papillion.

Y. Wild. Well, Papillion.

Pap. Sir, here has been the devil to pay within.

Y. Wild. What's the matter?

Pap. A whole legion of cooks, confectioners, muſicians, waiters, and watermen.

Y. Wild. What do they want?

Pap. You, Sir.

Y. Wild. Me!

Pap. Yes, Sir; they have brought in their bills.

Y. Wild. Bills! for what?

Pap. For the entertainment you gave laſt night upon the water.

Y. Wild. That I gave!

Pap. Yes, Sir; you remember the bill of fare: I am ſure the very mention of it makes my mouth water.

Y. Wild. Prithee are you mad? There muſt be ſome miſtake; you know that I—

Pap. They have been vaſtly puzzled to find out your lodgings: but Mr Robinſon meeting by accident with Sir James Elliot, he was kind enough to tell him where you liv'd. Here are the bills: Almack's, twelve dozen of claret, ditto Champagne, Frontiniac, ſweatmeats, pine-apples: the whole amount is 372l. 9s. beſides muſic and fire-works.

Y. Wild. Come, Sir, this is no time for trifling.

Pap. Nay, Sir, they ſay they have gone full as low as they can afford; and they were in hopes, from the great ſatisfaction you expreſs'd to Sir James Elliot, that you would throw them in an additional compliment.

Y. Wild. Harkye, Mr Papillion, if you don't ceaſe your impertinence, I ſhall pay you a compliment that you would gladly excuſe.

Pap. Upon my faith, I relate but the mere matter of fact. You know, Sir, I am but bad at invention; though this incident I can't help thinking is the natural fruit of your happy one.

Y. Wild. But are you ſerious? is this poſſible?

Pap. Moſt certain. It was with difficulty I reſtrain'd their impatience; but however I have diſpatch'd them to your lodgings, with a promiſe that you ſhall immediately meet them.

Y. Wild.

Y. Wild. Oh, there we ſhall ſoon rid our hands of the troop. Now, Papillion, I have news for you. My father has got to the bottom of the whole Abington buſineſs.

Pap. The deuce!

Y. Wild. We parted this moment. Such a ſcene!

Pap. And what was the iſſue?

Y. Wild. Happy beyond my hopes. Not only an act of oblivion, but a promiſe to plead my cauſe with the fair.

Pap. With Miſs Godfrey?

Y. Wild. Who elſe? He is now with her in another room.

Pap. And there is no—you underſtand me—in all this?

Y. Wild. No, no; that is all over now—my reformation is fix'd.

Pap. As a weather-cock.

Y. Wild. Here comes my father.

Enter Old Wilding.

O. Wild. Well, Sir, I find in this laſt article you have condeſcended to tell me the truth; the young lady is not averſe to your union; but in order to fix ſo mutable a mind, I have drawn up a ſlight contract, which you are both to ſign.

Y. Wild. With tranſport.

O. Wild. I will introduce Miſs Godfrey. [*Exit.*

Y. Wild. Did not I tell you, Papillion?

Pap. This is amazing, indeed.

Y. Wild. Am not I a happy fortunate?—But they come.

Enter Old Wilding, *and* Miſs Godfrey.

O. Wild. If, Madam, he has not the higheſt ſenſe of the great honour you do him, I ſhall ceaſe to regard him.—There, Sir, make your own acknowledgments to that lady.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. This is more than you merit; but let your future behaviour teſtify your gratitude.

Y. Wild. Papillion! Madam! Sir!

O. Wild. What, is the puppy petrified! why don't you go up to the lady?

Y. Wild. Up to the lady!—that lady!

O. Wild. That lady!—to be ſure. What other lady? to Miſs Godfrey!

Y. Wild. That lady Miſs Godfrey!

O. Wild. What is all this?—Harkye, Sir: I ſee what you

are at: but no trifling; I'll be no more the dupe of your double deteſtable—recollect my laſt reſolution; this inſtant your hand to the contract, or tremble at the conſequence.

Y. Wild. Sir, that I hope is—might not I—to be ſure—

O. Wild. No further evaſions! there, Sir.

Y. Wild. Heigh ho. [*Signs it.*

O. Wild. Very well. Now, Madam, your name if you pleaſe.

Y. Wild. Papillion, do you know who ſhe is?

Pap. That's a queſtion indeed! don't you, Sir?

Y. Wild. Not I, as I hope to be ſav'd.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A young lady begs to ſpeak with Mr Wilding.

Y. Wild. With me!

M. God. A young lady with Mr Wilding!

Serv. Seems diſtreſs'd, Madam, and extremely preſſing for admittance.

M. God. Indeed! there may be ſomething in this! you muſt permit me, Sir, to pauſe a little: who knows but a prior claim may prevent—

O. Wild. How, Sir, who is this lady?

Y. Wild. It is impoſſible for me to divine, Sir.

O. Wild. You know nothing of her?

Y. Wild. How ſhould I?

O. Wild. You hear, Madam.

M. God. I preſume your ſon can have no objection to the lady's appearance.

Y. Wild. Not in the leaſt, Madam.

M. God. Shew her in, John. [*Exit.*

O. Wild. No, Madam, I don't think there is the leaſt room for ſuſpecting him: he can't be ſo abandon'd as to—but ſhe is here. Upon my word a ſightly woman.

Enter Kitty *as* Miſs Sybthorpe.

Kitty. Where is he?—Oh let me throw my arms—my life—my——

Y. Wild. Heyday!

Kitty. And could you leave me? and for ſo long a ſpace? think how the tedious time has lagg'd along.

Y. Wild. Madam!

Kitty. But we are met at laſt, and now we will part no more.

Y. Wild. The deuce we won't!

Kitty.

Kitty. What, not one kind look, no tender word to hail our ſecond meeting!

Y. Wild. What the devil is all this?

Kitty. Are all your oaths, your proteſtations, come to this? have I deſerv'd ſuch treatment? Quitted my father's houſe, left all my friends, and wander'd here alone in ſearch of thee, thou firſt, laſt, only object of my love.

O. Wild. To what can all this tend? Harkye, Sir, unriddle this myſtery.

Y. Wild. Davus, non Œdipus ſum. It is beyond me, I confeſs. Some lunatic eſcap'd from her keeper, I ſuppoſe.

Kitty. Am I diſown'd then, contemn'd, ſlighted?

O. Wild. Hold; let me enquire into this matter a little. Pray, Madam—you ſeem to be pretty familiar here—do you know this gentleman?

Kitty. Too well.

O. Wild. His name?

Kitty. Wilding.

O. Wild. So far ſhe is right. Now yours, if you pleaſe.

Kitty. Wilding.

Omnes. Wilding!

O. Wild. And how came you by that name pray?

Kitty. Moſt lawfully, Sir: by the ſacred band, the holy tie that made us one.

O. Wild. What, married to him!

Kitty. Moſt true.

Omnes. How!

Y. Wild. Sir, may I never—

O. Wild. Peace, monſter!—one queſtion more: your maiden name?

Kitty. Sybthorpe.

O. Wild. Lydia, from Abington, in the county of Berks?

Kitty. The ſame.

O. Wild. As I ſuſpected. So then the whole ſtory is true, and the monſter is married at laſt.

Y. Wild. Me, Sir! by all that's—

O. Wild. Eternal dumbneſs ſeize thee, meaſureleſs liar!

Y. Wild. If not me, hear this gentleman—Marquis—

Pap. Not I; I'll be drawn into none of your ſcrapes, it is a pit of your own digging, and ſo get out as well as you can. Mean time I'll ſhift for myſelf. [*Exit.*

O. Wild. What evaſion now, monſter?

M. God. Deceiver!

O. Wild.

O. Wild. Liar!

M. God. Impoſtor!

Y. Wild. Why, this is a general combination to diſtract me; but I will be heard. Sir, you are groſsly imops'd upon: the low contriver of this woman's ſhallow artifice I ſhall ſoon find means to diſcover: and as to you, Madam, with whom I have been ſuddenly ſurpriz'd into a contract, I moſt ſolemnly declare this is the firſt time I ever ſat eyes on you.

O. Wild. Amazing confidence! did not I bring her at your requeſt?

Y. Wild. No.

M. God. Is not this your own letter?

Y. Wild. No.

Kitty. Am not I your wife?

Y. Wild. No.

O. Wild. Did not you own it to me?

Y. Wild. Yes—that is—No, no.

Kitty. Hear me.

Y. Wild. No.

M. God. Anſwer me.

Y. Wild. No.

O. Wild. Have not I—

Y. Wild. No, no, no. Zounds you are all mad, and if I ſtay I ſhall catch the infection. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir James Elliot *and* Miſs Grantam.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

M. Gr. Finely perform'd.

O. Wild. You have kept your promiſe, and I thank you, Madam.

M. Gr. My medicine was ſomewhat rough, Sir; but in deſperate caſes, you know—

O. Wild. If his cure is completed, he will gratefully acknowledge the cauſe; if not, the puniſhment comes far ſhort of his crimes. It is needleſs to pay you any compliments, Sir James; with that lady you can't fail to be happy. I ſhan't venture to hint a ſcheme I have greatly at heart, till we have undeniable proofs of the ſucceſs of our operations. To the ladies, indeed, no character is ſo dangerous as that of a liar.

They in the faireſt fames can fix a flaw,
And vanquiſh females whom they never ſaw.

THE

THE

PATRON;

A COMEDY,

IN

THREE ACTS.

TO RHE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GRANVILLE LEVESON GOWER,

EARL GOWER,

LORD CHAMBERLAIN OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD.

My Lord,

THE following little comedy, founded on a ſtory of M. Marmontelle's, and calculated to expoſe the frivolity and ignorance of the pretenders to learning, with the inſolence and vanity of their ſuperficial, illiberal protectors, can be addreſſed to no nobleman with more propriety than to Lord Gower; whoſe judgment, though elegant, is void of affectation; and whoſe patronage, though powerful, is deſtitute of all faſtidious parade. It is with pleaſure, my Lord, that the public ſees your Lordſhip placed at the head of that department which is to decide, without appeal, on the moſt popular domain in the whole republic of letters; a ſpot that has always been diſtinguiſhed with affection, and cultivated with care, by every ruler the leaſt attentive to either chaſtiſing the morals, poliſhing the manners, or, what is of equal importance, rationally amuſing the leiſure of the people.

The Patron, my Lord, who now begs your protection, has had the good fortune to be well received by the public; and, indeed, of all the pieces that I have had the honour to offer them, this ſeems to me to have the faireſt claim to their favour.

But the play, ſtripp'd of thoſe theatrical ornaments for which it is indebted to your Lordſhip's indulgence, muſt now plead its own cauſe; nor will I, my Lord, with an affected humility, echo the trite, coarſe, though claſſical compliment, of *Optimus patronus, peſſimus poeta:* for if this be really true of the laſt, the firſt can have but ſmall pretenſions to praiſe; patronizing bad poets being, in my poor opinion, full as pernicious to the progreſs of letters, as neglecting the good.

In humble hopes, then, my Lord, of not being thought the meaneſt in the Muſes train, I have taken the liberty to prefix your name to this dedication, and publicly to acknowledge my obligations to your Lordſhip; which, let me boaſt too, I have had the happineſs to receive, untainted by the inſolence of domeſtics, the delays of office, or the chilling ſuperiority of rank; mortifications which have been too often experienced by much greater writers than myſelf, from much leſs men than your Lordſhip.

My Lord, I have the honour to be, with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obliged,
and moſt devoted humble ſervant,

Weſt-End, June 20, 1764.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Thomas Lofty, Sir Petter Pepperpot,	Mr FOOTE.
Dick Bever, — —	Mr DEATH.
Frank Younger, —	Mr DAVIS.
Sir Roger Dowlas, —	Mr PALMER.
Mr Ruft, —	Mr WESTON.
Mr Dactyl, — —	Mr GRANGER.
Mr Puff, —	Mr HAYES.
Mr Staytape, —	Mr BROWN.
Robin, —	Mr PARSONS.
John, — —	Mr LEWIS.
Two Blacks.	
Miſs Juliet, —	Mrs GRANGER.

ACT

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Bever *and* Younger.

Young. NO, Dick, you muſt pardon me.

Bev. Nay, but to ſatisfy your curioſity.

Young. I tell you, I have not a jot.

Bev. Why then to gratify me.

Young. At rather too great an expence.

Bev. To a fellow of your obſervation and turn, I ſhould think now ſuch a ſcene a moſt delicate treat.

Young. Delicate! palling, nauſeous, to a dreadful degree. To a lover, indeed, the charms of the niece may palliate the uncle's fulſome formality.

Bev. The uncle! ay, but then you know he is only one of the group.

Young. That's true; but the figures are all finiſh'd alike:—a *maniere*, a tireſome ſameneſs throughout.

Bev. There you will excuſe me; I am ſure there is no want of variety.

Young. No! then let us have a detail. Come, Dick, give us a bill of the play.

Bev. Firſt, you know, there's Juliet's uncle.

Young. What, Sir Thomas Lofty! the modern Midas, or rather (as fifty dedications will tell you) the Pollio, the Atticus, the patron of genius, the protector of arts, the paragon of poets, decider on merit, chief juſtice of taſte, and ſworn appraiſer to Apollo and the tuneful Nine. Ha, ha. Oh, the tedious, inſipid, inſufferable coxcomb!

Bev. Nay, now, Frank, you are too extravagant. He is univerſally allowed to have taſte; ſharp-judging Adriel, the muſe's friend, himſelf a muſe.

Young. Taſte! by who? underling bards, that he feeds; and broken bookſellers, that he bribes. Look ye, Dick, what raptures you pleaſe when Miſs Lofty is your theme; but expect no quarter for the reſt of the family. I tell thee once for all, Lofty is a rank impoſtor, the bufo of an illiberal, mercenary tribe; he has neither genius to create, judgment to diſtinguiſh, or generoſity to reward; his

wealth has gain'd him flattery from the indigent, and the haughty infolence of his pretence, admiration from the ignorant. *Voilà le portrait de votre oncle.* Now on to the next.

Bev. The ingenious and erudite Mr Ruft.

Young. What, old Martin, the medal-monger?

Bev. The fame, and my rival in Juliet.

Young. Rival! what, Ruft? why fhe's too modern for him by a couple of centuries. Martin! why he likes no heads but upon coins. Married! the mummy! why 'tis not above a fortnight ago that I faw him making love to the figure without a nofe in Somerfet-Gardens: I caught him ftroaking the marble plaits of her gown, and afked him if he was not afhamed to take fuch liberties with adies in public.

Bev. What an inconftant old fcoundrel it is!

Young. Oh, a Dorimant. But how came this about? what could occafion the change? Was it in the power of flefh and blood to feduce this adorer of virtu from his marble and porphyry?

Bev. Juliet has done it; and, what will furprize you, his tafte was a bawd to the bufinefs.

Young. Prythee explain.

Bev. Juliet met him laft week at her uncle's: he was a little pleafed with the Greek of her profile; but, on a clofer enquiry, he found the turn-up of her nofe to exactly refemble the buft of the Princefs Popæa.

Young. The chafte moiety of the amiable Nero.

Bev. The fame.

Young. Oh, the deuce! then your bufinefs was done in an inftant.

Bev. Immediately. In favour of the tip, he offered *carte blanche* for the reft of the figure, which (as you may fuppofe) was inftantly caught at.

Young. Doubtlefs. But who have we here?

Bev. This is one of Lofty's companions, a Weft-Indian of an over-grown fortune. He faves me the trouble of a portrait. This is Sir Peter Pepperpot.

Enter Sir Peter Pepperpot *and two blacks.*

Sir Pet. Carelefs fcoundrels! harkee, rafcals! I'll baniſh you home, you dogs! you fhall back, and broil in the fun. Mr Bever, your humble; Sir, I am your entirely devoted.

Bev.

Bev. You ſeem mov'd; what has been the matter, Sir Peter?

Sir Pet. Matter! why I am invited to dinner on a barbicu, and the villains have forgot my bottle of Chian.

Young. Unpardonable.

Sir Pet. Ay, this country has ſpoil'd them; this ſame chriſtening will ruin the colonies. Well, dear Bever, rare news, boy; our fleet is arrived from the Weſt.

Bev. It is?

Sir Pet. Ay, lad; and a glorious cargo of turtle. It was lucky I went to Brighthelmſtone; I nick'd the time to a hair; thin as a lath, and a ſtomach as ſharp as a ſhark's: never was in finer condition for feeding.

Bev. Have you a large importation, Sir Peter?

Sir Pet. Nine; but ſeven in excellent order: the captain aſſures me they greatly gain'd ground on the voyage.

Bev. How do you diſpoſe of them?

Sir Pet. Four to Cornhill, three to Almack's, and the two ſickly ones I ſhall ſend to my borough in Yorkſhire.

Young. Ay! what, have the provincials a reliſh for turtle?

Sir Pet. Sir, it is amazing how this country improves in turtle and turnpikes; to which (give me leave to ſay) we, from our part of the world, have not a little contributed. Why, formerly, Sir, a brace of bucks on the mayor's annual day was thought a pretty moderate bleſſing. But we, Sir, have poliſh'd their palates. Why, Sir, not the meaneſt member of my corporation but can diſtinguiſh the paſh from the pee.

Young. Indeed!

Sir Pet. Ay, and ſever the green from the ſhell with the ſkill of the ableſt anatomiſt.

Young. And they are fond of it?

Sir Pet. Oh, that the conſumption will tell you. The ſtated allowance is ſix pounds to an alderman, and five to each of their wives.

Bev. A plentiful proviſion.

Sir Pet. But there was never known any waſte: the mayor, recorder, and rector, are permitted to eat as much as they pleaſe.

Young. The entertainment is pretty expenſive.

Sir Pet. Land-carriage and all. But I contrived to ſmuggle the laſt that I ſent them.

Bev.

Bev. Smuggle! I don't underſtand you.

Sir Pet. Why, Sir, the raſcally coachman had always charged me five pounds for the carriage. Damn'd dear! Now my cook going at the ſame time into the country, I made him clap a capuchin upon the turtle, and for thirty ſhillings put him an inſide paſſenger in the Doncaſter fly.

Young. A happy expedient.

Bev. Oh, Sir Peter has infinite humour.

Sir Pet. Yes, but the frolic had like to have prov'd fatal.

Young. How ſo?

Sir Pet. The maid at the Rummer at Hatfield popp'd her head into the coach to know if the company would have any breakfaſt: ecod, the turtle, Sir, laid hold of her noſe, and flapp'd her face with his fins, till the poor devil fell into a fit. Ha, ha, ha.

Young. Oh, an abſolute Rabelais.

Bev. What, I reckon, Sir Peter, you are going to the ſquare?

Sir Pet. Yes; I extremely admire Sir Thomas. You know this is his day of aſſembly; I ſuppoſe you will be there: I can tell you, you are a wonderful favourite.

Bev. Am I?

Sir Pet. He ſays, your natural genius is fine; and, when poliſh'd by his cultivation, will ſurprize and aſtoniſh the world.

Bev. I hope, Sir, I ſhall have your voice with the public.

Sir Pet. Mine! O fye, Mr Bever.

Bev. Come, come, you are no inconſiderable patron.

Sir Pet. He, he, he. Can't ſay but I love to encourage the arts.

Bev. And have contributed largely yourſelf.

Young. What, is Sir Peter an author?

Sir Pet. O fye! what, me? a mere dabbler; have blotted my fingers, 'tis true:—ſome ſonnets, that have not been thought wanting in ſalt.

Bev. And your epigrams.

Sir Pet. Not entirely without point.

Bev. But come, Sir Peter, the love of the arts is not the ſole cauſe of your viſits to the houſe you are going to.

Sir Pet. I don't underſtand you.

Bev. Miſs Juliet, the niece.

Sir Pet.

Sir Pet. O fye! what chance have I there? Indeed, if Lady Pepperpot ſhould happen to pop off—

Bev. I don't know that. You are, Sir Peter, a dangerous man; and, were I a father, or uncle, I ſhould not be a little ſhy of your viſits.

Sir Pet. Pſha! dear Bever, you banter.

Bev. And (unleſs I am extremely out in my gueſs) that lady—

Sir Pet. Hey! what, what, dear Bever?

Bev. But if you ſhould betray me—

Sir Pet. May I never eat a bit of green fat, if I do!

Bev. Hints have been dropp'd.

Sir Pet. The devil? come a little this way.

Bev. Well made; not robuſt and gigantic, 'tis true, but extremely genteel.

Sir Pet. Indeed!

Bev. Features, not entirely regular; but marking, with an air now, ſuperior; greatly above the—you underſtand me?

Sir Pet. Perfectly. Something noble; expreſſive of—faſhion.

Bev. Right.

Sir Pet. Yes, I have been frequently told ſo.

Bev. Not an abſolute wit; but ſomething infinitely better: an *enjouement*, a ſpirit, a—

Sir Pet. Gaiety. I was ever ſo, from a child.

Bev. In ſhort, your dreſs, addreſs, with a thouſand other particulars that at preſent I can't recollect.

Sir Pet. Why, dear Bever, to tell thee the truth, I have always admir'd Miſs Juliet, and a delicate creature ſhe is: ſweet as a ſugar-cane, ſtraight as a bamboo, and her teeth as white as a negro's.

Bev. Poetic, but true. Now only conceive, Sir Peter, ſuch a plantation of perfections to be devoured by that caterpillar Ruſt.

Sir Pet. A liquoriſh grub! are pine-apples for ſuch muckworms as he? I'll ſend him a jar of citrons and ginger, and poiſon the pipkin.

Bev. No, no.

Sir Pet. Or invite him to dinner, and mix rat's-bane along with his curry.

Bev. Not ſo precipitate; I think we may defeat him without any danger.

Sir Pet.

Sir Pet. How, how?

Bev. I have a thought—but we muſt ſettle the plan with the lady. Could not you give her the hint, that I ſhould be glad to ſee her a moment.

Sir Pet. I'll do it directly.

Bev. But don't let Sir Thomas perceive you.

Sir Pet. Never fear. You'll follow?

Bev. The inſtant I have ſettled matters with her; but fix the old fellow ſo that ſhe may not be miſs'd.

Sir Pet. I'll nail him, I warrant; I have his opinion to beg on this manuſcript.

Bev. Your own?

Sir Pet. No.

Bev. Oh ho! what, ſomething new from the Doctor, your chaplain?

Sir Pet. He! no, no. O Lord, he's elop'd.

Bev. How!

Sir Pet. Gone. You know he was to dedicate his volume of fables to me: ſo I gave him thirty pounds to get my arms engrav'd, to prefix (by way of print) to the frontiſpiece; and, O grief of griefs! the Doctor has mov'd off with the money. I'll ſend you Miſs Juliet. [*Exit.*

Bev. There is now a ſpecial protector! the arts, I think, can't but flouriſh under ſuch a Mecænas.

Young. Heaven viſits with a taſte the wealthy fool.

Bev. True; but then, to juſtify the diſpenſation,

From hence the poor are cloath'd, the hungry fed,
Fortunes to bookſellers, to authors bread.

Young. The diſtribution is, I own, a little unequal: and here comes a moſt melancholy inſtance; poor Dick Dactyl, and his publiſher Puff.

Enter Dactyl *and* Puff.

Puff. Why, then, Mr Dactyl, carry them to ſomebody elſe; there are people enough in the trade: but I wonder you would meddle with poetry; you know it rarely pays for the paper.

Dact. And how can one help it, Mr Puff? genius impels, and when a man is once liſted in the ſervice of the Muſes—

Puff. Why, let him give them warning as ſoon as he can. A pretty ſort of ſervice, indeed! where there are neither

neither wages nor vails. The Muſes! and what, I ſuppoſe this is the livery they give. Gadzooks, I had rather be a waiter at Ranelagh.

Bev. The poet and publiſher at variance! What is the matter, Mr Dactyl?

Dact. As Gad ſhall judge me, Mr Bever, as pretty a poem, and ſo polite; not a mortal can take any offence; all füll of panegyric and praiſe.

Puff. A fine character he gives of his works. No offence! the greateſt in the world, Mr Dactyl. Panegyric and praiſe! and what will that do with the public! Why, who the devil will give money to be told that Mr Such-a-one is a wiſer or better man than himſelf? No, no; 'tis quite and clean out of nature. A good ſouſing ſatire now, well powder'd with perſonal pepper, and ſeaſoned with the ſpirit of party; that demoliſhes a conſpicuous character, and ſinks him below our own level; there, there, we are pleas'd; there we chuckle, and grin, and toſs the half-crowns on the counter.

Dact. Yes, and ſo get cropp'd for a libel.

Puff. Cropp'd! ay, and the luckieſt thing that can happen to you. Why, I would not give two-pence for an author that is afraid of his ears. Writing, writing is (as I may ſay), Mr Dactyl, a ſort of a warfare, where none can be victor that is the leaſt afraid of a ſcar. Why, zooks, Sir, I never got ſalt to my porridge till I mounted at the Royal Exchange.

Bev. Indeed!

Puff. No, no; that was the making of me. Then my name made a noiſe in the world. Talk of forked hills, and of Helicon! romantic and fabulous ſtuff. The true Caſtalian ſtream is a ſhower of eggs, and a pillory the poet's Parnaſſus.

Dact. Ay, to you indeed it may anſwer; but what do we get for our pains?

Puff. Why, what the deuce would you get? food, fire, and fame. Why you would not grow fat! a corpulent poet is a monſter, a prodigy! No, no; ſpare diet is a ſpur to the fancy; high feeding would but founder your Pegaſus.

Dact. Why, you impudent, illiterate raſcal! who is it you dare treat in this manner?

Puff. Heyday! what is the matter now?

Dact. And is this the return for all the obligations you owe

owe me! but no matter; the world, the world ſhall know what you are, and how you have us'd me.

Puff. Do your worſt; I deſpiſe you.

Dact. They ſhall be told from what a dunghill you ſprang. Gentlemen, if there be faith in a ſinner, that fellow owes every ſhilling to me.

Puff. To thee!

Dact. Ay, Sirrah, to me. In what kind of way did I find you? then where and what was your ſtate? Gentlemen, his ſhop was a ſhed in Moorfields; his kitchen, a broken pipkin of charcoal; and his bed-chamber under the counter.

Puff. I never was fond of expence; I ever minded my trade.

Dact. Your trade! and pray with what ſtock did you trade? I can give you the catalogue; I believe it won't overburden my memory. Two odd volumes of Swift; the Life of Moll Flanders, with cuts; the Five Senſes, printed and coloured by Overton; a few claſſics, thumb'd and blotted by the boys of the Charterhouſe; with the Trial of Dr Sacheverel.

Puff. Malice.

Dact. Then, Sirrah, I gave you my Canning: it was ſhe firſt ſet you afloat.

Puff. A grub.

Dact. And it is not only my writings: you know, Sirrah, what you owe to my phyſic.

Bev. How! a phyſician?

Dact. Yes, Mr Bever; phyſic and poetry. Apollo is the patron of both: *opiferque per orbem dicor.*

Puff. His phyſic!

Dact. My phyſic! ay, my phyſic: why, dare you deny it, you raſcal! What, have you forgot my powders for flatulent crudities?

Puff. No.

Dact. My coſmetic lozenge, and ſugar-plumbs?

Puff. No.

Dact. My coral for cutting of teeth, my potions, my lotions, my pregnancy-drops, with my paſte for ſuperfluous hairs?

Puff. No, no; have you done?

Dact. No, no, no; but I believe this will ſuffice for the preſent.

Puff.

Puff. Now would not any mortal believe that I ow'd my all to this fellow.

Bev. Why, indeed, Mr Puff, the balance does ſeem in his favour.

Puff. In his favour! why, you don't give any credit to him: a reptile, a bug, that owes his very being to me.

Dact. I, I, I!

Puff. You, you! what, I ſuppoſe, you forget your garret in Wine-office-court, when you furniſh'd paragraphs for the Farthing-poſt at twelve-pence a dozen.

Dact. Fiction.

Puff. Then, did not I get you made collector of caſualties to the Whitehall and St James's? but that poſt your lazineſs loſt you. Gentlemen, he never brought them a robbery till the highwayman was going to be hang'd; a birth till the chriſtening was over; nor a death till the hatchment was up.

Dact. Mighty well!

Puff. And now, becauſe the fellow has got a little in fleſh, by being puff to the play-houſe this winter (to which, by the bye, I got him appointed), he is as proud and as vain as Voltaire. But I ſhall ſoon have him under; the vacation will come.

Dact. Let it.

Puff. Then I ſhall have him ſneaking and cringing, hanging about me, and begging a bit of tranſlation.

Dact. I beg, I, for tranſlation!

Puff. No, no, not a line; not if you would do it for two-pence a ſheet. No boil'd beef and carrot at mornings; no more cold pudding and porter. You may take your leave of my ſhop.

Dact. Your ſhop! then at parting I will leave you a legacy.

Bev. O fye, Mr Dactyl!

Puff. Let him alone.

Dact. Pray, gentlemen, let me do myſelf juſtice.

Bev. Younger, reſtrain the publiſher's fire.

Young. Fye, gentlemen, ſuch an illiberal combat—it is a ſcandal to the republic of letters.

Bev. Mr Dactyl, an old man, a mechanic, beneath—

Dact. Sir, I am calm; that thought has reſtor'd me.—To your inſignificancy you are indebted for ſafety. But what my generoſity has ſaved, my pen ſhall deſtroy!

Puff. Then you muſt get ſomebody to mend it.
Dact. Adieu!
Puff. Farewell! [*Exeunt ſeverally.*
Bev. Ha, ha, ha! come, let us along to the ſquare.

Blockheads with reaſon wicked wits abhor,
But dunce with dunce is barb'rous civil war.

ACT II. SCENE *continues.*

Enter Bever *and* Younger.

Young. POOR Dactyl! and dwells ſuch mighty rage in litttle men? I hope there is no danger of bloodſhed.

Bev. Oh, not in the leaſt: the *gens vatum*, the nation of poets, though an irritable, are yet a placable people. Their mutual intereſts will ſoon bring them together again.

Young. But ſhall not we be late? The critical ſenate is by this time aſſembled.

Bev. I warrant you, frequent and full; where

Stately Bufo, puff'd by every quill,
Sits, like Apollo, on his forked hill.

But you know I muſt wait for Miſs Lofty; I am now totally directed by her. She gives me the key to all Sir Thomas's foibles, and preſcribes the moſt proper method to feed them; but what good purpoſe that will produce—

Young. Is ſhe clever, adroit?

Bev. Doubtleſs. I like your aſking the queſtion of me.

Young. Then pay an implicit obedience: the ladies, in theſe caſes, generally know what they are about. The door opens.

Bev. It is Juliet, and with her old Ruſt. Enter, Frank: you know the knight, ſo no introduction is wanted. [*Exit* Younger.] I ſhould be glad to hear this reverend piece of lumber make love; the courtſhip muſt certainly be curious. Good-manners, ſtand by; by your leave I will liſten a little. [Bever *retires.*]

Enter Juliet *and* Ruſt.

Jul. And your collection is large?

Ruſt.

Ruſt. Moſt curious and capital. When, Madam, will you give me leave to add your charms to my catalogue?

Jul. O dear! Mr Ruſt, I ſhall but diſgrace it. Beſides, Sir, when I marry, I am reſolv'd to have my huſband all to myſelf: now for the poſſeſſion of your heart I ſhall have too many competitors.

Ruſt. How, Madam! were Prometheus alive, and would animate the Helen that ſtands in my hall, ſhe ſhould not coſt me a ſigh.

Jul. Ay, Sir, there lies my greateſt misfortune. Had I only thoſe who are alive to contend with, by aſſiduity, affection, cares, and careſſes, I might ſecure my conqueſt: though that would be difficult; for I am convinc'd, were you, Mr Ruſt, put up by Preſtage to auction, the Apollo Belvidere would not draw a greater number of bidders.

Ruſt. Would that were the caſe, Madam, ſo I might be thought a proper companion to the Venus de Medicis.

Jul. The flower of rhetoric, and pink of politeneſs.—But my fears are not confined to the living; for every nation and age, even painters and ſtatuaries, conſpire againſt me. Nay, when the Pantheon itſelf, the very goddeſſes riſe up as my rivals, what chance has a mortal like me.—I ſhall certainly laugh in his face. [*Aſide.*]

Ruſt. She is a delicate ſubject. Goddeſſes, Madam! zooks, had you been on Mount Ida when Paris decided the conteſt, the Cyprian queen had pleaded for the pippin in vain.

Jul. Extravagant gallantry.

Ruſt. In you, Madam, are concentrated all the beauties of the heathen mythology: the open front of Diana, the luſtre of Pallas's eyes,—

Jul. Oh, Sir!

Ruſt. The chromatic muſic of Clio, the blooming graces of Hebe, the imperial port of queen Juno, with the delicate dimples of Venus.

Jul. I ſee, Sir, antiquity has not engroſs'd all your attention: you are no novice in the nature of woman. Inceníe, I own, is grateful to moſt of my ſex; but there are times when adoration may be diſpens'd with.

Ruſt. Ma'am!

Jul. I ſay, Sir, when we women willingly wave our rank in the ſkies, and wiſh to be treated as mortals.

Ruſt. Doubtleſs, Madam: and are you wanting in materials

terials for that? no, Madam; as in dignity you ſurpaſs the heathen divinities, ſo in the charms of attraction you beggar the queens of the earth. The whole world, at different periods, has contributed its ſeveral beauties to form you.

Jul. The deuce it has! [*Aſide.*]

Ruſt. See there the ripe Aſiatic perfection, joined to the delicate ſoftneſs of Europe! In you, Madam, I burn to poſſeſs Cleopatra's alluring glances, the Greek profile of queen Clytemneſtra, the Roman noſe of the empreſs Popæa—

Jul. With the majeſtic march of queen Beſs. Mercy on me, what a wonderful creature am I!

Ruſt. In ſhort, Madam, not a feature you have, but recalls to my mind ſome trait in a medal or buſt.

Jul. Indeed! why, by your account, I muſt be an abſolute olio, a perfect ſalamongundy of charms.

Ruſt. Oh, Madam, how can you demean, as I may ſay, undervalue—

Jul. Value! there is the thing; and to tell you the truth, Mr Ruſt, in that word value lies my greateſt objection.

Ruſt. I don't underſtand you.

Jul. Why then I will explain myſelf. It has been ſaid, and I believe with ſome ſhadow of truth, that no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*: now I am afraid, when you and I grow a little more intimate, which I ſuppoſe muſt be the caſe if you proceed on your plan, you will be horribly diſappointed in your high expectations, and ſoon diſcover this Juno, this Cleopatra, and princeſs Popæa, to be as arrant a mortal as Madam your mother.

Ruſt. Madam, I, I, I—

Jul. Your patience a moment. Being therefore deſirous to preſerve your devotion, I beg for the future you would pleaſe adore at a diſtance.

Ruſt. To Endymion, Madam, Luna once liſtened.

Jul. Ay, but he was another kind of a mortal: you may do very well as a votary; but for a huſband—mercy on me!

Ruſt. Madam, you are not in earneſt, not ſerious!

Jul. Not ſerious! Why, have you the impudence to think of marrying a goddeſs?

Ruſt. I ſhould hope—

Jul.

Jul. And what ſhould you hope? I find your devotion reſembles that of the world: when the power of ſinning is over, and the ſprightly firſt-runnings of life are rack'd off, you offer the vapid dregs to your deity. No, no; you may, if you pleaſe, turn monk in my ſervice. One vow, I believe, you will obſerve better than moſt of them, chaſtity.

Ruſt. Permit me—

Jul. Or, if you muſt marry, take your Julia, your Portia, or Flora, your Fum-fam from China, or your Egyptian Oſiris. You have long paid your addreſſes to them.

Ruſt. Marry! what, marble?

Jul. The propereſt wives in the world! you can't chuſe amiſs; they will ſupply you with all that you want.

Ruſt. Your uncle has, Madam, conſented.

Jul. That is more than ever his neice will. Conſented! and to what? to be ſwath'd to a mould'ring mummy; or be lock'd up, like your medals, to canker and ruſt in a cabinet! No, no; I was made for the world, and the world ſhall not be robb'd of its right.

Bev. Bravo, Juliet! Gad, ſhe's a fine-ſpirited girl.

Jul. My profile, indeed! no, Sir, when I marry, I muſt have a man that will meet my full face.

Ruſt. Might I be heard for a moment?

Jul. To what end? you ſay, you have Sir Thomas Lofty's conſent; I tell you, you can never have mine.—You may ſcreen me from, or expoſe me to my uncle's reſentment; the choice is your own: if you lay the fault at my door, you will, doubtleſs, greatly diſtreſs me; but take the blame on yourſelf, and I ſhall own myſelf extremely oblig'd to you.

Ruſt. How! confeſs myſelf in the fault?

Jul. Ay, for the beſt thing a man can do, when he finds he can't be belov'd, is to take care he is not heartily hated. There is no other alternative.

Ruſt. Madam, I ſhan't break my word with Sir Thomas.

Jul. Nor I with myſelf. So there's an end of our conference. Sir, your very obedient.

Ruſt. Madam, I, I, don't—that is, let me—but no matter. Your ſervant. [*Exit.*

Jul. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter

Enter Beaver *from behind.*

Bev. Ha, ha, ha! Incomparable Juliet! How the old dotard trembled and totter'd; he could not have been more inflam'd, had he been robb'd of his Otho.

Jul. Ay; was ever goddeſs ſo familiarly us'd? in my conſcience, I began to be afraid that he would treat me as the Indians do their dirty divinities; whenever they are deaf to their prayers, they beat and abuſe them.

Bev. But, after all, we are in an aukward ſituation.

Jul. How ſo?

Bev. I have my fears.

Jul. So have not I.

Bev. Your uncle has reſolv'd that you ſhould be married to Ruſt.

Jul. Ay, he may decree; but it is I that muſt execute.

Bev. But ſuppoſe he has given his word.

Jul. Why then let him recal it again.

Bev. But are you ſure you ſhall have courage enough—

Jul. To ſay No? that requires much reſolution indeed.

Bev. Then I am at the height of my hopes.

Jul. Your hopes! your hopes and your fears are ill-founded alike.

Bev. Why, you are determined not to be his.

Jul. Well, and what then?

Bev. What then! why then you will be mine.

Jul. Indeed! and is that the natural conſequence?—whoever won't be his, muſt be yours. Is that the logic of Oxford?

Bev. Madam, I did flatter myſelf—

Jul. Then you did very wrong, indeed, Mr Bever: you ſhould ever guard againſt flattering yourſelf; for of all dangerous paraſites, ſelf is the worſt.

Bev. I am aſtoniſh'd!

Jul. Aſtoniſh'd! you are mad, I believe! why, I have not known you a month. It is true, my uncle ſays your father is his friend; your fortune, in time, will be eaſy; your figure is not remarkably faulty; and as to your underſtanding, paſſable enough for a young fellow who has not ſeen much of the world: but when one talks of a huſband—Lord, it's quite another ſort of a—ha, ha, ha! poor Bever, how he ſtares! he ſtands like a ſtatue!

Bev. Statue indeed, Madam; I am very near petrified.

Jul.

Jul. Even then you will make as good a huſband as Ruſt. But go, run, and join the aſſembly within; be attentive to every word, motion, and look of my uncle's: be dumb when he ſpeaks, admire all he ſays, laugh when he ſmirks, bow when he ſneezes; in ſhort, fawn, flatter, and cringe; don't be afraid of over-loading his ſtomach, for the knight has a noble digeſtion, and you will find ſome there who will keep you in countenance.

Bev. I fly. So then, Juliet, your intention was only to try—

Jul. Don't plague me with impertinent queſtions: march! obey my directions. We muſt leave the iſſue to chance; a greater friend to mankind than they are willing to own. Oh, if any thing new ſhould occur, you may come into the drawing-room for further inſtructions.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE, *a Room in* Sir Thomas Lofty's *Houſe.*

Sir Thomas, Ruſt, Puff, Dactyl, *and others, diſcovered ſitting.*

Sir Tho. Nothing new to-day from Parnaſſus?

Dact. Not that I hear.

Sir Tho. Nothing critical, philoſophical, or political?

Puff. Nothing.

Sir Tho. Then in this *diſette*, this dearth of invention, give me leave, gentlemen, to diſtribute my ſtores. I have here in my hand a little, ſmart, ſatyrical epigram; new, and prettily pointed: in ſhort, a production that Martial himſelf would not have bluſh'd to acknowledge.

Ruſt. Your own, Sir Thomas?

Sir Tho. O fye! no; ſent me this morning, anonymous.

Dact. Pray, Sir Thomas, let us have it.

All. By all means; by all means.

Sir Tho. To Phillis. Think'ſt thou, fond Phillis, Strephon told thee true,
Angels are painted fair to look like you:
Another ſtory all the town will tell;
Phillis paints fair—to look like an an-gel.

All. Fine! fine! very fine!

Dact. Such an eaſe and ſimplicity.

Puff. The turn ſo unexpected and quick.

Ruſt. The ſatire ſo poignant,

Sir Tho.

Sir Tho. Yes; I think it poſſeſſes, in an eminent degree, the three great epigrammatical requiſites; brevity, familiarity, and ſeverity.

Phillis paints fair—to look like an an-gel.

Dact. Happy! Is the Phillis, the ſubject, a ſecret?

Sir Tho. Oh, dear me! nothing perſonal; no; an impromptu; a mere *jeu d'eſprit*.

Puff. Then, Sir Thomas, the ſecret is out; it is your own.

Dact. That was obvious enough.

Puff. Who is there elſe could have wrote it?

Ruſt. True, true.

Sir Tho. The name of the author is needleſs. So it is [illegible] to the republic of letters, any gentleman may [illegible] the merit that will.

Puff. What a noble contempt!

Dact. What greatneſs of mind!

Ruſt. Scipio and Lælius were the Roman Loftys. Why, I dare believe Sir Thomas has been the making of half the authors in town: he is, as I may ſay, the great manufacturer; the other poets are but pedlars, that live by retailing his wares.

All. Ha, ha, ha! well obſerv'd, Mr Ruſt.

Sir Tho. Ha, ha, ha! *Molle atque facetum.* Why, to purſue the metaphor, if Sir Thomas Lofty was to call in his poetical debts, I believe there would be a good many bankrupts in the Muſes' Gazette.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Tho. But, *à propos*, gentlemen; with regard to the eclipſe: you found my calculation exact?

Dact. To a digit.

Sir Tho. Total darkneſs, indeed! and birds going to rooſt! thoſe philomaths, thoſe almanack-makers, are the moſt ignorant raſcals—

Puff. It is amazing where Sir Thomas Lofty ſtores all his knowledge.

Dact. It is wonderful how the mind of man can contain it.

Sir Tho. Why, to tell you the truth, that circumſtance has a good deal engag'd my attention; and I believe you will admit my method of ſolving the phenomenon philoſophical and ingenious enough.

Puff. Without queſtion.

All. Doubtleſs.

Sir Tho.

Sir Tho. I ſuppoſe, gentlemen, my memory, or mind, to be a cheſt of drawers, a kind of bureau, where, in ſeparate cellules, my different knowledge on different ſubjects is ſtor'd.

Ruſt. A prodigious diſcovery!

All. Amazing!

Sir Tho. To this cabinet volition, or will, has a key; ſo, when an arduous ſubject occurs, I unlock my bureau, pull out the particular drawer, and am ſupply'd with what I want in an inſtant.

Dact. A Malbranch!

Puff. A Boyle!

All. A Locke!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr Bever. [*Exit.*

Sir Tho. A young gentleman from Oxford, recommended to my care by his father. The univerſity has given him a good ſolid Doric foundation; and when he has receiv'd from you a few Tuſcan touches, the Ionic and Corinthian graces, I make no doubt but he will prove a compoſite pillar to the republic of letters. [*Enter* Bever.] This, Sir, is the ſchool from whence ſo many capital maſters have iſſued; the river that enriches the regions of ſcience.

Dact. Of which river, Sir Thomas, you are the ſource: here we quaff; *et purpureo bibimus ore nectar.*

Sir Tho. Purpureo! Delicate indeed! Mr Dactyl. Do you hear, Mr Bever? *Bibimus ore nectar.* You, young gentleman, muſt be inſtructed to quote; nothing gives a period more ſpirit than a happy Latin quotation, nor has indeed a finer effect at the head of an eſſay. Poor Dick Steel; I have obliged him with many a motto for his fugitive pieces.

Puff. Ay, and with the contents too; or Sir Richard is foully bely'd.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Roger Dowlas.

Sir Tho. Pray deſire him to enter. [*Exit* Servant.]—Sir Roger, gentlemen, is a conſiderable Eaſt-India proprietor; and ſeems deſirous of collecting from this learned aſſembly ſome rhetorical flowers, which he hopes to ſtrew,

with honour to himſelf, and advantage to the company, at Merchant-Taylors-Hall. [*Enter* Sir Roger Dowlas.]—Sir Roger, be ſeated. This gentleman has, in common with the greateſt orator the world ever ſaw, a ſmall natural infirmity; he ſtutters a little: but I have preſcrib'd the ſame remedy that Demoſthenes us'd, and don't deſpair of a radical cure. Well, Sir, have you digeſted thoſe general rules?

Sir Rog. Pr--ett--y well, I am obli--g'd to you, Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. Have you been regular in taking your tincture of ſage, to give you confidence for ſpeaking in public?

Sir Rog. Y--es, Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. Did you ope at the laſt general court?

Sir Rog. I attem--p--ted fo--ur or fi--ve times.

Sir Tho. What hinder'd your progreſs!

Sir Rog. The pe--b--bles.

Sir Tho. Oh, the pebbles in his mouth. But they are only put in to practiſe in private; you ſhould take them out when you are addreſſing the public.

Sir Rog. Yes; I will for the fu--ture.

Sir Tho. Well, Mr Ruſt, you had a *tête-à-tête* with my niece. A propos, Mr Bever, here offers a fine occaſion for you; we ſhall take the liberty to trouble your Muſe on their nuptials. O Love! O Hymen! here prune thy purple wings; trim thy bright torch. Hey, Mr Bever?

Bev. My talents are at Sir Thomas Lofty's direction; though I muſt deſpair of producing any performance worthy the attention of ſo complete a judge of the elegant arts.

Sir Tho. Too modeſt, good Mr Bever. Well, Mr Ruſt, any new acquiſition, ſince our laſt meeting, to your matchleſs collection?

Ruſt. Why, Sir Thomas, I have both loſt and gain'd ſince I ſaw you.

Sir Tho. Loſt! I am ſorry for that.

Ruſt. The curious ſarcophagus, that was ſent me from Naples by Signior Belloni—

Sir Tho. You mean the urn that was ſuppos'd to contain the duſt of Agrippa!

Ruſt. Suppos'd! no doubt but it did.

Sir Tho. I hope no ſiniſter accident to that ineſtimable relic of Rome.

Ruſt.

Ruſt. It's gone.

Sir Tho. Gone! oh, illiberal! What, ſtolen, I ſuppoſe, by ſome connoiſſeur?

Ruſt. Worſe, worſe! a prey, a martyr to ignorance: a houſemaid, that I hir'd laſt week, miſtook it for a broken green chamber-pot, and ſent it away in the duſt-cart.

Sir Tho. She merits impaling. Oh, the Hun!

Dact. The Vandal!

All. The Viſigoth!

Ruſt. But I have this day acquir'd a treaſure that will in ſome meaſure make me amends.

Sir Tho. Indeed! what can that be?

Puff. That muſt be ſomething curious, indeed.

Ruſt. It has coſt me infinite trouble to get it.

Dact. Great rarities are not had without pains.

Ruſt. It is three months ago ſince I got the firſt ſcent of it, and I have been ever ſince on the hunt; but all to no purpoſe.

Sir Tho. I am quite upon thorns till I ſee it.

Ruſt. And yeſterday, when I had given it over, when all my hopes were grown deſperate, it fell into my hands, by the moſt unexpected and wonderful accident.

Sir Tho. *Quod optanti divum promittere nemo*
Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro.

Mr Bever, you remark my quotation?

Bev. Moſt happy. Oh, Sir, nothing you ſay can be loſt.

Ruſt. I have brought it here in my pocket; I am no churl; I love to pleaſure my friends.

Sir Tho. You are, Mr Ruſt, extremely obliging.

All. Very kind, very obliging indeed.

Ruſt. It was not much hurt by the fire.

Sir Tho. Very fortunate.

Ruſt. The edges are ſoil'd by the link; but many of the letters are exceedingly legible.

Sir Rog. A li--ttle roo--m, if you p--leaſe.

Ruſt. Here it is; the precious remains of the very North-Briton that was burnt at the Royal-Exchange.

Sir Tho. Number forty-five?

Ruſt. The ſame.

Bev. You are a lucky man, Mr Ruſt.

Ruſt. I think ſo. But, gentlemen, I hope I need not give you a caution; huſh—ſilence—no words on this matter.

Dact.

Dact. You may depend upon us.

Ruft. For as the paper has not ſuffer'd the law, I don't know whether they may not ſeize it again.

Sir Tho. With us you are ſafe, Mr Ruſt. Well, young gentleman, you ſee me cultivate all branches of ſcience.

Bev. Amazing, indeed! but when we conſider you, Sir Thomas, as the directing, the ruling planet, our wonder ſubſides in an inſtant. Science firſt ſaw the day with Socrates in the Attic portico; her early years were ſpent with Tully in the Tuſculan ſhade; but her ripe, maturer hours, ſhe enjoys with Sir Thomas Lofty, near Cavendiſh-Square.

Sir Tho. The moſt claſſical compliment I ever receiv'd. Gentlemen, a philoſophical repaſt attends your acceptance within. Sir Roger you'll lead the way. [*Exeunt all but* Sir Thomas *and* Bever.] Mr Bever, may I beg your ear for a moment? Mr Bever, the friendſhip I have for your father ſecur'd you at firſt a gracious reception from me; but what I then paid to an old obligation, is now, Sir, due to your own particular merit.

Bev. I am happy, Sir Thomas, if—

Sir Tho. Your patience. There is in you, Mr Bever, a fire of imagination, a quickneſs of apprehenſion, a ſolidity of judgment, join'd to a depth of diſcretion, that I never yet met with in any ſubject at your time of life.

Bev. I hope I ſhall never forfeit—

Sir Tho. I am ſure you never will; and to give you a convincing proof that I think ſo, I am now going to truſt you with the moſt important ſecret of my whole life.

Bev. Your confidence does me great honour.

Sir Tho. But this muſt be on a certain condition.

Bev. Name it.

Sir Tho. That you give me your ſolemn promiſe to comply with one requeſt I ſhall make you.

Bev. There is nothing Sir Thomas Lofty can aſk, that I ſhall not cheerfully grant.

Sir Tho. Nay, in fact, it will be ſerving yourſelf.

Bev. I want no ſuch inducement.

Sir Tho. Enough. But we can't be too private. [*Shuts the door.*] Sit you down. Your Chriſtian name, I think, is—

Bev. Richard.

Sir Tho. True; the ſame as your father's. Come let us

us be familiar. It is, I think, dear Dick, acknowledg'd, that the Engliſh have reached the higheſt pitch of perfection in every department of writing but one—the dramatic.

Bev. Why, the French critics are a little ſevere.

Sir Tho. And with reaſon. Now, to reſcue our credit, and at the ſame time give my country a model, [*ſhews a manuſcript.*] ſee here.

Bev. A play?

Sir Tho. A *chef d'oeuvre.*

Bev. Your own?

Sir Tho. Speak lower. I am the author.

Bev. Nay, then there can be no doubt of its merit.

Sir Tho. I think not. You will be charm'd with the ſubject.

Bev. What is it, Sir Thomas?

Sir Tho. I ſhall ſurprize you. The ſtory of Robin Cruſoe. Are not you ſtruck?

Bev. Moſt prodigiouſly.

Sir Tho. Yes; I knew the very title would hit you.—You will find the whole fable is finely conducted, and the character of Friday, *qualis ab incepto*, nobly ſupported throughout.

Bev. A pretty difficult taſk.

Sir Tho. True; that was not a bow for a boy. The piece has long been in rehearſal at Drury-lane playhouſe, and this night is to make its appearance.

Bev. To-night?

Sir Tho. This night.

Bev. I will attend, and engage all my friends to ſupport it.

Sir Tho. That is not my purpoſe; the piece will want no ſuch aſſiſtance.

Bev. I beg pardon.

Sir Tho. The manager of that houſe (who you know is a writer himſelf), finding all the anonymous things he produc'd (indeed ſome of them wretched enough, and very unworthy of him) placed to his account by the public, is determined to exhibit no more without knowing the name of the author.

Bev. A reaſonable caution.

Sir Tho. Now, upon my promiſe (for I appear to patronize the play) to announce the author before the curtain draws up, Robinſon Cruſoe is advertis'd for this evening.

Bev.

Bev. Oh, then, you will acknowledge the piece to be your's!

Sir Tho. No.

Bev. How then?

Sir Tho. My design is to give it to you.

Bev. To me!

Sir Tho. To you.

Bev. What, me the author of Robinson Crusoe!

Sir Tho. Ay.

Bev. Lord, Sir Thomas, it will never gain credit: so complete a production the work of a stripling! Besides, Sir, as the merit is your's, why rob yourself of the glory.

Sir Tho. I am entirely indifferent to that.

Bev. Then why take the trouble?

Sir Tho. My fondness for letters, and love of my country. Besides, dear Dick, though the *pauci & selecti*, the chosen few, know the full value of a performance like this, yet the ignorant, the profane (by much the majority), will be apt to think it an occupation ill suited to my time of life.

Bev. Their censure is praise.

Sir Tho. Doubtless. But indeed my principal motive is my friendship for you. You are now a candidate for literary honours, and I am determin'd to fix your fame on an immoveable basis.

Bev. You are most excessively kind; but there is something so disingenuous in stealing reputation from another man—

Sir Tho. Idle punctilio!

Bev. It puts me so in mind of the daw in the fable—

Sir Tho. Come, come, dear Dick, I won't suffer your modesty to murder your fame. But the company will suspect something; we will join them and proclaim you the author. There, keep the copy; to you I consign it for ever; it shall be a secret to latest posterity. You will be smother'd with praise by our friends; they shall all in their bark to the playhouse, and there

Attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE *continues.*

Enter Bever, *reading.*

SO ends the firſt act. Come, now for the ſecond. "Act the ſecond, ſhewing"—the coxcomb has prefac'd every act with an argument too, in humble imitation, I warrant, of Monſ. Diderot—"ſhewing the fatal effects of diſobedience to parents;" with, I ſuppoſe, the diverting ſcene of a gibbet; an entertaining ſubject for comedy. And the blockhead is as prolix—every ſcene as long as a homily. Let's ſee; how does this end? "Exit Cruſoe, and enter ſome ſavages, dancing a ſaraband." There's no bearing this abominable traſh. [*Enter* Juliet.] So, Madam; thanks to your advice and direction, I am got into a fine ſituation.

Jul. What is the matter now, Mr Bever?

Bev. The Robinſon Cruſoe.

Jul. Oh, the play that is to be acted to-night. How ſecret you were! Who in the world would have gueſs'd you was the author?

Bev. Me, Madam!

Jul. Your title is odd; but to a genius every ſubject is good.

Bev. You are inclin'd to be pleaſant.

Jul. Within they have been all prodigious loud in the praiſe of your piece; but I think my uncle rather more eager than any.

Bev. He has reaſon; for fatherly fondneſs goes far.

Jul. I don't underſtand you.

Bev. You don't!

Jul. No.

Bev. Nay, Juliet, this is too much; you know it is none of my play.

Jul. Whoſe then?

Bev. Your uncle's.

Jul. My uncle's! then how, in the name of wonder, came you to adopt it?

Bev. At his earneſt requeſt. I may be a fool; but remember, Madam, you are the cauſe.

Jul. This is ſtrange; but I can't conceive what his motive could be.

Bev.

Bev. His motive is obvious enough; to ſcreen himſelf from the infamy of being the author.

Jul. What, is it bad, then?

Bev. Bad! moſt infernal!

Jul. And you have conſented to own it?

Bev. Why, what could I do? he in a manner compell'd me.

Jul. I am extremely glad of it.

Bev. Glad of it! why, I tell you 'tis the moſt dull, tedious, melancholy—

Jul. So much the better.

Bev. The moſt flat piece of frippery that ever Grubſtreet produc'd.

Jul. So much the better.

Bev. It will be damn'd before the third act.

Jul. So much the better.

Bev. And I ſhall be hooted and pointed at wherever I go.

Jul. So much the better.

Bev. So much the better! zounds! ſo, I ſuppoſe, you would ſay if I was going to be hang'd. Do you call this a mark of your friendſhip?

Jul. Ah, Bever, Bever! you are a miſerable politician. Do you know, now, that this is the luckieſt incident that ever occurr'd?

Bev. Indeed!

Jul. It could not have been better laid had we plann'd it ourſelves.

Bev. You will pardon my want of conception: but theſe are riddles—

Jul. That at preſent I have not time to explain. But what makes you loit'ring here? Paſt ſix o'clock, as I live! why, your play is begun; run, run to the houſe. Was ever author ſo little anxious for the fate of his piece?

Bev. My piece!

Jul. Sir Thomas! I know by his walk. Fly, and pray all the way for the fall of your play. And, do you hear, if you find the audience too indulgent, inclined to be milky, rather than fail, ſqueeze in a little acid yourſelf. Oh, Mr Bever, at your return let me ſee you, before you go to my uncle; that is, if you have the good look to be damn'd.

Bev. You need not doubt that. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Sir Thomas Lofty.

Sir Tho. So, Juliet; was not that Mr Bever?

Jul. Yes, Sir.

Sir Tho. He is rather tardy; by this time his cauſe is come on. And how is the young gentleman affected? for this is a trying occaſion.

Jul. He ſeems pretty certain, Sir.

Sir Tho. Indeed I think he has very little reaſon for fear: I confeſs I admire the piece; and feel as much for its fate as if the work was my own.

Jul. That I moſt ſincerely believe. I wonder, Sir, you did not chuſe to be preſent.

Sir Tho. Better not. My affections are ſtrong, Juliet, and my nerves but tenderly ſtrung; however, intelligent people are planted, who will bring me every act a faithful account of the proceſs.

Jul. That will anſwer your purpoſe as well.

Sir Tho. Indeed, I am paſſionately fond of the arts, and therefore can't help—did not ſomebody knock? no. My good girl, will you ſtep, and take care that when any body comes the ſervants may not be out of the way. [*Exit* Juliet.] Five and thirty minutes paſt ſix; by this time the firſt act muſt be over: John will be preſently here. I think it can't fail; yet there is ſo much whim and caprice in the public opinion, that—This young man is unknown; they'll give him no credit. I had better have own'd it myſelf: reputation goes a great way in theſe matters: people are afraid to find fault; they are cautious in cenſuring the works of a man who—huſh! that's he: no; 'tis only the ſhutters. After all, I think I have choſe the beſt way: for, if it ſucceeds to the degree I expect, it will be eaſy to circulate the real name of the author; if it falls, I am concealed, my fame ſuffers no—there he is. [*Loud knocking.*] I can't conceive what kept him ſo long. [*Enter* John.]—So, John; well; and—but you have been a monſtrous while.

John. Sir, I was wedged ſo cloſe in the pit, that I could ſcarcely get out.

Sir Tho. The houſe was full then?

John. As an egg, Sir.

Sir Tho. That's right. Well, John, and did matters go ſwimmingly? hey?

John. Exceedingly well, Sir.

Sir Tho. Exceedingly well. I don't doubt it. What, vaſt clapping and roars of applauſe, I ſuppoſe.

John. Very well, Sir.

Sir Tho. Very well, Sir? You are damn'd coſtive, I think. But did not the pit and boxes thunder again?

John. I can't ſay there was over-much thunder.

Sir Tho. No! Oh, attentive, I reckon. Ay, attention! that is the true, ſolid, ſubſtantial applauſe. All elſe may be purchaſed; hands move as they are bid: but when the audience is huſhed ſtill, afraid of loſing a word, then—

John. Yes, they were very quiet indeed, Sir.

Sir Tho. I like them the better, John; a ſtrong mark of their great ſenſibility. Did you ſee Robin?

John. Yes, Sir; he'll be here in a trice; I left him liſt'ning at the back of the boxes, and charg'd him to make all the haſte home that he could.

Sir Tho. That's right, John; very well; your account pleaſes me much, honeſt John. [*Exit* John.] No, I did not expect the firſt act would produce any prodigious effect. And, after all, the firſt act is but a mere introduction; juſt opens the buſineſs, the plot, and gives a little inſight into the characters: ſo that if you but engage and intereſt the houſe, it is as much as the beſt writer can ſtatt—[*knocking without.*] Gadſo! what, Robin already! why the fellow has the feet of a Mercury. [*Enter* Robin.] Well, Robin, and what news do you bring?

Rob. Sir, I, I, I,——

Sir Tho. Stop, Robin, and recover your breath. Now, Robin.

Rob. There has been a woundy uproar below.

Sir Tho. An uproar! what, at the playhouſe?

Rob. Ay.

Sir Tho. At what?

Rob. I don't know: belike at the words the playfolk were talking.

Sir Tho. At the players! how can that be? Oh, now I begin to conceive. Poor fellow, he knows but little of plays. What, Robin, I ſuppoſe, hallowing, and clapping, and knocking of ſticks?

Rob. Hallowing! ay, and hooting too.

Sir Tho. And hooting!

Rob. Ay, and hiſſing to boot.

Sir Tho.

Sir Tho. Hiſſing! you muſt be miſtaken.

Rob. By the maſs, but I am not.

Sir Tho. Impoſſible! Oh, moſt likely ſome drunken, diſorderly fellows, that were diſturbing the houſe and interrupting the play; too common a caſe; the people were right: they deſerv'd a rebuke. Did not you hear them cry Out, out, out?

Rob. Noa; that was not the cry; 'twas Off, off, off!

Sir Tho. That was a whimſical noiſe. Zounds! that muſt be the players. Did you obſerve nothing elſe?

Rob. Belike the quarrel firſt began between the gentry and a black-a-moor man.

Sir Tho. With Friday! The public taſte is debauched; honeſt nature is too plain and ſimple for their vitiated palates! [*Enter* Juliet.] Juliet, Robin brings me the ſtrangeſt account; ſome little diſturbance; but I ſuppoſe it was ſoon ſettled again. Oh, but here comes Mr Staytape, my taylor; he is a rational being; we ſhall be able to make ſomething of him. [*Enter* Staytape.] So, Staytape; what, is the third act over already?

Stay. Over, Sir! no; nor never will be.

Sir Tho. What do you mean?

Stay. Cut ſhort.

Sir Tho. I don't comprehend you.

Stay. Why, Sir, the poet has made a miſtake in meaſuring the taſte of the town; the goods, it ſeems, did not fit; ſo they returned them upon the gentleman's hands.

Sir Tho. Rot your affectation and quaintneſs, you puppy! ſpeak plain.

Stay. Why then, Sir, Robinſon Cruſoe is dead.

Sir Tho. Dead!

Stay. Ay, and what is worſe, will never riſe any more. You will ſoon have all the particulars; for there were four or five of your friends cloſe at my heels.

Sir Tho. Staytape, Juliet, run and ſtop them; ſay I am gone out; I am ſick; I am engaged; but, whatever you do, be ſure you don't let Bever come in. Secure of the victory, I invited them to the celebr—

Stay. Sir, they are here.

Sir Tho. Confound—

Enter Puff, Dactyl, *and* Ruſt.

Ruſt. Ay, truly, Mr Puff, this is but a bitter beginning;

ning; then the young man muſt turn himſelf to ſome other trade.

Puff. Servant, Sir Thomas; I ſuppoſe you have heard the news of—

Sir Tho. Yes, yes; I have been told it before.

Dact. I confeſs I did not ſuſpect it; but there is no knowing what effect theſe things will have till they come on the ſtage.

Ruſt. For my part, I don't know much of theſe matters; but a couple of gentlemen near me, who ſeem'd ſagacious enough too, declar'd that it was the vileſt ſtuff they ever had heard, and wonder'd the players would act it.

Dact. Yes; I don't remember to have ſeen a more general diſlike.

Puff. I was thinking to aſk you, Sir Thomas, for your intereſt with Mr Bever about buying the copy: but now no mortal would read it. Lord, Sir, it would not pay for paper and printing.

Ruſt. I remember Kennet, in his Roman Antiquities, mentions a play of Terence's, Mr Dactyl, that was terribly treated; but that he attributes to the people's fondneſs for certain funambuli, or rope-dancers; but I have not lately heard of any famous tumblers in town: Sir Thomas, have you?

Sir Tho. How ſhould I? do you ſuppoſe I trouble my head about tumblers?

Ruſt. Nay, I did not—

Bev. ſpeaking without. Not to be ſpoke with! Don't tell me, Sir; he muſt, he ſhall.

Sir Tho. Mr Bever's voice. If he is admitted in his preſent diſpoſition, the whole ſecret will certainly out. Gentlemen, ſome affairs of a moſt intereſting nature make it impoſſible for me to have the honour of your company to-night; therefore I beg you would be ſo good as to—

Ruſt. Affairs! no bad news? I hope Miſs Julé is well.

Sir Tho. Very well; but I am moſt exceedingly—

Ruſt. I ſhall only juſt ſtay to ſee Mr Bever. Poor lad! he will be moſt horribly down in the mouth: a little comfort won't come amiſs.

Sir Tho. Mr Bever, Sir! you won't ſee him here.

Ruſt. Not here! why I thought I heard his voice but juſt now.

Sir Tho. You are miſtaken, Mr Ruſt; but—

Ruſt.

Ruſt. May be ſo; then we will go. Sir Thomas, my compliments of condolence, if you pleaſe, to the poet.

Sir Tho. Ay, ay.

Dact. And mine; for I ſuppoſe we ſhan't ſee him ſoon.

Puff. Poor gentleman! I warrant he won't ſhew his head for theſe ſix months.

Ruſt. Ay, ay: indeed I am very ſorry for him; ſo tell him, Sir.

Dact. and Puff. So are we.

Ruſt. Sir Thomas, your ſervant. Come, gentlemen. By all this confuſion in Sir Thomas, there muſt be ſomething more in the wind than I know; but I will watch, I I am reſolved. [*Exeunt.*

Bev. without. Raſcals, ſtand by! I muſt, I will ſee him.

Enter Bever.

Bev. So, Sir; this is delicate treatment, after all I have ſuffer'd.

Sir Tho. Mr Bever, I hope you don't—that is—

Bev. Well, Sir Thomas Lofty, what think you now of your Robinſon Cruſoe? a pretty performance!

Sir Tho. Think, Mr Bever! I think the public are blockheads; a taſteleſs, ſtupid, ignorant tribe; and a man of genius deſerves to be damn'd who writes any thing for them. But courage, dear Dick! the principals will give you what the people refuſe; the cloſet will do you that juſtice the ſtage has deny'd: print your play.

Bev. My play! zounds, Sir, 'tis your own.

Sir Tho. Speak lower, dear Dick; be moderate, my good, dear lad!

Bev. Oh, Sir Thomas, you may be eaſy enough? you are ſafe and ſecure, remov'd far from that precipice that has daſh'd me to pieces.

Sir Tho. Dear Dick, don't believe it will hurt you. The critics, the real judges, will diſcover in that piece ſuch excellent talents—

Bev. No, Sir Thomas, no. I ſhall neither flatter you nor myſelf; I have acquired a right to ſpeak what I think. Your play, Sir, is a wretched performance; and in this opinion all mankind are united.

Sir Tho. May be not.

Bev. If your piece had been greatly receiv'd, I would have declared Sir Thomas Lofty the author; if coldly, I would

would have owned it myſelf: but ſuch diſgraceful, ſuch contemptible treatment! I own the burden is too heavy for me; ſo, Sir, you muſt bear it yourſelf.

Sir Tho. Me, dear Dick! what to become ridiculous in the decline of my life; to deſtroy in one hour the fame that forty years has been building! that was the prop, the ſupport of my age! can you be cruel enough to deſire it?

Bev. Zounds! Sir, and why muſt I be your crutch? Would you have me become a voluntary victim; no, Sir, this cauſe does not merit a martyrdom.

Sir Tho. I own myſelf greatly oblig'd; but perſevere, dear Dick, perſevere; you have time to recover your fame: I beg it with tears in my eyes. Another play will—

Bev. No, Sir Thomas; I have done with the ſtage: the Muſes and I meet no more.

Sir Tho. Nay, there are various roads open in life.

Bev. Not one, where your piece won't purſue me. If I go to the bar, the ghoſt of this curs'd comedy will follow, and haunt me in Weſtminſter-hall: nay, when I die, it will ſtick to my memory, and I ſhall be handed down to poſterity with the author of Love in a Hollow Tree.

Sir Tho Then marry: you are a pretty ſmart figure; and your poetical talents—

Bev. And what fair would admit of my ſuit, or family wiſh to receive me? Make the caſe your own, Sir Thomas; would you?

Sir Tho. With infinite pleaſure.

Bev. Then give me your niece; her hand ſhall ſeal up my lips.

Sir Tho. What, Juliet? willingly. But are you ſerious, do you really admire the girl?

Bev. Beyond what words can expreſs. It was by her advice that I conſented to father your play.

Sir Tho. What, is Juliet appriz'd? Here, Robin, John, run and call my niece hither this moment. That giddy baggage will blab all in an inſtant.

Bev. You are miſtaken; ſhe is wiſer than you are aware of.

Enter Juliet.

Sir Tho. Oh, Juliet! you know what has happen'd.

Jul. I do, Sir.

Sir Tho. Have you reveal'd this unfortunate ſecret?

Jul.

Jul. To no mortal, Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. Come, give me your hand. Mr Bever, child, for my ſake, has renounc'd the ſtage, and the whole republic of letters; in return, I owe him your hand.

Jul. My hand! what, to a poet hooted, hiſſed, and exploded! You muſt pardon me, Sir.

Sir Tho. Juliet, a trifle: the moſt they can ſay of him is, that he is a little wanting in wit; and he has ſo many brother writers to keep him in countenance, that now-a-days that is no reflection at all.

Jul. Then, Sir, your engagement to Mr Ruſt.

Sir Tho. I have found out the raſcal: he has been more impertinently ſevere on my play than all the reſt put together; ſo that I am determined he ſhall be none of the man.

Enter Ruſt.

Ruſt. Are you ſo, Sir? what, then I am to be ſacrific'd, in order to preſerve the ſecret that you are a blockhead. But you are out in your politics: before night it ſhall be known in all the coffee-houſes in town.

Sir Tho. For Heaven's ſake, Mr Ruſt!

Ruſt. And to-morrow I will paragraph you in every newſpaper; you ſhall no longer impoſe on the world; I will unmaſk you; the lion's ſkin ſhall hide you no longer.

Sir Tho. Juliet! Mr Bever! what can I do?

Bev. Sir Thomas, let me manage this matter. Harkee, old gentleman, a word in your ear: you remember what you have in your pocket?

Ruſt. Hey! how! what?

Bev. The curioſity that has coſt you ſo much pains.

Ruſt. What, my Æneas! my precious relict of Troy!

Bev. You muſt give up that, or the lady.

Jul. How, Mr Bever!

Bev. Never fear; I am ſure of my man.

Ruſt. Let me conſider—as to the girl, girls are plenty enough; I can marry whenever I will: but my paper, my phenix, that ſprings freſh from the flames, that can never be match'd.—Take her.

Bev. And, as you love your own ſecret, be careful of ours.

Ruſt. I am dumb.

Sir Tho. Now, Juliet.

Jul.

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